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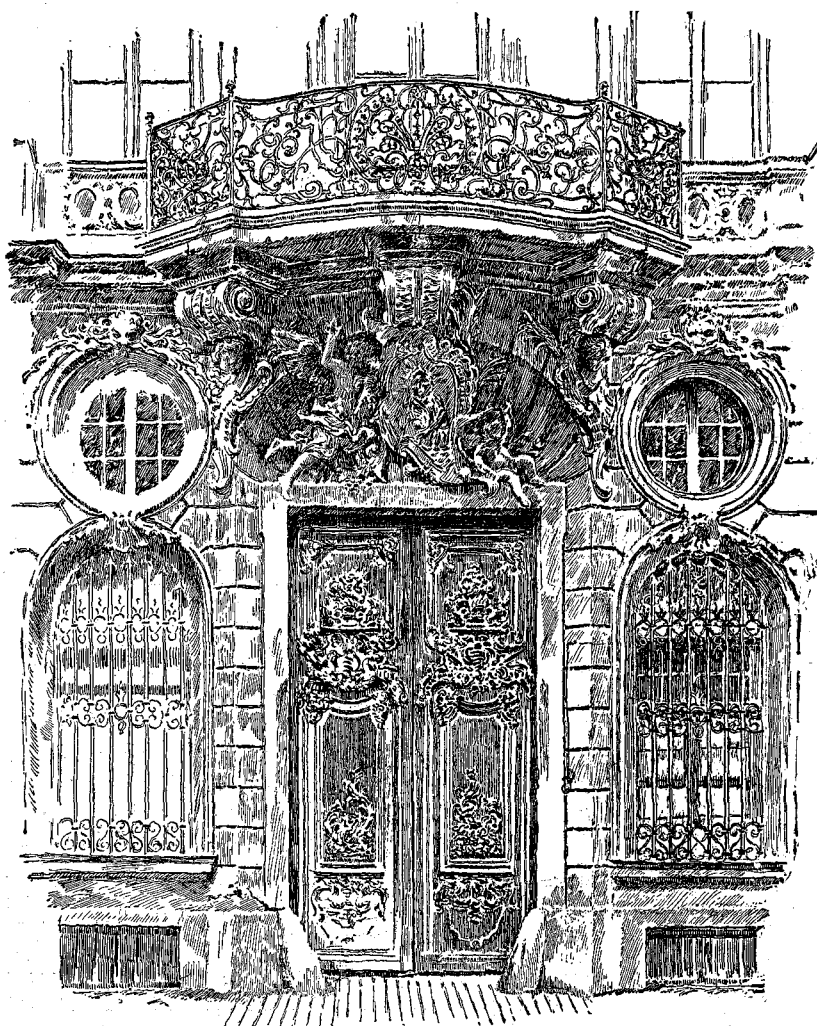
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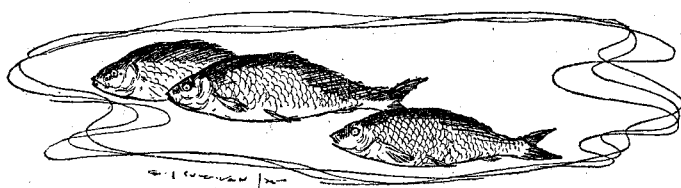
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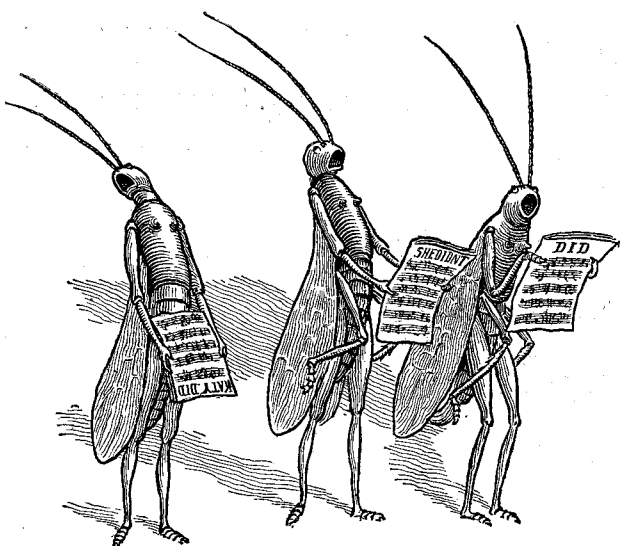
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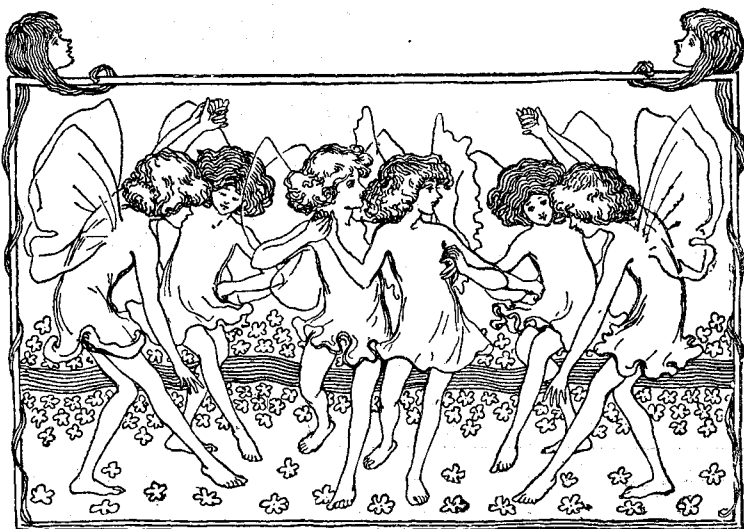
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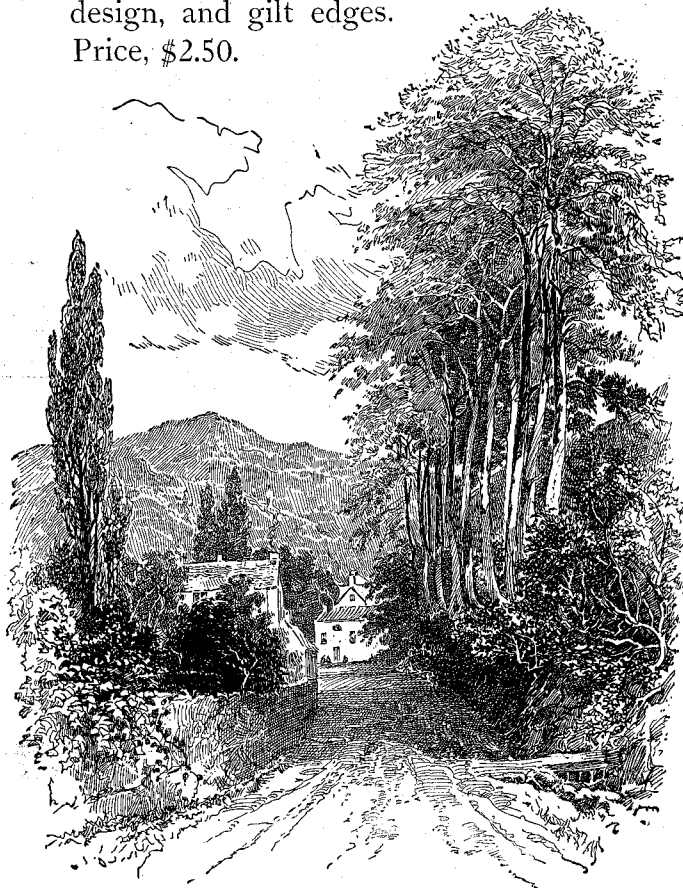
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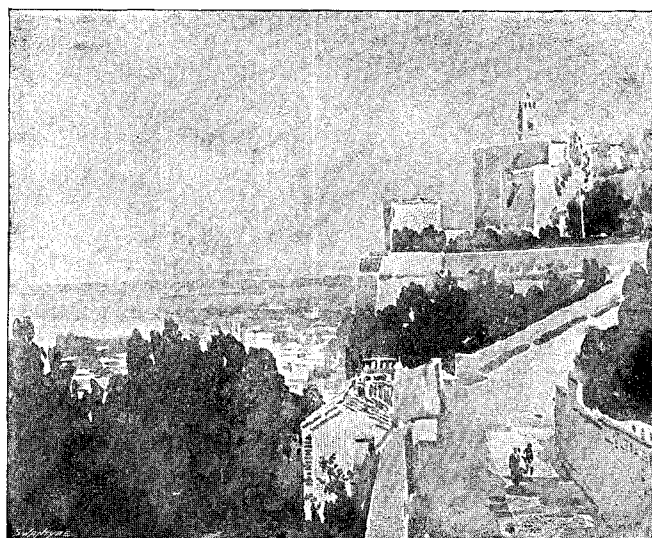
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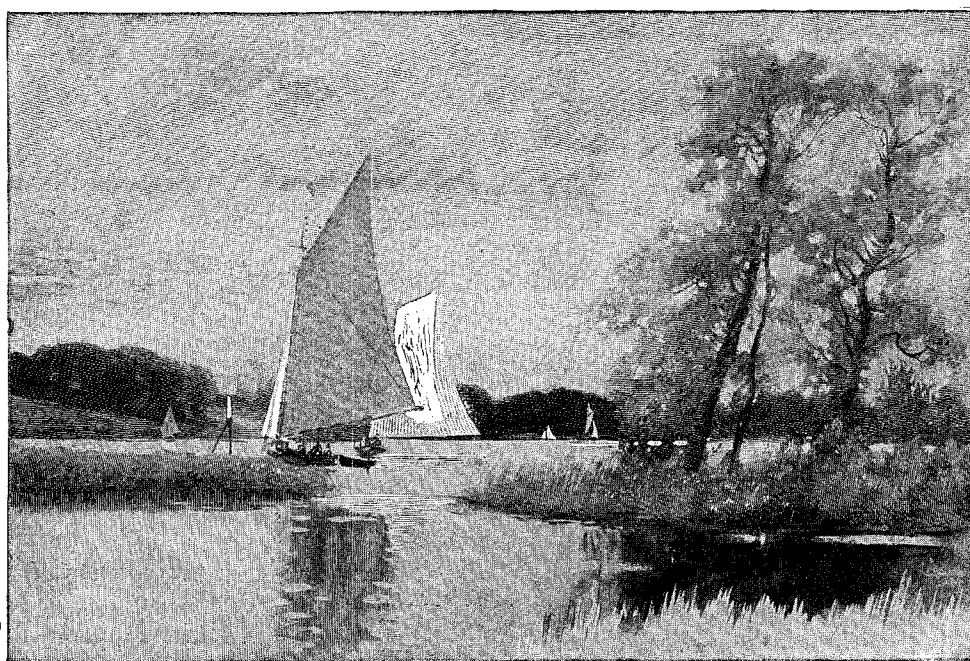
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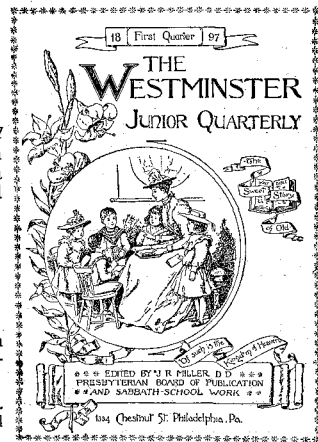
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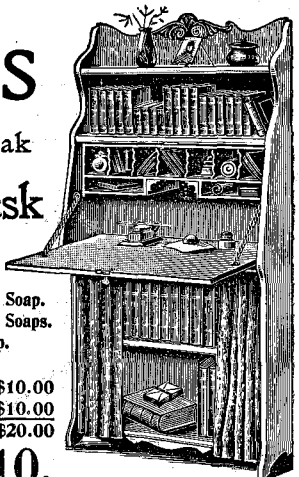
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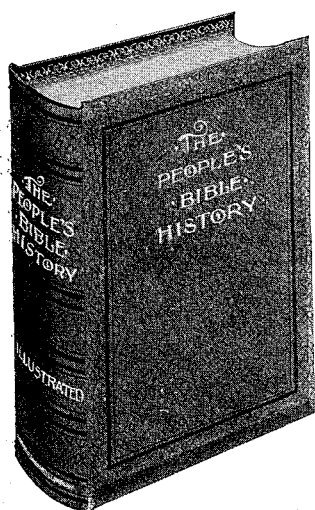
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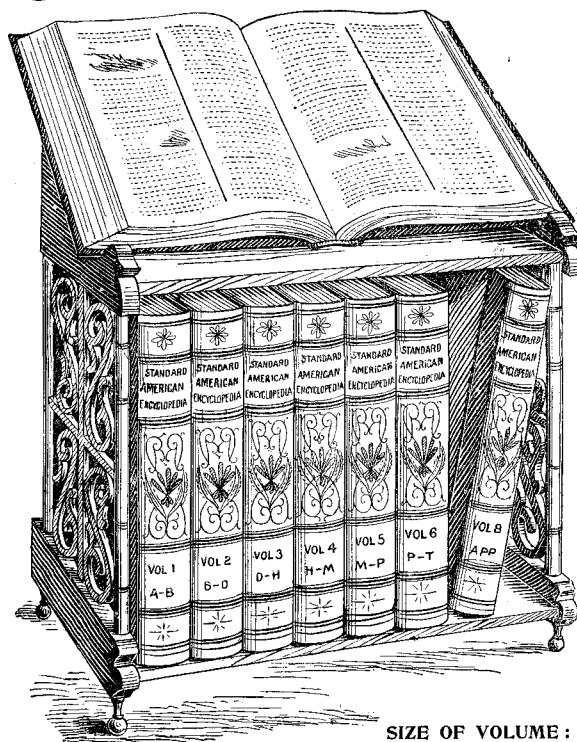
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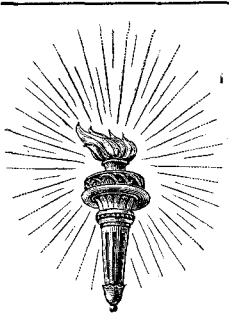
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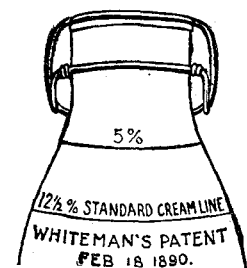
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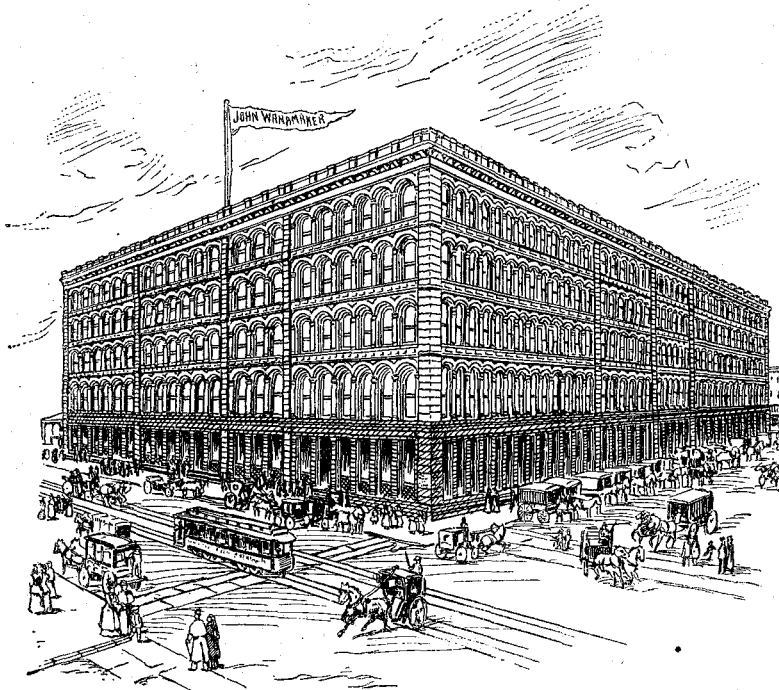
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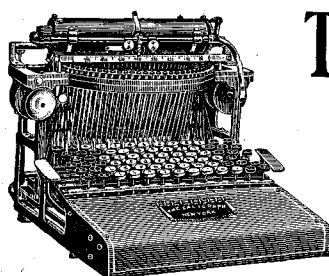
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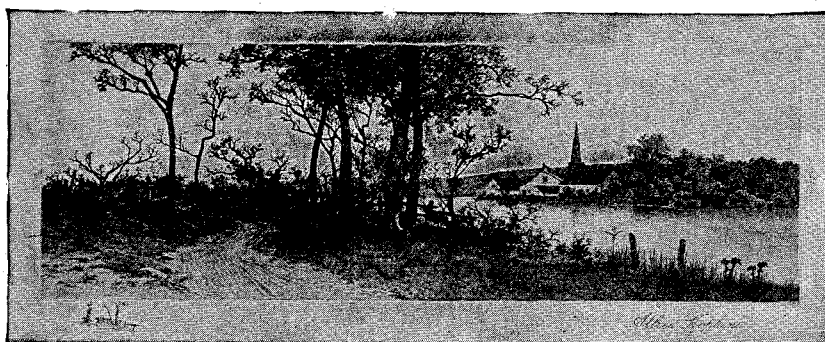
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The Outlook

A Family Paper

Volume 54

Saturday, 12 December, 1896

Number 24



THE plan started in the West for the organization of a commercial, non-partisan, non-political commission to frame some permanent currency scheme for the future has taken definite form. A well-attended preliminary conference was held December 1 at Indianapolis under the auspices of the local Board of Trade. It represented the commercial organization of a number of cities in the interior or Middle West. It provided for calling a general conference of commercial bodies at Indianapolis on January 12 on a basis of representation providing for one delegate from cities of eight to ten thousand, twenty delegates for cities of one million or over, and proportionate representation for cities of intermediate size. These delegates, as we understand it, are to be chosen by the commercial organizations, such as the Boards of Trade or Chambers of Commerce, of the respective cities. The assembly will consist of upwards of twelve hundred delegates—too large a body, it will be seen, for real deliberation. The purpose is, however, to have this assembly constitute a commission which will deliberate and give to the country the results of its deliberation, and bring public sentiment to bear upon Congress for carrying those results into effect. It is also to be expected that the deliberations of the assembly will determine for the commission its objective point. The fundamental question is very well put in the call for the preliminary conference: "The time has now arrived when the Government must either discontinue the banking business, with its expensive and complicated system, or go into it on a broader, better-defined, and more comprehensive scale."

What is banking business? This is one of the questions which the country has to decide. The Comptroller of the Currency, James H. Eckels, in the current "North American Review," indicates very clearly one conception of the banking business which Government should discontinue: "The proper business of the Government is not to issue instruments of credit and circulate the same as money. Its fiscal duties lie in the direction of collecting and disbursing revenues, and whenever it undertakes to deal in evidence of debt, as a bank does, it inflicts loss upon the citizen both in his capacity as a taxpayer and as a business man." This is also evidently the view of President Cleveland, and is incorporated in his message. He who holds this view of the relative function of government and private enterprise in dealing with money will necessarily demand, with Mr. Eckels, "the payment, gradual retirement, and cancellation of the legal tenders, and the authorization of the banks, under governmental supervision, to issue the country's credit currency and redeem the same in gold." This policy, it may be noted in passing, was called for only by the National Democratic party, and received so insignificant a support at the polls that the vote for it might be counted as "scattering." The other view of the distinction

between the function of government and of private banks would regard it as the exclusive function of government to issue all currency, whether it be gold, silver, or paper; would consider it as inappropriate to authorize banks to issue the country's credit currency as to authorize banks to issue the country's coin currency; would, in short, make it the exclusive duty of government, not only to coin money, but to issue all paper which passes current in lieu of coin, and would confine the banks to the simple function of holding money as depositories, and of loaning money on proper securities. One or the other of these policies will in the future take the place of the present composite policy, in which no clear distinction between private and public functions is drawn. The tendency of our time is to increase, not to decrease, the functions of government, and, whatever the immediate result may be, in our judgment the people of the United States will not consent to the retirement and cancellation of the legal tenders, nor to any policy which involves conferring upon the private banks greater power over the currency than they now possess. Whatever may be the judgment of expert bankers, the indications are unmistakable that the popular judgment is increasingly in favor of limiting the power of the banks over the currency, and increasing the power of the people over it, through their legal representatives.

The text of the preliminary agreement between Great Britain and the United States for a treaty of arbitration on the Venezuela boundary dispute adds little to the information already before the public. The treaty itself has been submitted to Venezuela, and it is reported that the necessary assent of that country has been obtained. The preliminary agreement describes the constitution of the court—two members to be nominated by the United States Supreme Court, two by the British High Court of Justice, and the fifth by the first four, or by the King of Sweden if the four cannot agree. It then defines the duty of the Tribunal as being to ascertain the extent of the territories belonging to, or that might be lawfully claimed by, the United Netherlands or by the Kingdom of Spain, respectively, at the time of the acquisition by Great Britain of the colony of British Guiana, and to determine the boundary-line between the colony of British Guiana and the republic of Venezuela. Greatest interest attaches to the rules which shall govern the Tribunal, and these we quote in full:

1. Adverse holding or prescription during a period of fifty years shall make good title. The arbitrators may deem exclusive political control of a district, as well as actual settlement thereof, sufficient to constitute adverse holding or to make title by prescription.
2. The arbitrators may recognize and give effect to rights and claims resting upon any other ground whatever, valid according to existing international law, and on any principle of international law which the arbitrators may deem to be applicable to the case and are not in contravention to the foregoing rules.
3. In determining the boundary-line, if the territory of one party be found by the Tribunal to have been in the occupation of the subjects or citizens of the other party, such effect shall be given to such occu-

pation as reason, justice, the principles of international law, and the equities of the case shall in the opinion of the Tribunal require.

These rules have been, it is said, made clearer and fuller in the treaty itself, but not essentially changed. The main difficulty of the Tribunal will be in settling exactly what is meant by "adverse holding or prescription." In general, the powers given the Tribunal are large, and the treaty may be regarded not only as securing the peaceful settlement of the Venezuelan question, but as setting a precedent and preparing the way for a permanent treaty of arbitration between Great Britain and the United States.



Last week President Cleveland issued a proclamation revoking his proclamation in 1888 which relieved German vessels from tonnage dues in our ports. The previous proclamation was made upon proof that no tonnage or lighthouse dues were imposed upon our vessels entering ports of Germany either by the Imperial Government or by the Governments of the German maritime States. The President, therefore, suspended the collection of the whole of the duty of six cents per ton, not to exceed thirty cents per ton, a year, imposed upon vessels entered in our ports from any German ports. It now appears that tonnage or lighthouse dues, or taxes equivalent thereto, are in fact imposed upon our vessels and their cargoes by the maritime States of Germany, higher and other than those imposed upon German vessels or their cargoes entered in our ports, and therefore the proclamation of 1888 is revoked. The new proclamation affects all vessels coming from German ports, regardless of the nationality of the vessel. Since our present tariff imposed a differential duty on bounty-paid beet-sugar, there have been a number of evidences of a retaliatory spirit on the part of the German Government, one being that our cattle have been excluded on the pretext of danger of contagion from Texas fever; another that our hog products have been excluded on the allegation that, though cooked, they might contain trichinæ; and another being the imposition of discriminating and prohibitive duties on our oleo, glucose, and petroleum. When the law providing for reciprocity in the abolition of the tonnage tax was passed, it was believed that all nations would hasten to repeal such charges. The only maritime powers which accepted our invitation were Germany and the Netherlands, and experience shows that the reciprocity with them was such only in name. During the years since that proclamation was made the levying of a tax of six cents a ton by Germany on our vessels would have produced less than \$300 per year, but the same tax on vessels from Germany to the United States (the amount which is levied on vessels from all other European countries except Germany and the Netherlands) would have amounted to about \$60,000 per year—a large price to pay for the securing of such a small exemption in taxes on American vessels in German ports.



The annual report of the Commissioner of Navigation urges the passage of a free-ship bill. The Commissioner invites attention to the fact that our maritime rank on the Pacific is now threatened by a new rival—namely, Japan. Foreign tonnage has increased in far greater measure than our own on the Pacific, and the large carrying trade once conducted between Asiatic and European ports by our vessels has almost entirely passed away. Our flag has all but disappeared from the mid-Atlantic—save as borne by the American Line steamers. The bill now before Congress, to impose ten per cent. discriminating duties on all cargoes brought here by foreign vessels, is opposed by the Commissioner, who points out that about four-fifths of our

imports last year were brought in foreign vessels, and this bill will put an additional charge of nearly \$60,000,000 on our international exchanges, an amount approximately equal to our ocean freight bills on imports and exports. The Commissioner cites the enormous importations of tea and coffee, aggregating in 1895 about \$125,000,000, and points out that the proposed tax would be a tax on the consumers of those articles. The tax on coffee alone would subsidize twenty-five steamers equal to the St. Louis or St. Paul. The supporters of the bill, however, declare that the decline of our shipping is entirely attributable to assaults upon the protective system. The law of 1794 afforded protection to our shipping by means of discriminating duties and tonnage dues, while the first Congress specifically interdicted the owners of foreign ships from registering them as American vessels and sailing them under the American flag. To abrogate this interdiction, the Fithian Free-Ship Bill was introduced in 1894, and the only exception to the rule imposed was the well-known arrangement with the American Line, an arrangement now amplified by the proposal to issue an American register to any foreign-built vessel owned by Americans, if the owner will give bond to build in our shipyards a vessel of equal tonnage and value. The first year after 1794 our ships carried two-fifths of our foreign commerce, the second year over half, the third year over two-thirds, the fourth year four-fifths, the fifth year nine-tenths, and the same amount thereafter until the war of 1812. After that war we agreed with Great Britain not to impose differential duties. Shipping declined, but rose in 1855–60 to the carriage of three-quarters of our foreign commerce, thereafter steadily declining. We now carry about eleven per cent. It is averred that we pay \$300,000,000 a year to foreign ship-owners in return for carrying our passengers, mails, imports, and exports, and that in the last thirty years we have paid to such ship-owners enough to have settled our National debt more than twice over.



Labor Commissioner Meriwether, of Missouri, has published an invaluable report upon the taxation of street railways in Missouri. The abuses he points out are by no means local, and his report would deserve National attention even if he had not with great care compared the practice in the cities of Missouri with that in other large cities throughout the Nation. Commissioner Meriwether estimates the value of Missouri street-car systems according to the rational method employed by the Inter-State Commerce Commission with reference to the railroads of the country. He assumes that their market value is the sum upon which they yield five per cent. income clear of taxes. When the value of the street railroads is thus estimated, the assessed value of the road stands out in sharp contrast. For example, the Missouri Street Railroad Company has a market value of \$4,440,000, yet according to the assessor's figures this company is worth only \$622,000. This illustration is by no means an extreme one. In fact, the average assessment of the street railways in St. Louis is but eleven per cent. of their true value. The average assessment of the homes and stores of private citizens is 50.4 per cent. The street railway companies, therefore, which receive from the public peculiar privileges, are not taxed one-fourth as heavily as private citizens who receive no privileges. The value of the public privileges given to these companies is also brought out by the Commissioner in a striking form. The cost of constructing and equipping the 245 miles of track in St. Louis the Commissioner estimates at \$8,400,000. This estimate allows half again as much per mile for constructing railroad

along the graded streets as it cost to build the Great Northern from Minnesota across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. The Commissioner reasonably claims that the cost of building the street railways cannot have been greater than his estimate. Yet these roads, representing a probable cost of \$8,400,000, have a market value of \$38,000,000. In other words, the value of the public franchises lent to the companies is nearly \$30,000,000. Upon a three per cent. basis, the public should be receiving from these franchises an income of \$900,000 a year. It actually does receive but \$47,000. Why should the taking of private property for public purposes be so heartily condemned, and such taking of public property for private purposes arouse so little popular indignation?

The investigation in this city into the working of the Raines Law has made more and more striking the fact that the law has become steadily less effective as time has gone on. It was shown, indeed, that the number of arrests for drunkenness in nineteen cities of the State this year has not reached the same total as last, but each month lessens the difference in favor of the new law. All the flaws shown in the new law are in the clauses relating to "hotel" privileges. The law, it will be recalled, authorizes "hotels" to sell their "guests" liquor with their "meals." The courts have permitted an indefinitely small amount of food to be considered a "meal," and permitted an indefinitely large amount of liquor to be sold with it; they have permitted every one who slipped in from the street and ordered one of these "meals" to be considered a "guest," and they have permitted every saloon which anywhere had ten spaces for beds partitioned off to be considered a "hotel." How grotesque some of these interpretations have been is brought out by Commissioner Roosevelt's description of one of these hotels: "At 33 Bowery," he says, "the rooms are little closets with partitions not going up to the ceiling, but simply boxes put up at the rear of the barroom. It is such a farce that the proprietor has a large sign placarded on the outside of the room which reads 'Sleeping not allowed.'"

Hardly less flagrant is the interpretation placed by the Grand Jury upon the section in the law forbidding hotels to sell on Sunday even to guests "in the barroom or other similar place." "The words quoted from the statute," says the Grand Jury, "are vague and indefinite, and under the principle that all penal statutes must be strictly construed, the Grand Jury has been compelled to find that when liquor was served with meals [on Sunday] in rooms where meals were also served during week-days, such service was not illegal, even though the room was also used as a bar-room." The real difficulty is a public sentiment which corrupts judges and juries and prosecuting attorneys, who seem, in many cases, more anxious to set the law aside than to enforce it. We doubt whether any definitions in a statute can secure just and rational interpretations from the police courts, but we trust that the Legislature will do what can be done in this respect. In Ontario, Canada, the hotels sell on Sunday only to guests and at regular meals, and if similar conditions cannot be secured here it is a disgrace, not only to our legislation, but to the interpretation the courts are permitted to place upon it.

Of the many results of the Tenement-House Committee appointed by Mayor Strong, of New York, of which Mr. R. W. Gilder is chairman, none is more important than the public sentiment created in favor of the demolition of the

rear tenements and the indication of a most legitimate channel for the use of capital afforded by the erection of improved tenements. Improved tenements have been erected in New York in the past, but the purpose of these tenements has been to reduce rents, and there has been an element of philanthropic effort in behalf of the dwellers in these houses which has taken the form of the introduction of kindergartens, sewing-schools, and the like. The direct outcome of the Tenement-House Committee's investigation has been the formation of the City and Suburban Homes Company, with a capital stock of \$1,000,000. Through the public spirit and generosity of Mrs. Alfred Corning Clark, of New York, the first model tenement built by this company will be erected on Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth Streets, between West End and Amsterdam Avenues. No better location could be found in New York for this model tenement-house property. The locality is not overcrowded. It stands between Central Park and the Riverside Drive, two of New York's most beautiful parks. The people of this immediate vicinity are independent wage-earners. The public schools of the neighborhood are among the best in New York, and churches of all denominations are within walking distance.

Mrs. Clark has deeded to the company this large block of land at an appraised value, and taken stock in the company at par in exchange, besides which she has purchased stock with cash, which practically makes this whole enterprise an expression of Mrs. Clark's civic pride and humanitarian interest. Among the many advantages of the location selected is, that directly opposite has been in active operation for the past four years the Riverside Association. The building has library facilities, a kindergarten, probably the best bathing facilities in the country, and a large gymnasium. Classes in cooking and sewing are maintained for girls and women, and in manual training for boys, and working-girls' clubs and mothers' clubs, the members of which pay dues. The ground on which the new tenements are to be built was loaned to the Riverside Association by Mrs. Clark as a playground for the children and youths of the neighborhood for two or three years, and it seems natural that the interest in the neighborhood should have eventually led her to this generous expression of her interest in independent wage-earners. The City and Suburban Homes Company is in no sense a charitable organization. It is entirely a business organization. It does not propose to reduce the cost of rent in its buildings below the standard of the tenement-house property in the region where its buildings are located; but it proposes to make a fair return for the rent received in space, light, air, and bathing facilities, protection from fire, and to secure privacy to its tenants. It will also erect small houses in the suburbs—land has been acquired on Long Island—and the wage-earners will pay monthly installments, becoming owners at the expiration of specified periods. The company insures the purchaser's life, thus protecting the family—the house and land, on the death of the purchaser, descending to his heirs.

The capital stock of this company is \$1,000,000. Shares are sold at \$10 each. The purpose of the company in putting the shares at this low denomination is in order to encourage wage-earners to invest their savings in the stock of this company, which, of course, is organized in the interests of wage-earners only. There is no doubt as to the safety of this investment. That model tenements pay has been proven in this country as well as abroad. Mr.

A. T. White, in Brooklyn, has demonstrated this, and has publicly declared that it is one of the safest investments he ever made; and to him the whole country is indebted for the courage and inventiveness that created the model tenement-houses of Brooklyn. What is needed in New York more than anything else is good homes for the poor. It has been demonstrated that the people living on the East Side pay more per cubic foot for the air-space they occupy than do the people in the large apartment-houses facing on Central Park. This, of course, is due to overcrowding—the result of high rents. That tenement-house property is the best-paying property in the city has been demonstrated many times. There are houses that are paying twenty-two per cent. to their owners. Morally, no estimate can be given of the gain to the citizens of New York in the wiping out of the present type of tenement-house. The dark halls and stairways, the impossibility of privacy, the lack of bathing facilities, the dark bedrooms, all combine to produce disastrous effects, physically and morally, on the rising generation. The moral advantages of light are acknowledged; when to this privacy is added, there is a tremendous gain in the development of character. The awful waste of men and money in philanthropic effort is acknowledged. The whole country is indebted to Mr. R. W. Gilder and his associates for the thorough work done by the Tenement-House Committee, and for the admirable report, which was so freely circulated, and was such a revelation to the mass of people of this country.

A prize-fight of even more than usual brutality took place in San Francisco last week. At the time when it was decided that San Francisco should be the scene of this particular fight, some of the papers of that city rejoiced that sentiment there was not so effeminate and priggish as to forbid such a manly exposition of a noble art. Now the fight is over, we believe that sentiment in San Francisco is all but universal against ever again allowing a disgraceful exhibition of this kind. One of the contestants was knocked senseless by what was charged to be a foul blow; counter charges were made that drugs were used by his own backers to put him in such a state that the doctor's examination would sustain their claim of foul play; the referee was charged with having been bribed, and later was arrested for carrying concealed weapons; the courts were appealed to to decide the bets. Shocking as was the whole affair, the most wretched feature was the presence of many women. It is stated that some of these were "of good social position," but we should need strong evidence to convince us of this. The directors of the National Athletic Club (which, as we understand it, had charge of the affair) say that they will have a law passed at the coming session of the Legislature declaring the sport illegitimate. The East cannot claim superior moral virtue in regard to this matter, for almost all our papers reported it in sickening detail. Simultaneously the "Critic" reports that John L. Sullivan is to have a benefit at the Madison Square Garden, and that one hundred admirers of the manly art will give \$1,000 each toward a trust fund for his maintenance!

A correspondent in California questions the statement made editorially in *The Outlook* of November 14 that "a principal influence" in the defeat of the woman's suffrage amendment in that State "came from the women themselves." Our correspondent is in a position to know the facts, and she furnishes us with figures which certainly seem to indicate that the liquor interests in the State were also a principal source of influence against the extension of

the suffrage to women. Los Angeles and San Diego Counties—the seats of the two leading cities of the State after San Francisco—gave majorities for woman's suffrage of 3,596 and 2,717 respectively. The amendment would have been carried but for the majority against it of 14,772 in San Francisco and Oakland, San Francisco's residential suburb across the bay—a majority which our correspondent thinks she has good reason for believing was largely due to the vote of the liquor trade and its allied interests. It must be borne in mind that grape-growing and wine-making form one of the most important industries of California, and that many respectable citizens would therefore be likely to oppose woman's suffrage on the not unnatural supposition that women voters as a body would support measures restricting or curtailing the trade in wines and brandies. Nevertheless, we are still of the opinion, founded on private and reliable sources of information, that there was a vigorous opposition to the woman's suffrage amendment on the part of some of the most high-minded and intelligent women in the State. The California election is at least another indication that the women of this country are very far from having a unanimous desire for the suffrage.

The New York "Times" gives an account, too brief to be wholly satisfactory, of an ecclesiastical trial in Iowa, which certainly indicates a greater limitation on the power of the bishops in the Roman Catholic Church than has been generally supposed to exist by Protestants. In this decision the Bishop of Lincoln, Neb., on an appeal from his decision ordered by the Propaganda at Rome after Mgr. Satolli had refused to grant an appeal, has been convicted of abusing his authority, of having been actuated by sinister and vindictive motives, and of having deceived Cardinal Satolli. The sentences passed by the Bishop on the defendant priests are declared null and void. The costs of the trial he is required to pay, with damages in addition to the persecuted priests—\$875 to one, \$325 to the other; and he is required to restore the priests to the churches from which they had been removed. From this decree there is no further appeal. The details of the case are not of any great importance to the general public. The ecclesiastical principles are of universal interest, and they seem to us to be correctly defined in the following interpretation of them given by one of the successful priests, Father Murphy:

"This decision establishes as a precedent that will hereafter be quoted in all contentions between priests and bishop, that the priest has rights the bishop is bound to respect; that no order of a bishop acting outside the limitations placed upon his authority by canonical law is binding or bound to be obeyed; that the priest who devotes his time and talents to the building up of a strong parish cannot be deprived of it arbitrarily or removed from it without the proper preferment of charges passed upon by a competent court of jurisdiction. For a hundred years the bishops have been a law unto themselves; they have wielded an arbitrary power that amounted to practical anarchy. This decision cannot be appealed from, and establishes the rights of priests for all time."

A few months ago it seemed as if the English Liberal party were on the verge of disruption, and the disorder was complete when Lord Rosebery resigned the leadership. His successor has not yet been named, and there has been no formal reorganization of the party, but the dissensions among the Liberals are likely to be forgotten by the common antagonism which is springing up against the Government policy with regard to schools. Not content with the disaster of last session, which ended in the humiliation of being obliged to withdraw the bill, the Ministry are understood to be proposing to introduce into the next session of Parliament a measure not less offensive to all

parties in the Kingdom except the aggressive clerical group. The time which has elapsed since the policy was first developed has only consolidated the opposition, and it is evident that there is to be a sharp and decisive battle during the coming winter. On the one side, all groups of Liberals will be united in a determined defense of the present educational system; on the other side, the appointment of Dr. Temple as Archbishop of Canterbury indicates that the Ministry will stand by their clerical supporters uncompromisingly. It has come to be recognized of late years that no important measure can be carried through Parliament without commanding in some form the consent of the opposition, unless debate is sharply cut off by the application of closure. The Ministry will, therefore, be compelled to have behind them a body of followers upon whose loyalty they can count at every turn, and who will be ready when the time comes to shut off debate and pass the obnoxious measure in the face of any opposition. There seems to be no reason to believe that the Ministry will be more successful at the coming session than they were at the last in winning their followers to support a measure which is so unpopular with the great mass of the English people. In any event, the Government policy promises to give the Liberal party a new lease of life.



Among the other factors which complicate the situation for the English Government in Turkey is the fact that, as the "Review of Reviews" reminds us, there are several treaties now in existence which, in one way or another, tie her hands. The Great Powers are bound together by a network of these treaties in a way which effects a kind of checkmate on the board for any player who is willing to make an aggressive move. There is, in the first place, the Triple Alliance between Germany, Austria, and England; there is the Franco-Russian alliance; there is an Italian-Russian alliance, under the terms of which Italy has promised Russia that in the event of any action taken under the provisions of the Triple Alliance she will confine herself to defensive action. It is believed, also, that a triple agreement has been reached between Austria, Italy, and England binding the three Powers to act together in Turkey in case the English Ministry decide to take aggressive action in that quarter. Then there is the convention between England and Turkey, by the terms of which England engages, so long as she continues to occupy Cyprus, to defend the Sultan's eastern frontier against Russian attack. There is also a treaty, made on the eve of the Crimean War, by the terms of which England, Austria, and France guarantee the independence and integrity of the Turkish Empire. This treaty had been practically forgotten by the public at large, but Lord Rosebery recently referred to it as if it were still in existence. There is also said to be a secret treaty between Russia and Denmark, under the terms of which, in case of war between Russia and Germany, Denmark will act as the ally of Russia. Then there was that secret agreement between Germany and Russia, the revelation of which has so recently caused such a commotion throughout Europe. The mere recital of these various engagements gives one a new sense of the intricacy of European diplomacy and the delicacy of the situation.



In spite of the enormous expenditure of money, the armies and navies of Europe continue to be subjects of the most pessimistic criticism. No sooner is a service brought to what appears to the civilian to be perfection, at the expense of monstrous burdens upon the people, than some

military critic appears and points out that its armies are useless, that its organization is old-fashioned, and that its commissary department is inadequate. The French Minister of War, General Billot, has recently had the courage and good sense to talk frankly to the representatives of a group of military journals about the condition of the French army. That army is probably in better condition than it has been for half a century, but it appears that its organization is still far from perfect, looking at it from the military expert's point of view. Passing by the charge that the supply departments are infested with jobbery, we come at once upon the very gist of the whole business, and that is the indisposition of the French race to submit to the kind of discipline which makes perfect machine-soldiers. General Billot thinks that very short terms of service are not sufficient to convey and impress the great lesson of machine-like discipline. It takes time to train soldiers, and the average French service is not long enough for that education. It is a very significant fact that this is a difficulty which has arisen since the French Revolution. In other words, it seems to imply that the genius of modern republicanism is unfavorable to the development of the professional military spirit. It is very much to be hoped, in the interests of civilization, that this is true, and that the spread of the movement for popular government will steadily tell against such a military organization of an entire people as that which makes Germany to-day the first military force in the world, at the expense of so many other things which are far more worth the doing. The organization of a whole people for military purposes, with immense burdens of taxation, a vast army fed by conscription, a large military staff, and the military spirit so developed that a civilian takes his life in his hands when he walks on the same side of the street as an officer, needs at its apex a military emperor or czar with unlimited power. A republic has no adequate machinery for fostering this military kind of spirit or building up this military kind of organization. The two are essentially antagonistic.



The international rules to prevent collisions at sea have now been adopted by the United States, Great Britain, Germany, France, Russia, Austria, Italy, Denmark, Portugal, Spain, Belgium, Japan, Hawaii, Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras, and Chili—nations controlling five-sixths of the world's shipping. Great Britain is now co-operating with ourselves in securing the assent of the few remaining nations which have not accepted the new rules. After her seven years' obstinacy, this action of Great Britain is indeed welcome. The existing rules have long been recognized as miserably inadequate, and to this recognition was due the International Marine Conference which met in 1889 at Washington. The rules formulated by this Conference were subsequently indorsed by most of the Powers, but in Great Britain they met with much opposition from shippers, the most important stand against the Conference being that made by the Liverpool Steamship-Owners' Association, on the ground that the proposed fog-signals were unreliable, and therefore dangerous. After a full hearing, however, a Committee of the House of Commons decided that the new signals may often be useful, while in any case they could hardly be dangerous. Upon this decision the British Board of Trade overruled the protest, and added that to again open the question would be "most detrimental to shipping interests by leaving unsettled for an indefinite period the other far more important rules in regard to which international agreement was to come after the Washington Conference." Now that the greatest of maritime nations has given adherence to the rules, it is

hoped that the countries which have not yet assented will be influenced favorably, and that the rules may go into effect on July 1, 1897, with unanimous support.



The President's Message

The President adheres to the practice of issuing a message so voluminous that only officials and editors will read it. Pity that he had not left the public to get its official history of the country from Departmental reports, and confined his message to a few short, sharp, and decisive paragraphs on critical questions. We condense into paragraphs the more important portions of this message, adding in a sentence our comment thereon.

Turkey. The condition in Asiatic Turkey has been "hideous and bloody." American property has been destroyed, and though none of our citizens have yet been killed or wounded, "their safety in the future is by no means assured." But any attempt to make provision for their safety would be resisted by the Ottoman Government and regarded as an interference in their plans by the European Powers. Therefore nothing can be done.—True! by this Administration. We must live in hope of a more courageous and independent policy from the next one.

Cuba. The war in Cuba has passed beyond the bounds of legitimate warfare. Neither side regards the rules of war. The continuance of the present struggle can end only in leaving the Gem of the Antilles so desolated that even commerce cannot restore it. American interests in the island are estimated in millions of dollars, and are now suffering and are liable to be wholly ruined. We have offered our good offices as a mediator, thus far in vain. Our attitude of expectation cannot be indefinitely maintained, and higher obligations may yet require us to interfere.—The Outlook is of the same opinion. While it is not our duty to assume a protectorate over every feeble republic on this side of the Atlantic, we ought not to permit barbarism at once to destroy our neighbors and impoverish ourselves.

Venezuela. The Venezuelan difficulty is ended. The treaty negotiated between Great Britain and the United States assures a peaceful settlement. And "negotiations for a treaty of general arbitration for all differences between Great Britain and the United States are far advanced, and promise to reach a successful consummation at an early date."—Good. The credit of this result is to be divided between reformers in Great Britain and reformers in the United States and our own Secretary of State, who has shown as much vigor and skill in dealing with the later stages of this question as he has shown lack of both in dealing with the Armenian question.

Currency. "We can have no assured financial peace and safety until the Government currency obligations upon which gold may be demanded from the Treasury are withdrawn from circulation and canceled . . . by their exchange for long-term bonds bearing a low rate of interest, or by their redemption by the proceeds of such bonds."—That is, we must stop borrowing of the people without interest, and instead borrow from the banks and pay interest. We do not believe that the people will see the financial wisdom of this plan, which substitutes an interest-bearing debt for a non-interest-bearing debt, nor the political wisdom of this plan, which lessens the power of the people and correspondingly increases the power of the banks over the currency.

Tariff. The present tariff law, "if allowed a fair opportunity, will in the near future yield a revenue which, with reasonably economical expenditures, will overcome all deficiencies." In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1896,

imports increased \$6,500,000 over the previous year, exports increased \$70,000,000, while the revenue from tariff was nearly \$8,000,000 greater than the year before. True, for the last fiscal year there has been a deficit of \$25,000,000, yet this need not disturb us. For we have in the Treasury a gold reserve of \$100,000,000 and a further surplus of more than \$128,000,000, which it is better to appropriate to the payment of justifiable expenses than to hoard as an invitation to future extravagance.—The President forgets to mention that the deficit this year is already \$52,000,000, and that the surplus of \$128,000,000 is what remains of the proceeds of \$262,000,000 of bonds recently sold, not for current expenses, but to protect our gold reserve. That the President's satisfaction with the present tariff is not shared by the country is evident from the recent election. Some measure of either increasing revenues or decreasing expenditures is certain to be recognized by the next Congress, if not by this.

Miscellaneous. We are getting on famously in building fortifications—and in getting into debt for them. We are increasing our navy and building big guns—which it is devoutly to be hoped we shall never want to use.—Indians ought to be protected from liquor-dealers by a prohibitory law, and a non-partisan and permanent Indian Commission should take the place of a political Indian Commissioner.—Civil Service Rules now cover substantially all positions except fourth-class postmasters.—If the Post-Office would not carry so much second-class matter at a loss, better facilities and cheaper rates would be practicable for first-class matter. That is, if publishers of cheap literature were not served so well at public expense, the people would be better served—a very just conclusion.—"Trusts" are very bad; but the only real remedy is State legislation.

On the whole, it cannot be expected that this message, dignified and moderate though it may be, will exercise any perceptible influence upon Congress or public opinion. The former must wait and the latter will wait that change in affairs which may be expected from an incoming Administration. The country is more interested to-day to know what Mr. McKinley thinks the country ought to do than what Mr. Cleveland thinks the country ought to have done.



The Basis of Government

The statement of the Rev. Lyman Abbott in Plymouth pulpit the other Sunday, that the theory incorporated in the Declaration of Independence that government rests upon the consent of the governed is an exploded theory, appears to have aroused an unexpected degree of criticism, if not resentment, in certain quarters. The Boston "Herald" endeavors to bring this denial into disrepute by claiming that it is identical with the teaching of the late John C. Calhoun; the Chicago "Tribune," erroneously saying that "Dr. Abbott did not state what his theory of government was," counsels him "to leave the Declaration of Independence and American theories of government alone," as "beyond him;" several Chicago clergymen, interviewed by the Chicago "Times-Herald," condemn in more or less vigorous terms the principle that government rests upon the will of God, not on the will of the people; and the Chicago "Evening Post," the Waterbury "American," the New York "Journal," and other papers in various forms join in the chorus of dissent.

There was nothing in Dr. Abbott's statement in the least new or startling; nothing which is not, indeed, familiar

in all academic circles, not to say accepted by all scientifically educated men. The declaration that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed is an attempt to embody in a practical form the results of Rousseau's theory of government. That theory is, in a sentence, that men by nature were in a state of freedom, that, for the benefits anticipated from government, they relinquished some portion of their natural, God-given freedom, and that thus all government rests upon what Rousseau called the "Social Contract." Subsequent historical research has entirely disproved Rousseau's theory. It has shown beyond all possible question that there never was a state of freedom, and never was a surrender, express or implied, of freedom for the real or supposed advantages of government. A single quotation will suffice as well as many. We quote from Sir Henry Maine's "Popular Government:"

"This political speculation, of which the remote and indirect consequences press us on all sides, is, of all speculations, the most baseless. The natural condition from which it starts is a simple figment of the imagination. So far as any research into the nature of primitive human society has any bearing on so mere a dream, all inquiry has dissipated it. The process by which Rousseau supposes communities of men to have been formed, or by which, at all events, he wishes us to assume that they were formed, is, again, a chimera. No general assertion as to the way in which human societies grew up is safe, but perhaps the safest of all is that none of them were formed in the way imagined by Rousseau."

While history has disproved the historical basis of Rousseauism, philosophy and history have combined to show that as a theory it is wholly impracticable. The French Republic was founded on the Social Contract, and the French Republic proved that the foundation was one of sand. The Republic built upon it disappeared almost as soon as it was erected. And the Republic reared on this side of the Atlantic would not have outlived the century, if the Nation had acted consistently on the doctrine that government rests on the consent of the governed. The Boston "Herald" has put itself in direct antithesis to history in its statement. John C. Calhoun was the political descendant of Rousseau's apostle in America, Thomas Paine; he held that government rests on the consent of the governed, drew from it the logical conclusion that when the consent was withdrawn the right to govern was gone, and therefore maintained the right of a State to nullify the action of the Federal Government. Nullification and secession are the children of Rousseauism. If government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed, then the Southern States were right, and the Northern States were wrong, in the Civil War; for we of the North insisted on maintaining a government over half a continent without its consent, and in spite of a very vigorous and emphatic dissent.

The true basis of government is very simple, easily stated, easily understood. There are certain great eternal, invisible laws, laws of mind and morals, as gravitation is a law of matter. They are laws of God's own nature, or, if the agnostic prefers, laws of man's nature. They are in either case eternal, indefeasible, unalterable, and absolutely independent of any edict, human or divine. The Ten Commandments—taking them as an admirable illustration of these laws—are not right because they are commanded; they are commanded because they are right. If the community, by an overwhelming majority, decrees murder, as an overwhelming majority are now doing in Turkey, or theft, as an overwhelming majority of Americans did during fifty years of African slavery, murder and theft are not made in the least more righteous than they were before. Democracy can no more make wrong right than it can make white black, or convert the law of gravitation into a law of levitation.

When democracy is unjust, the injustice is just as wicked as when a single despot is unjust. Taine, in his history of the French Revolution, has shown from history what De Tocqueville has shown from philosophic considerations, that the despotism of a democracy is just as deadly as the despotism of a Bourbon king. A majority can no more create a law of morals than it can create a law of nature.

Law is. It exists wholly independently of Acts of Congress or votes of populace. All that human government can do is to ascertain what is law, and incorporate it in the commonwealth. If it succeeds, prosperity follows; if it fails, disaster follows. Various forms of government resort to various methods of ascertaining and incorporating in human society these divine laws. The world has tried intrusting this function to a single king, supposed to be the father of his people; to the clergy, supposed to be especially religious and disinterested; to an aristocracy, selected by some process of election for the purpose of securing the best men in the nation for this purpose. The king has rarely proved himself either wise or benevolent; the ecclesiastics, whether a Papal priesthood in Italy or a Puritan ministry in New England, have shown themselves always narrow, and often cruel; the aristocracy, however selected, have shown themselves eager to promote their own interests, and careless or ignorant, or both, of the interests of others. Democracy sets the whole people in quest of these infinite, eternal, divine laws. It does not rest on the infallibility of the majority, still less on its omnipotence. The one assumes that the voice of the people is the voice of God, although, in fact, it is often the voice of passion, prejudice, or ignorance; the other assumes that people can make laws, although, in fact, all they can do is to ascertain laws and conform to them. Nor does it rest on the consent of the governed, a theory which, carried to its logical conclusion, issues in philosophical anarchism, the doctrine of no-government. Democracy rests on the assumption that the wisdom of the all is greater than the wisdom of any class, and that out of the conflict of judgment, conscience, and interest a clearer understanding of justice and righteousness will emerge than out of any system which believes in and trusts to a monopoly of conscience and judgment in one man or class of men. A godless democracy is the grossest of all political inconsistencies, and an unrighteous democracy, that is, a democracy which recognizes no law apart from its own will, would be the worst of all despotisms.

The question of the true basis of government is not unimportant. It is not a question of abstract theory for the consideration of the schoolmen. Alexis de Tocqueville and James Bryce have both pointed out the serious danger to the Republic from what both call the "tyranny of the majority." The only remedy for that tyranny is in awakening in the people a recognition of the truth that there is a "higher law" than the popular will, and that the people must find that law and conform to it at their peril. With politicians flattering the populace, as sycophantic courtiers have in all ages flattered the king; with newspapers recognizing for themselves no higher function than to furnish the people with such principles of action as will flatter their prejudices and apparently promote their immediate interests; and with even orthodox preachers denying that there is for America any higher standard of obligation than is furnished by the resolve of a sometimes ignorant and often fickle multitude, there is greater need than we had supposed (until this recent outburst of criticism) for an emphatic reiteration of the principle that law is divine, and that nothing is just, whencesoever it emanates and howso-

ever it is indorsed, commended, or enforced, unless it conforms to the law of God.



The Home Side of the Civil Service

There is one advantage of the civil service examinations which has not yet been brought to public attention, and it is an open question whether it is not the greatest advantage. That the poor in this country have not valued education we know. Their indifference to the education of their children has compelled the passage of laws looking solely to compulsory education. Truant-schools must be maintained, not because the children will not attend school, but because the indifference of the parent makes it possible very often for the children to evade the law, and because among certain classes of the population the advantage of having the children become wage-earners at an early age has outweighed the awful injustice done their future. The steady increase in classified offices, the slowly dawning comprehension that a "pull" is of but little value now to acquire a position at the public expense, has penetrated even the densest minds among the poor; but now there is a new thought. Hundreds of men, having failed in the civil service examinations, are forced to realize that an education has at last a money value. Men who have the consciousness of natural ability to do the work of the position realize that their inability to read, to spell, to cipher, and their lack of ability to express themselves on paper, are responsible for their failure to obtain a position. When once the mind of the poor man is forced to value education as a factor in self-support, he will struggle to give his children that equipment.

One of the tragedies which is most often forced upon the attention of workers among the poor is this conflict between natural ability and ignorance. A single incident may serve as illustration. A man of about thirty-two, the father of six children, had been trained as a mason by his father. Rarely does one see a handsomer man. Every one knows that the winter is the crucial time in our climate with the outdoor wage-earners. All that is made in the summer and fall is used up in the winter. This man had natural ambition. He wanted to educate his children, and yet every year found him the same amount, about \$200, in debt when the spring season opened. He decided that he would take the civil service examination for policemen. He was just below the lowest markings in the educational test, and failed on the physical test because he had lost all his back teeth. This was a startling revelation to the man and his friends. What was the connection between no back teeth and failure as a candidate for the appointment to the police force? It was explained to him that loss of teeth meant inability to masticate food, that this led to indigestion, and that indigestion was the beginning of numerous physical ills. He decided to take an examination for the Public Works Department. He was advised to prepare himself for the examination. A friend offered to help him. It was pathetic beyond expression to find that this man, with certainly the average natural ability, could not use a dictionary, had not the remotest idea of what an encyclopædia was, and that, while he knew all about his trade and was considered A No. 1 in it, he really could not tell how he did his work. Three months were spent in guiding his reading and in getting him to put the results of this on paper. At last he dared to take the examination, and passed second highest in a class of about one hundred. That his success was the moral turning-point in his life those who knew him realized. Fortunately, there stood at the head of the Public Works Department a man absolutely honest. The first appoint-

ment the applicant received was to do such work as is done by a day-laborer. It was emergency work, and all the eligible list had been used. Three-fourths of them refused the work; the other fourth took it. The work and the pay were day-laborers' work and pay. This man was a dozen times on the point of giving up, but he was advised to hold on. At the expiration of four weeks he received an appointment as sub-superintendent of some constructive work. A happier man could not have been found in the country. The result of his experience has been to make all the members of the ward club, of which he was secretary, advocates of education. Not only that, but every man made up his mind that he would look after the teeth of his boys. This successful candidate has been an object-lesson to the entire constituency of that club. He has advocated tooth-brushes as well as education. So far, the value of sound teeth to girls has not been demonstrated, but it has been fully demonstrated to boys. Sound health, and education that will enable a boy to express himself, that will fit him to pass a civil service examination, are the lowest physical and mental tests that will be accepted by any member of this club. There is no doubt that the moral results of civil service examinations will be felt for all time in this country, not only in the administration of Government work, but in the poor man's home.



An Advent Thought

As the coming of Christ was predicted by the course and outcome of life during the centuries before his advent, so is his coming predicted in the need and longing and preparation of every human soul. Christ stands for and illustrates in his own person and career that ideal development of character and that ideal attitude of a man to his fellows which shines like a star before every respectable human being; for the man who has ceased to care for perfection has ceased to be spiritually respectable. Every living soul longs to be like Christ, and the soul which has ceased to long has ceased to live. This deep necessity in the heart of every man to aspire and to work out his aspirations in conduct points straight to the Christ, by whom these aspirations were realized, and in whom these hopes are incarnated. The sore need of the perfect life and the perfect man affirms the reality of both, and, therefore, predicts their coming. In every human soul this need cries out for satisfaction, and Christ is that satisfaction. More imperative than the need of the vision of the perfect man is the need of the revelation of the invisible God; and as Christ came at the moment when the whole world was inarticulately crying out for him, so does he come to the individual soul, when that soul sorely needs the revelation of the Father, which he is, and seeks him everywhere. Food, shelter, raiment, are not the fundamental necessities of men, as they are so constantly said to be; God is the one supreme necessity of men. Even those who reject or deny him still seek him; and there are few things in life more pathetic than the unconscious search for God by those who imagine they have rid themselves of the very idea of God. "Thou hast made us for Thyself," says St. Augustine; "and our souls are restless till they rest in Thee." Christ is not only the desire of the nations, but he is also the desire of every rational human soul. And this sore need, never fully satisfied until it is satisfied by the acceptance of the Christ-idea and of the Christ-life, is the prophecy in every soul of his advent who came, not only to save men from their sins, but to help them find themselves and live their lives in full human sympathy and activity, but in the light and by the guidance of divine ideals.

The Outlook's Vacation Fund

Winter Opportunities of Supplying the Needs of Working-Girls

THE past summer's work of the Working-Girls' Vacation Society has been its most successful summer's work. It seemed as though people of wealth and health realized that the hard times pressed most heavily on the working-girl, and that for her special effort must be made to give brightness, happiness, social opportunity, and the power to overcome the unsanitary and depressing conditions that dominate so many of the homes and factories in which she must spend the greater portion of her life. The readers of The Outlook far surpassed the generosity of previous years. This enabled the Working-Girls' Vacation Society to keep the houses at Elmcote and Cherry Vale filled all the time. Santa Clara, the latest benefaction to the working-girls of New York and vicinity, proved a haven of rest and recuperation to thirty-eight working-girls threatened with consumption. As has been stated in these columns very often, the maintenance of Santa Clara on a scientific basis makes it very expensive. The house is remote from civilization, and a physician and trained nurse are absolutely necessary. To those who had the responsibility of deciding upon the claims of the hundreds of girls who needed Santa Clara under the limits of the space that Santa Clara

offered, the awful fact was demonstrated daily that many of these girls would have been in a curable condition if they had been taken out of the unsanitary conditions under which they had been compelled to live during the winter months. This has been impossible until now. There has been no place to which a working-girl who was in the first stages of consumption could be sent at once as soon as her physical needs were discovered. Santa Clara is not available for the winter. The original house was an all-year-round house, but the enlarging of Santa Clara's accommodation from six to its present capacity of thirty-eight girls compelled such alterations in the original house as to make it unavailable for winter use. The addition was intended only for summer use. Even if these alterations had not been made, the original house was so small that the cost of maintaining girls there with the proper equipment was far beyond the income at the disposal of the Working-Girls' Vacation Society. That idea had to be surrendered, although it is one of the dearest wishes of the Working-Girls' Vacation Society to have a suitable winter house at Santa Clara, where girls may be sent who will be benefited by a residence of two or three months there. That, of course, is only a dream, a castle in Spain; and yet when one looks back over the unexpected realizations of those castles in Spain which now stand at Craigville, at Greenwich, Conn., and at Santa Clara, faith says that there shall yet stand in the Adirondacks the home

that is so necessary to the working-girls of New York and vicinity.

At a meeting of the managers of the Vacation Society recently held, it was discovered that there was a balance of The Outlook Vacation Fund amounting to \$1,000; \$400 of this represents the balance of the matrons' salaries, The Outlook making it one of the conditions of its co-operation with the Working-Girls' Vacation Society that the matrons shall be hired by the year. The reason for this is that in studying the summer work for the poor it was found that too often the matron was a woman whose entire time in the other months was employed in some other direction, and that she came to her work among the working-girls exhausted in body and mind, and unfit to create that atmosphere of rest and of brightness that is so absolutely necessary in the summer house, since so large a percentage of the girls begin their vacation in a physically depressed condition

which compels them to depend on assistance for pleasure and the introduction to outdoor life. The Outlook suggested that \$300 of the balance on hand should be set apart to take care of girls threatened with consumption this winter, and \$300 of the amount should be used toward making the experiment of maintaining a trained nurse



LOOMIS SANITARIUM, LIBERTY, SULLIVAN CO., N. Y.

department for the benefit of the working-girls of New York. \$300 is, of course, a very small amount, and will care for very few girls, but through co-operation with the Loomis Sanitarium this entire sum can be used for paying the board of working-girls there. We present in this issue four pictures, to give an idea to our readers of the place where the few girls this money will care for will be sent.

The Loomis Sanitarium, dedicated November 20, is situated at Liberty, Sullivan County, N. Y., two miles from the station on the Western and Ontario road. It is impossible to give any but a faint impression of the beauty of the surroundings of Loomis Sanitarium. It stands on the top of a hill overlooking one of the most beautiful valleys in the State of New York. The first picture shows the situation of the building in the open, with the woods within easy walking distance; but the beauty, the sunshine, the refinement, it is impossible to depict. The picture of the buildings shows the rear view of the Administration Building, the kitchen, the laundry, and the casino. The equipment of the house is perfect.

The arrangements of the Working-Girls' Vacation Society with the Loomis Sanitarium, in brief, are these: \$5 a week board, with two or three girls in a room. This includes nursing, medical attendance, and medicine. To any one who has passed a winter in either Sullivan County or the Adirondacks the necessity of warm clothing is fully understood, and it is just here that the greatest difficulty exists. There

should be for these girls a supply of warm clothing and fur coats. The Loomis Sanitarium owns several fur coats which can be hired, but it must be borne in mind that the beneficiaries of The Outlook's Vacation Fund are girls

hall bedroom $6\frac{1}{2} \times 7$ feet; and even this air-space was reduced because their clothing must hang on the walls. If we sit calmly by and allow a condition of life to grow up in this Republic, this nation of brothers, which imposes such limitations upon the lives of the children that when they come into maturity it is not a maturity of health but a maturity of disease, there is nothing left for us but to try and remedy the evil which we might have prevented had we worked with intelligence, had we studied the conditions that have been crowding upon the homes in our land.

The story of these two sisters is only one of hundreds that can be told. Fortunately, it is possible this winter to save some of the working-girls; but it is possible only if the money is given; \$300 will take care

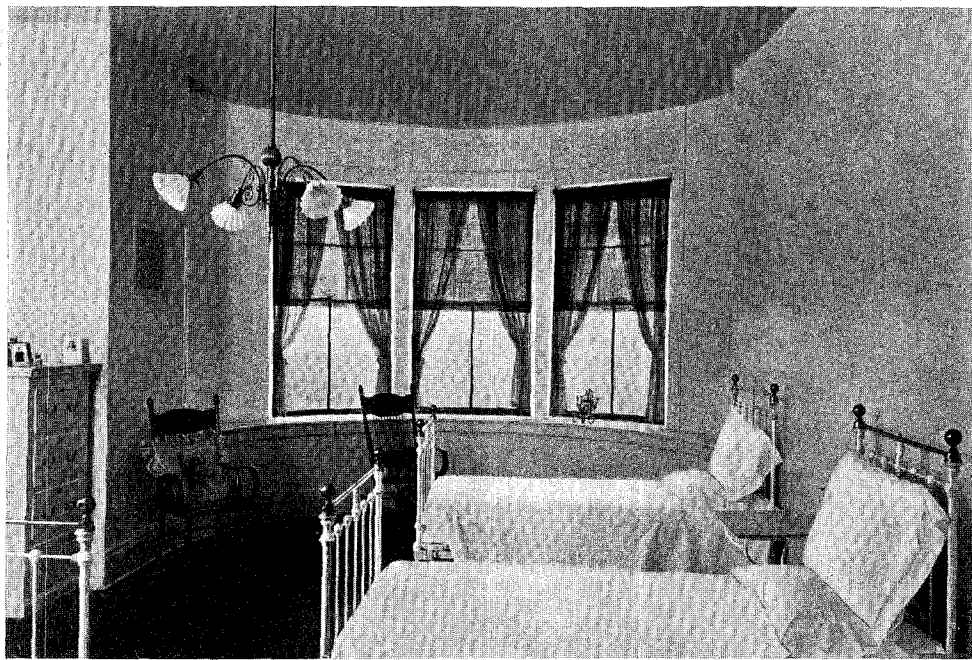


THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, THE KITCHEN, AND THE CASINO

who can pay little or nothing during this period of forced idleness, girls whose preparations in the way of clothing cannot be such as to insure them the possibility of outdoor life in that atmosphere.

The Outlook wants money to take care of the curable girls at the Loomis Sanitarium this winter. It seems cruel that girls should suffer as they do when it might be prevented. One physician states that fifty per cent. of the working-girls in New York are suffering from incipient tuberculosis, and that if they could be sent away for two or three months from the overcrowded homes and the vitiated air of the rooms they are compelled to work in, they would recover, or at least the disease would be checked. Often this disease is the result of contagion. Three years ago a girl fourteen years old was found on the East Side, a victim of tuberculosis, in what was feared even then to be a state too far advanced for absolute cure. The Outlook Vacation Fund made it possible to send this girl to one of the hill towns of New Jersey in March. It was so near the city that it was felt safe to send her away from her family, and yet the memory of the expression on her face when she parted with her mother at the ferry in New York caused many hours of heartache to those who saw it. Bravely and quietly the girl took up her life among strangers. When summer came, she was sent to Sullivan County, but this, it was felt, would be a refined form of cruelty unless she were accompanied by some member of her family. A sister who was not strong went with her and roomed with her. The two sisters remained out of town until October, when the younger one came home, as we then knew, to die. The older one took up her work very much improved by her months of rest and outing. She had been subject to what she called "bad spells," but these had entirely disappeared. The younger one is still alive. Her patience, her loveliness, her gentleness, have changed that family so completely that one really looks in her face now, and, with the full knowledge of all her suffering, says, "It is well." It was worth living and suffering to do this through sheer force of character. But the awful knowledge has now come upon us that, when death takes the younger sister, The Outlook Vacation Fund must pay for the older sister at the Loomis Sanitarium. Why? Because three adult women have been forced to sleep in a

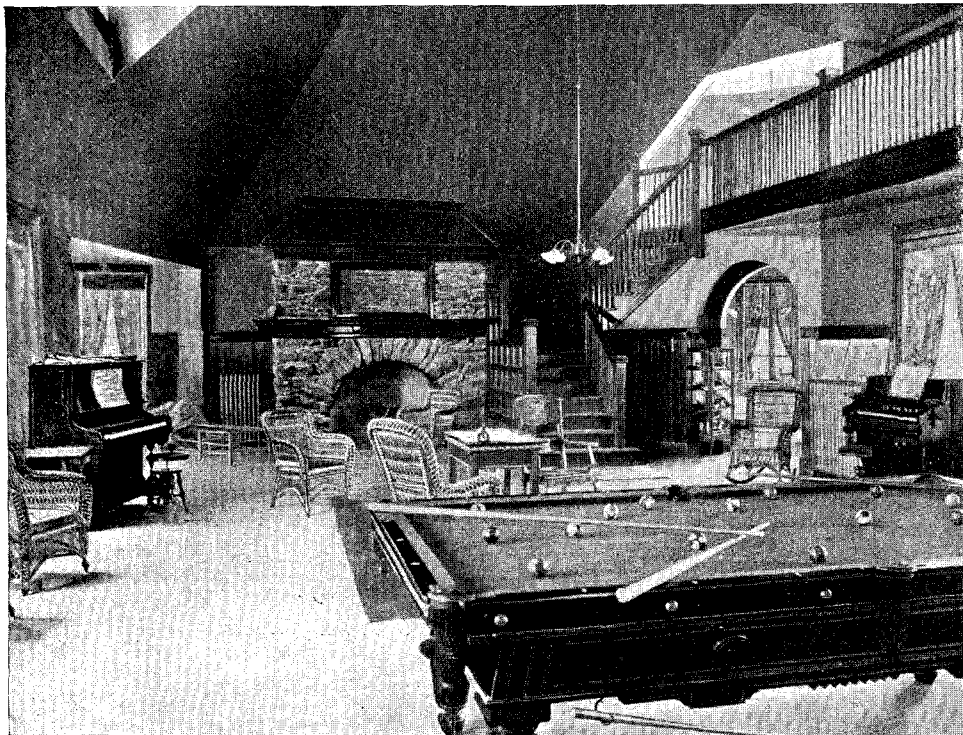
of four girls for nine weeks, and pay their traveling expenses, but laundry bills must be met, provision must be made for outdoor life, and that costs money. What The Outlook wants to do is this: to raise the sum of \$10,000 a year to meet the needs of the working-girls of New York, and such as are unprovided for in Brooklyn and the surrounding towns where girls are employed. With this \$10,000, it would be possible to retain the services of a trained nurse for a year; and only those who know the awful suffering that ignorance imposes on the sick can realize what this would mean. It is the misfortune of those who know the working-girl in her home life to know that when she is ill her sufferings are often tremendously increased, cruelly increased, not because those who love her are not willing to give time and strength and all they have to help her, but because they are so ignorant that they do not keep the doctor informed of the conditions that he ought to know; their inability to do the right thing in a crisis increases physical suffering and death. There is another side of it. Often a girl is com-



A BEDROOM

pelled to stop working, even though she is the only wage-earner in the family, when illness comes to some member of it. If a trained nurse could be sent to this home, the girl could keep her place, and the family would be saved from debt, or, what is worse, from the necessity of receiving charity. Long ago there was one who bound up the wounds of him who was found on the roadside. To-day men fall by the roadside as in that far-away time, and while we have done much to bind up the wounds, there are some who do not

fall, but stumble, and if only the arm of strength were given to them then, on which they might lean for a little way, discouragement, suffering, death even, might be defeated. There should be enough money at the disposal of the Working-Girls' Vacation Society to pay a physician to care for girls who cannot pay for medical attendance at the right time. Many girls will not go to the infirmaries, and



CASINO—INTERIOR

comparatively few women who are actively engaged in work among working-girls are willing that they should. The result is that personal appeals are made to physicians known to the workers as gentle and tender and kind, and hours of labor and medicine are given that should not be given. If a woman physician were on a salary under the Working-Girls' Vacation Society, the girls could pay a small sum for the attendance, and often illness would be prevented because the girls would feel that they could meet one they knew and talk freely with her. We have stated the immediate needs of the working-girls of New York. We believe it is possible for The Outlook to meet those needs through the generosity of its readers. We leave the case in our readers' hands. \$10,000 will take care of the vacation houses and of Santa Clara; will care for the girls who are curable at the Loomis Sanitarium; will provide a trained nurse's services for the year; and will pay a competent physician's salary, who will learn to know the needs of the working-girls. The nurse and physician will give their services when the patient is too poor to pay for the service. The trained nurse's fund will secure pay for the nurse's services when the family cannot pay. A specified schedule will be maintained. The opportunity to increase the wage-earning capacity of the working-girl, to reduce suffering, to increase her social opportunity, to prevent her falling a victim to an incurable disease that is always a menace to the family, is that offered to our readers.



To fix a wandering life and give it direction is not an easy task, but a life which has no definite aim is sure to be frittered away in empty and purposeless dreams. "Listless triflers," "busy idlers," "purposeless busybodies," are seen everywhere. A healthy, definite purpose is a remedy for a thousand ills which attend aimless lives. Discontent, dissatisfaction, flee before a definite purpose. An aim takes the drudgery out of life, scatters doubts to the winds, and clears up the gloomiest creeds. What we do without a purpose begrudgingly, with a purpose becomes a delight, and no work is well done nor healthily done which is not enthusiastically done. It is just that added element which makes work immortal.—"Architects of Fate."

A Triumvirate of Song

By Craven Langstroth Betts

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

The heart of Merrie England sang in thee,
Dan Chaucer, blithest of the sons of morn!

How, from that dim and mellow
distance borne,
Come floating down thy meas-
ures pure and free,
Thou prime old minnesinger!
Pageantry,
And Revel, blowing from his
drinking-horn
The froth of malt, and Love that
dwells forlorn—
Though England perish, these
will live in thee!

Thine is the jocund springtime
—winsome May,
Crowned with her daisies, wooed
thee, clerkly wight;
The breath of England's fields
is in thy lay,
And in thy graver verse is
England's might;
Thou art the Pan-pipe, blown
at dawn of day,
Still echoing through our noon
its clear delight!

EDMUND SPENSER

I see him stroll with Raleigh
by the wood,

Or Sidney near the Mulla's rippling brim,
While nature crooned her summer evening hymn,
And o'er the fields the new moon's sickle stood;
I hear sweet words of courtly brotherhood
Chime like an angelus through the ages dim,
And they, whom all else honored, honored him,
My Spenser, votary of the Holy Rood!

They moved like stars through Christdom's troubled sky,
And quenched their earthly radiance in their blood;
He dwelt apart, unknown, and fixed his eye
Where, on the mount, celestial Beauty stood.
O childe of song! thy lion, maid, and knight
Are England's power, pure faith, and manhood's right!

WILLIAM MORRIS

Chaucer and Spenser, take him to your heart,
The burly Radical of dreamy rhyme!
And crown him with the Trouvere's bay sublime,
That ne'er till now was earned within the mart;
For even to him the story-teller's art
Came glamorous out of Fancy's buoyant clime,
The mintage of that golden ore of time
From the world's childhood; for he voiced in part
Your mid-sea swaying melodies, the breath
Of pastoral lands, of flowery meads, and meres,
And your pale, poignant picturing of death,
And your dear, tender ruth for love in tears.
An "idle singer of vain days," he saith;
Yes—but that song lends grandeur to the years!



Longing

By M. F. B.

More life, and more, and ever more:
Give Thou, O Life, to me;
As, emptied of my vain desire,
I give myself to thee.



IN THE NURSERY CHRISTMAS SONG

I.

*Christmas, Christmas,
Children, sing :
Christ, an Infant,
Is our King.
Glory, glory
In the highest,
He who loves us most
Is nighest.
In excelsis, let us sing,
For a Baby is our King !*

II.

*Christmas, Christmas,
Angels bright
Sang to shepherds
In the night,—
Shepherds watched
Their helpless sheep,
Blessed Mary
Watched His sleep.
For, two thousand years ago,
God became a Babe below.*

III.

*Christmas, Christmas,
Hear the flow
Of her song
So soft and low !—
A virgin mother's
Lullaby !
Oh, what precious
Mystery !
Age on age has felt its thrill,
In the world it echoes still.*

IV.

*Christmas, Christmas,
Sing, my sweet,
Without thee
'Tis incomplete.
For the Baby King would miss
Such a mite of praise as this.
Sing, then, sing ye,
Children all !—
Even cattle
In their stall,
Says tradition, voiced their
praise
To the King of endless days.*

V.

*Christmas, Christmas,
Children dear,
The marvel of the world
Is here.
The owner of the universe
Asks a lowly home of us.
Christmas, Christmas,
Bid Him come,
Make our loving hearts
His home.*

KATE ROHRER CAIN.



An Autobiography in Little¹

By Justin McCarthy

I HAVE been kindly asked by The Outlook to tell in little the story of my own life. I have no personal claim to any such distinction, and my life has been uneventful. But as I am about to make an attempt at telling the story of a really great life—one of the greatest lives—I have been asked, by way of prologue, to say something about myself, in order to show who I am that claims the right to tell about Mr. Gladstone. So I readily accept the task kindly imposed on me, and am quite willing to let the American public know who I am, and how I came to be in touch with English political life and Mr. Gladstone.

I was born in the seaport city of Cork, in the south of Ireland—a seaport that has sent more than any other place in Ireland its Irish citizens to the American Republic. The delight of my early boyhood was in swimming and in boating. Cork gave us a beautiful inland stream, deepening and broadening down to a powerful estuary losing itself in the sea. We had the raptures of the sylvan stream and the light boat at the one end, and of the heavy sea-boat and the yacht at the other. The sound of that sea and the ripple and rush of that river are in my ears even now as I sit and write these lines in London. We had a very literary set of young lads and lasses in Cork in those far-off days. We had a passion for reading, and we had some excellent private schools. It may interest many American readers, if only as a matter of curiosity, to know that most of the young fellows I knew were cut off from all university degrees and honors, and university introductions to any of what are called the learned professions. And why? Because we were Roman Catholics, and therefore, in a country the population of which were five out of six Roman Catholics, we were cut off from all the public advantages of university teaching. I think a future generation will be inclined to show itself incredulous as to the possibility of such a system existing in the England and Ireland of our times. But there it was all the same, and—would you believe it?—it existed down to some three and twenty years ago, when it was abolished by Mr. Gladstone.

We studied for ourselves, however, although we had no prizes to get except such as the study itself conferred upon us. I was a great reader in those dim and distant days, and so were most of my comrades—boy and girl. I was well taught in Greek and Latin, and could read Homer and Pindar, the Greek tragedies, and Aristophanes and Herodotus, and Plautus and Terence, with a fluency which now appears to me marvelous; and I was familiar with Molière and Racine and Montaigne, and I made myself familiar later on with Goethe and Schiller and Heine. I loved and reveled in Shakespeare, and, indeed, in all the Elizabethan dramatists, and in the "Faerie Queene" of Spenser, and in Chaucer, and in Walter Scott and Byron, and, of course, in Dickens and Thackeray, and, when I got the chance, in "Jane Eyre" and Charlotte Brontë's other books. A wet Sunday, when I could not go out for long and got hold of "Jane Eyre" for the first time—it had then just come upon the world—and read it all day through

to the end, is a sort of epoch in my life. So, too, is another day, a little later in my existence, when, traveling home from Dublin to Cork, I bought at a railway station a cheap edition of an American book by an author of whom I had never heard before, and I soon found myself immersed in Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales."

We were very fond of debating societies in Cork in those days, and we young fellows were ready to tackle the most utterly insoluble problems in the way of controversy. We had a discussion protracted over several sittings on the question whether poets or patriot-soldiers had done more for the good of life. Also we had a controversy as to whether Pericles was a true patriot or not. I suppose we sharpened our wits on these discussions, but we certainly did not help much towards the settlement of disputed problems in history or in human nature. We were all keen politicians and nationalists in those days, and when the Young Ireland movement culminated in an effort at rebellion in 1848, I, like most of my young friends and comrades, was eager to take a part in it. The attempt collapsed too soon, however, to enable any of those whom I knew to have a chance of appearing in the field, but I feel bound to say that we were all plucky young fellows, and would have risked our lives with the full heroism of unthinking youth.

"Who Fears to Speak of Ninety-Eight?" is the name of a famous Irish song. Who fears to speak of Forty-eight? Not I, for one.

I had always a great yearning towards London—the London of Shakespeare, of Addison, of Johnson, of Dickens, and of Thackeray. I longed to go to

London and be a literary man. Chance gave me an offer of settling myself for a time in Liverpool on the staff of the first daily paper established in the English Provinces. I had before this been for some time on the staff of a newspaper in Cork, but there was then no opening for a literary career in Ireland, and I thought Liverpool would be at least a stepping-stone or a stage on the way to London. So, in fact, it proved to be. I lived for seven years in Liverpool, and was reporter, literary critic, dramatic critic, leader-writer, and finally editor of the journal to which I was attached. Probably because of the variety of my services it became a financial failure. Something I had written attracted the notice of the then famous and still forgotten Harriet Martineau. She strongly advised me to go to London, and gave me a letter of introduction to the then editor of the "Daily News." I was received most courteously, as was but natural, for Miss Martineau was the greatest writer on the "Daily News;" but there was no opening at the moment for me. I got an engagement later on as a gallery reporter on the staff of the "Morning Star," and so my wife and I settled down in London.

I remained in the gallery of the House of Commons for only one session. I was sent as special correspondent to Berlin and Königsberg to describe the ceremonies at the coronation of King William of Prussia, who afterwards was crowned German Emperor at Versailles. When I got back to London, I was made foreign editor of the "Morning Star;" for although I was not able to speak any foreign language, even French, particularly well, yet I had a certain gift in the reading of languages, and could translate from most of the European journals as they came



JUSTIN M'CARTHY

¹ In the January Magazine Number of The Outlook (to be issued January 2) will be printed the first installment of Mr. McCarthy's "The Story of Gladstone's Life" fully illustrated.

in. The "Morning Star" was an advanced Radical paper, in which Richard Cobden and John Bright took a deep interest. I thus came to enjoy the acquaintanceship, and I hope I may say the friendship, of those two great Englishmen. The "Morning Star" stood up stoutly for the cause of the North when the great American Civil War came on. "Punch" described it as "the London-Yankee Journal—Morning Star they call the thing." Just after the fall of Richmond, on the death of Mr. Samuel Lucas, John Bright's brother-in-law, I was appointed editor-in-chief of the paper. I gave up the position of my own accord towards the close of 1868. Mr. Bright felt sure that he would have to take office under Mr. Gladstone, and withdrew from the "Morning Star," not thinking it compatible with Ministerial duties to have any active interest in a newspaper. As he was leaving the paper, I did not care to stay on. Besides, I was longing to visit America. Besides, I had begun to weary of the incessant work of editor-

ance with the Republic and with Canada. I was able to do a great deal of traveling, because I was happy enough to "catch on" with the American public, and I wrote incessant stories and articles for magazines, and gave lectures in the season all over the States. By this time I had published novels with my name attached, and I was beginning to get pretty well known in literature. I came back, however, in 1872 to settle in London. I accepted an engagement as leader-writer on the staff of the "Daily News."

I had had it in my mind for a long time to write a history of the growth and achievements of the Liberal or democratic party in England. This idea gradually turned itself into a plan for a history of the reign in England. Messrs. Chatto and Windus, who had published some of my novels, suggested as an appropriate title "A History of Our Own Times." I at once accepted the suggestion, and in due course the first and second volumes came out.



MR. MCCARTHY IN HIS LIBRARY

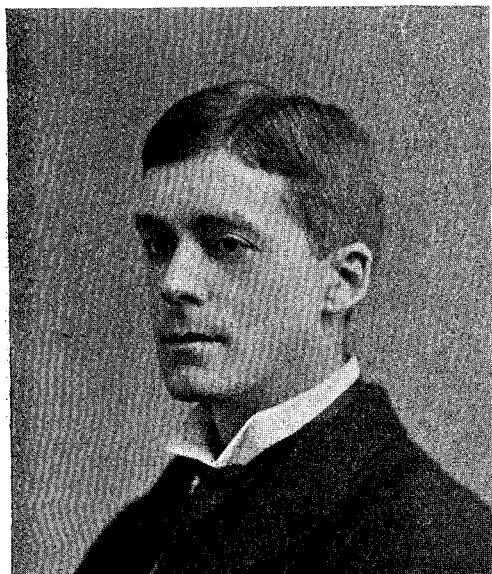
ship, on a daily newspaper. Besides, I was beginning to see my way into literature. I had written some successful articles, anonymously of course, in some reviews. One of them procured for me first the approval and afterwards the friendship of John Stuart Mill—one of the greatest Englishmen of our time. I had published a novel—anon-ymously also—and a volume of essays, both of which met with a certain amount of success. I got it into my head that the world was all before me where to choose. So for the moment I set my choice on the United States. I reached New York in the autumn of 1868, and stayed in the States for nearly two years, traveling everywhere—North, South, East, and West, being among the first who crossed by the new Union Pacific Railway from New York to San Francisco. I returned to Europe for a few months, and then went back to America and spent about another year there. I have been, of course, to the States much more recently still, and I think I have a fair acquaint-

The success of the book was quite amazing to me. I had hoped to be read by students of history, by journalists, and politicians, and members of both Houses of Parliament. The whole public, however, took up the first two volumes, the sale of which brought to me the largest sum of money I ever had or am ever likely to have in my life. Meanwhile things were happening in the political world which aroused my keenest interest. The Irish Home Rule movement had begun. I had never ceased for one moment to be an Irish Nationalist. I had been asked once or twice to stand for some Irish constituency as a representative in the House of Commons, and I had always declined the offer on the ground that I had to work hard for a living and could not spare time or money. Now, as it seemed to me, a chance had come, and I said to my wife, "We have at last got hold of some money, and why should I not now go in and bear a hand in the House of Commons for the good old National cause?" My wife most cordially

agreed with me, and before long I was elected without opposition for an Irish National constituency. That was in the early spring of 1879.

Alas! how easily things go wrong! I joined the party under the leadership of Mr. Parnell, and we fought our battle out for our own hand regardless of English Ministries and parties, and for a time I became very unpopular with the British public. I worked at the third and fourth volumes of my "History of Our Own Times," and the critics in general gave me a most genial and gracious reception, but the outer public were shocked at me, and did not care to read me any more—for the time, at all events. The third and fourth volumes of my History showed a remarkable drop down from the popularity and the circulation of the first and second. Then I got drawn deeper and deeper into the active work of Parliament. Those were the days of the prolonged sittings, of the all-night obstruction, of the battles against coercion bills, of the suspensions and expulsions, and all the rest of it. I am proud to say that I stood by my party and my cause to the best of my ability. I would do it all over again if it had to be done over again. I had some faint hope that, as I was well known in English literary life, my standing in with my party might make some Englishmen believe that there was something to be said for the party and for the cause. Meanwhile my literary work was going into sad disarray. The "History of Our Own Times" remained a mere torso; the "History of the Four Georges" was only a bust. I wrote some novels against time and at odd intervals, and they were no better than might have been expected under the conditions. I still wrote leaders for the "Daily News," and I found the chance of scribbling off pot-boilers of various kinds. But the work of the House of Commons was absorbing, and I began to live more or less on the capital I had made. The individual withered, and the Parliamentary work became more and more.

In the meantime a change had taken place in the conditions of the American publishing market. When I was first



MR. JUSTIN HUNTLY M'CARTHY

in America, there was an honorable understanding among the publishers there that if any foreign author were accepted by an American publisher all other American publishers would recognize the agreement and not attempt to interfere with it. Some of my novels were published in the United States by Messrs. Harper and Brothers, of New York; one was published by the proprietors of the "Galaxy Magazine," of New York; but whatever publisher I made terms with was regarded as my publisher for that particular book, and I got paid in the most liberal and honorable way, and I counted on my American receipts as a settled and an important part of my income. Later on, however, there came up a set of publishers who regarded no such rights, and, there being then no legal claims of an English or Irish author which American publishers were bound to respect, the poor author was left naked to his enemies. At this time there was no international copyright law in existence. So my "History of Our Own Times," which was published in New York by Messrs. Harper and Brothers, was pirated by all manner of inferior American firms.

Messrs. Harper and Brothers did all they could, and paid all they could, for me. I honestly believe that they must have lost, on the whole, by the publication of my "History of Our Own Times." I am sure they paid me every dollar that they conscientiously could have paid; I am not sure, as I have said, that they did not err on the wrong side for themselves. But the fact was, so far as I was concerned, that my American market was gone. I had become terribly unpopular in England, and the sale of my most successful



MISS CHARLOTTE M'CARTHY

books profited me little or nothing in America.

These facts did not oppress me very much at first. I had still got the remains of the money made by the first and second volumes of the "History of Our Own Times." I worked away the best I could at histories and novels and leading articles, but the

truth was that I had to work for a long time in the direct teeth of English public opinion, and that I had no longer the American profits at my back. It is true that after some years the feeling of the British public became tempered towards me, and the circulating libraries began to give me once more something like a welcome. But in the meantime the money made by the first and second volumes of the "History of Our Own Times" was "petering out," to use the Western expression. At last it petered out altogether. Once again I found a means of temporary restoration in America. After the failure of Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule measure in 1886, I accepted an offer for a lecturing tour in the United States and Canada, and I went a good deal over the two countries, spent some eight months there, and was rewarded in money much beyond my deserts. So I was enabled still to fight out my battle for Home Rule in the Westminster Parliament.

I have not, according to my own judgment, written even a fairly good novel since I became actively engaged in the daily work of the House of Commons. My position and the position of my colleagues was not in the least like that of an ordinary member of that House. Our work began to be unintermittent. Our numbers were small, and we could not divide ourselves, as English members, Liberal or Tory, could do, into batches or "shifts" to carry on the fight. We had to be always in the field and at our posts. On the other hand, I, at all events, was not able to give myself wholly up to the life of the House of Commons, as a man ought to do who wants to make any real distinction there. I had to earn a living all the while, and I could never be counted on to make a speech, because I might, at the particular moment when I was needed, be compelled to turn to and write a leading article. The truth was that I tried to serve two masters—literature and politics—two very jealous masters, who will not tolerate divided service. I am fond of Parliamentary life. I can easily understand how a man gives up his whole time and his whole faculties to its work. I am very fond of the House of Commons and of its ways. But I am clear in my mind that the man who wants to make a real distinction for himself in the House of Commons must be able to give himself up altogether to its business and its life, and must not at the same time be compelled to earn his daily bread. It was all very well for a man like Mr. Disraeli to turn to and devote the

leisure of a Parliamentary recess or two to the writing of a novel. But while the House of Commons was sitting Disraeli never troubled himself about anything but the House of Commons. He had no occasion to work for a living. I am far from suggesting that under any conditions of opulence I could have written novels as good as Disraeli's, for I know it is not in me to do anything of the kind. I am only contending that for the ordinary man it is all but impossible to be a success in literature and in the House of Commons at one and the same time. For myself, however, I had a national cause to strive for, and I did not greatly care whether or not I quite succeeded as far as I could have wished in fiction and in history. My resolve sustained me, as Tennyson says of Enoch Arden, although in a somewhat different sense. In truth, I suppose every man does just all that he can and nothing else, and that, as Carlyle says, nothing can ever be aught but simply and altogether what it is. I have often had longings and yearnings for a life of literature merely—of reading books and writing books—perhaps mainly of reading books—of keeping up the old classical studies and the Elizabethan literature and Dante and Goethe, and also keeping up with the newest as well, and reading all the rising authors, and neither accepting the theory that nothing is good but the old nor the theory that nothing is good but the new, and so, lapped in delightful dreamy leisure, letting the political world go its way. But I suppose I could not do it. I suppose I had to go my way, and so I held on to the House of Commons. As everybody knows, we had a disastrous split in our party some few years ago. The great majority went one way; the small minority went another way. The majority elected me chairman of the party in the room of Mr. Parnell.

During some years I did little or no serious literary work. A novel of mine which has lately been published spread over quite four years in its accomplishment. Sometimes it was put absolutely aside for six months at a stretch. At last, in the early part of the present year, I found myself absolutely compelled, by failing health and the necessity of looking after my neglected literary work, to resign the leadership of my party. I did not withdraw from the House of Commons, and I still attend to my Parliamentary duties as well as I can, but I found it necessary to be relieved from the incessant work and attention and care which belonged and could not but belong to my former position. I was succeeded in the place of chairman of

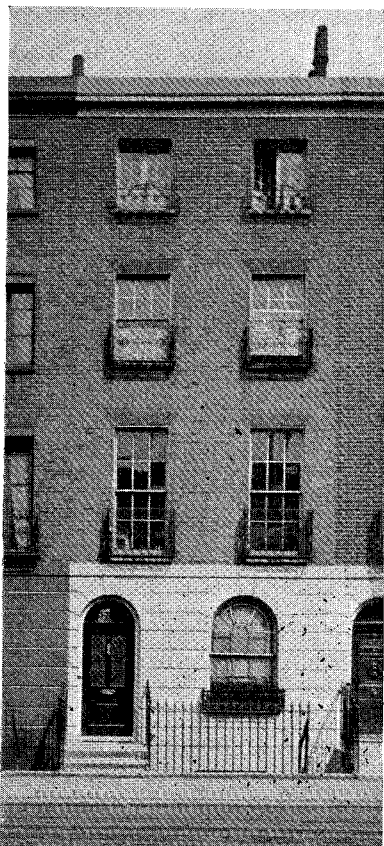


A FAMILY GROUP

the party by my dear and trusted friend Mr. John Dillon.

Now, during my Parliamentary experience I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance and to enjoy the friendship of many distinguished English public men. I came to know Mr. Gladstone well. I had always admired him. I had followed his career closely for many years before I came to know him personally. My colleagues and I had to fight against him during several stormy sessions. Of later years we had been fighting by his side. He was striving hard that justice should be done to Ireland's national claim. I received personally much kindness from him. I was admitted many times to the honor of holding counsel with him on Irish affairs. It is one of the triumphs of a life to have known such a man and to have been permitted to understand his high, unselfish, noble, hopeful nature. I count it the great success of my life to have known such a man and some other men of genius and single-hearted purpose. Therefore I am happy to have the chance of telling the American public something about the story of Mr. Gladstone's life. In the first speech I ever made in the House of Commons I ventured to appeal to Mr. Gladstone, who was then the leader of the Opposition, as the only English statesman since the days of Charles James Fox who had ever risked office, power, and popularity for the sake of trying to do justice to Ireland. At the time when I made that speech Mr. Gladstone had only associated himself directly with the cause of land reform in Ireland. He had not yet seen his way to identify himself with the cause of Home Rule for Ireland. Yet a little and he had put himself at the head of that movement, too, and he had accomplished a thorough union between the Irish Nationalists and the democracy of England, Scotland, and Wales. We have lost him in Parliament, to be sure, and the House of Commons is a changed place for his disappearance from it. But in the last words I had with him, immediately after his resignation of office, he gave me his fervid assurance—and, indeed, I little needed the assurance, delighted though I was to get it from his lips—that his heart and his hopes and his prayers were unalterably with the Irish National cause.

Therefore I have ventured to bring into my autobiographical sketch some account of my dealings with Mr. Gladstone, political and personal. If it were for nothing but such an intercourse I should feel satisfied that I had not lived in vain.



MR. MCCARTHY'S RESIDENCE
73 Eaton Terrace, London, S.W

Religious Painting in America

By Rufus Rockwell Wilson

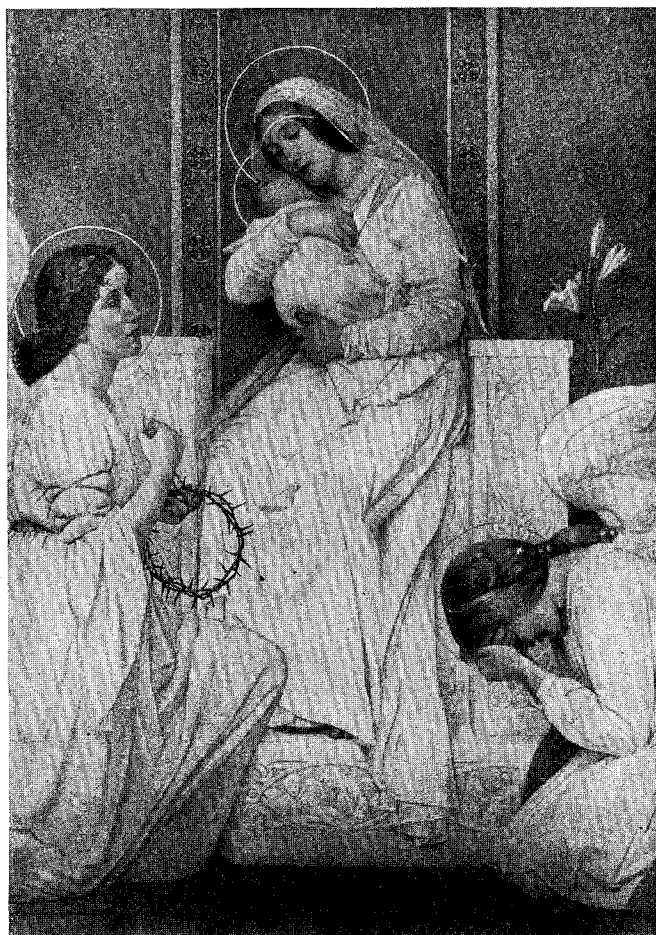


WINDOW IN CHURCH AT ROCK CREEK,
WASHINGTON, D.C.
By Will H. Low

able feeling for color and a rich imagination; but his mind was of the literary order, and he must be classed among those artists whose ideals and aspirations keep ever in advance of their executive ability, and whose whole careers consist of more or less futile efforts to record on canvas thoughts better expressed by the pen than by the brush.

The painting of religious subjects has from the first found favor with American painters. Benjamin West, in many respects greatest of the early men, devoted his ripest effort to imposing canvases based upon Scriptural motives, and the same was true of West's contemporary, John Singleton Copley, and of his pupils, John Trumbull and Washington Allston. A majority of the religious paintings of West and Copley remain in England, where both lived for many years and died; but many of Trumbull's works are now in the art galleries at New Haven and Hartford. Trumbull painted with much feeling his own conception of the crucifixion and burial of the Saviour, of "The Woman Taken in Adultery," "The Holy Family," "The Saviour Blessing Little Children," and "The Infant Christ and St. John," canvases full of interest as specimens of genuine academic painting, although the coloring has so suffered that it is difficult to imagine what it was originally. Time, on the other hand, has dealt more kindly with the work of Allston, who in his youth spent many years abroad, and was the first American to fully enjoy the advantages of study and surroundings suited to artistic development. Examples of Allston's work as a religious painter, now in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts at Philadelphia, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and in private hands, show consider-

Following the men I have named, Charles Robert Leslie, Thomas Cole, Robert W. Weir, George W. Flagg, Thomas P. Rossiter, Thomas B. Read, Isaac E. Craig, Joseph O. Eaton, D. M. Carter, Edward H. May, John W. Ehninger, Thomas Ball, William Page, and other painters who lent distinction to the middle period of American art, handled the religious subject with feeling, and often with success. Not all of the members of this second group call for individual mention. Leslie, the friend and pupil of Allston, prompted by the influence and example of his master, painted many religious pictures, some of which are now in the Lenox Gallery at New York; but, while a carefully trained craftsman, his development as a whole was narrow, and his work, as a rule, lacks spirit and earnestness. Therein a wide gulf separates him from Thomas Cole, who, though born in England, spent the greater part of his life on this side of the sea, and was perhaps the first successful landscape-painter of America. The landscape element



MADONNA
By Mary L. Macomber

predominates in all of Cole's work, but his earnestness of thought and feeling led him to paint a number of Scriptural subjects, which, in an engraved form, achieved immense popularity half a century ago and are still honorably remembered.

Weir, while best known as a painter of genre subjects, turned often to sacred themes, and his "Christ and Nicodemus" and "The Angel Liberating Peter," the latter executed in Florence, manifest deep religious feeling in the artist. Flagg was the nephew and the favorite pupil of Allston, and among his early works was a picture of "Jacob and Rachel at the Well," which so delighted his master that he exclaimed, "Now you may consider yourself an artist!" Later he painted "The Good Samaritan," but neither in this nor in his other works were the fond hopes of Allston fully realized. Rossiter's most notable religious canvas is "The Ascension," but he also painted large



CHRISTMAS CHIMES
By E. H. Blashfield

pictures of "Noah," "Miriam," and "The Jews in Captivity," which were extensively exhibited forty years and more ago, and devoted his later years to a series of pictures dealing with incidents in the life of the Saviour. The venerable Thomas Ball has so long held a commanding position as a sculptor that most people have forgotten that in the early part of his career he was a very successful portrait-painter. Such, however, was the case; and it is also interesting to recall that before Mr. Ball gave up the brush for the chisel he executed at least two religious canvases, a "Holy Family" and a "Christ in the Temple with the Doctors," both of more than average merit.

William Page was easily the ablest member of the group of painters now under discussion. More than that, he was one of the most picturesque characters of modern times, dwelling habitually in an ideal world where Titian, Shakespeare, and Swedenborg were his constant comrades. His friendships were strong and lasting. Lowell, Hawthorne, Emerson, and Browning were among his friends, and in 1844 Lowell, dedicating his poems to Page, said: "Sure I am that no nobler, gentler, or purer spirit than yours was ever appointed by the Eternal Beauty to bear that part of her divine message which it belongs to the great painter to reveal." Page's fame rests mainly on his work in portraiture, but he also painted a number of religious pictures that will live. These include a "Holy Family," now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, a "Ruth and Naomi," owned by the New York Historical Society, and a "Head of Christ," painted for Theodore Tilton, which attracted much attention when first exhibited, and was thought by some the best approach to the Man Divine that was ever made.

Mention of Page brings the story of what may properly be termed religious painting in America to a time when a few gifted and original artists inaugurated a new epoch, and imparted a luster to art in this country which has revolutionized painting in all directions, and not least in the

representation of sacred subjects. High on the roll of the creators of this new era stands the name of Elihu Vedder. Born in New York in 1836, Mr. Vedder is sprung from the sturdy Dutch stock which has played so large a part in the history of his native State. His talent asserted itself early, and he commenced as a boy to study art by himself. At the age of twenty he found the means to go abroad, studied for a time under Picot in Paris, and then spent several years in Italy. Upon his return to America he opened a studio in New York, and at once attracted attention as a painter of ability and uncommon originality. The high regard with which he soon came to be considered by his fellow-artists was manifested by his election in 1865 to full membership in the Academy of Design.

Rome, however, is the city which the artistic mind looks to as a paradise. It attracts the painter as naturally as the flower lures the bee. Soon after the close of the Civil War Mr. Vedder went back there for a brief visit, but his stay lengthened into months, then into years, and, save for occasional visits to the United States, the Italian capital has ever since been his home. And for this, among other reasons, it is as a meditative artist, living somewhat apart from the world, that he now holds a place in the popular mind; but it is to three strong and original pictures executed by Mr. Vedder before his second visit to Rome that I desire to call attention in this place. These were "The Death of Abel," "The Star of Bethlehem," and "Christ on the Cross at Midnight," in which the prophets and patriarchs, having come from their graves, look up in solemn wonder at the divine sacrifice, to know what it portends to them. In each of these canvases the artist, taking an old and familiar idea and passing it through the alembic of his fancy, gave it new form and application and the element of grandeur. The spirit of the old masters was revived in them, tempered by modern ideas.

These pictures of Mr. Vedder made an immediate and profound impression when first exhibited, and, coming as they did in a period of change and transition, it is not too much to say, gave a new trend to religious art in America. One of those upon whom they exerted a radical and lasting influence was John La Farge, an artist of American birth and French descent, who was then at the outset of his career. Mr. La Farge had been a student of Couture in Paris, and was painting landscapes and flowers in a desultory way, when the desire to deal with religious motives gradually took hold of him. His first efforts in this field were figures of a "Madonna" and "St. John" designed for the altar of a Catholic church, which, though not accepted for the positions for which they were intended, are among the most beautiful and important of his paintings. A few years later he executed a "St. Paul at Athens," which, when shown at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876, at once attracted attention by reason of its sincerity



ANGEL FIGURE
By Ella C. Lamb



VISIT OF NICODEMUS TO CHRIST

By John La Farge

Copyright by Curtis & Co., Copley Square, Boston

of aim and its unmistakable evidence of power, study, and thought.

About this time the opportunity for which Mr. La Farge had long been waiting came to him in the shape of a request from the building committee of Trinity Church, Boston, to undertake the whole mural decoration of their new edifice. The time allowed was all too short, but the painter brought to his task great learning in his art, accurate knowledge of the best means by which to achieve profound and subtle effects, a sensitive regard for the value of mystery in tone and color and of the emission of luminous

light through these qualities, and the result was a great advance upon any church decoration heretofore achieved in this country. Following the consecration of the church, Mr. La Farge painted on the western nave-wall—with more deliberation, and therefore with more success, than was possible in the haste to which he and his assistants had been compelled in the earlier portions—a simple yet beautiful composition depicting Christ and the woman of Samaria. The “Christ and Nicodemus” on the opposite wall is and must remain one of La Farge’s masterpieces.

To write the story of Mr. La Farge’s career since the



"CHRIST AT EMMAUS"

By Frederick S. Lamb

Mural Painting for Reredos, St. Paul's Church, Lynchburg, Va.

completion of his work in Boston would be to write the history of church and mural decoration in America during the last two decades—a task impossible in the space at command; but specific mention must be made of his decoration of the chancel of St. Thomas's in New York, where, in two masterly compositions depicting scenes from the resurrection, he has brought the earthly sense of beauty into sweet and pathetic accord with the aspirations of religion, and his noble portrayal of "The Ascension" in the New York church of the same name. Indeed, Mr. La Farge, were he so minded, might safely rest his reputation as an artist upon the almost perfect wall-painting just mentioned. In entire keeping with its architectural environment, it impresses most by its originality, its sincerity, and its spiritual force, proving that power still abides in sacred art when the painter is a man of genius as well as a craftsman. Lofty in design, in color at once splendid and delicate, and bearing in its slightest detail the fine impress of a spiritual and poetic nature, this painting puts before you, on the heroic scale which it demands, the scene which marks the culmination of our Christian faith. And only the unbelieving could find in this uplifting creation less of fervor and less of the power to convince than we are willing to admit a more naïve century found in more naïve productions.

Therein lies the chief value of the æsthetic lesson which Mr. La Farge teaches

to the painters of his time; but it is, perhaps, by his work as a pioneer in the use of stained glass in decorative painting that he will longest exert a direct and practical influence on our native art. It was while decorating Trinity Church, Boston, that Mr. La Farge began a careful study of the possibilities of stained glass in church decoration.

By what must now be counted a bit of rare good fortune, no sooner was he engaged in his first experiments than Louis C. Tiffany, who, like Mr. La Farge, was a painter by profession, became interested in the same direction. Under the impetus of these two men, working in different ways, Mr. Tiffany's sense of color and feeling for ornament leading him toward the Orient, and Mr. La Farge remaining more true to classic influence, the first steps of glass-making were taken. All this was less than twenty years ago, but such is the progress that has been made in that time that the art as it stands here to-day has a more distinctly artistic character than in the Old World, and holds so important a place that almost every man who has the technical equipment to create large decorative work is more or less engaged in designing for or making stained glass.

The painters at present working in this field and producing religious art of a high order include, besides Mr. La Farge and Mr. Tiffany, whose work is always such as could have been done only by a gifted artist using a mate-



PART OF WILSON MEMORIAL WINDOW, CLIFTON, CINCINNATI, OHIO

By Maitland Armstrong

rial of surprising richness, Francis Lathrop, whose dignified figure of Christ in one of the windows of Bethesda Church, Saratoga, can be praised almost without reserve; Will H. Low, whose designs for the Rock Creek Church, Washington, are made notable by a "Madonna and Child" of signal beauty and charm; Maitland Armstrong, whose work is always characterized by good taste and a stricter adherence to approved methods than that of all his brother artists; and the Lambs, J. R., Ella Condie, and Frederick S., some of whose designs given here tell their own story. Excellent work in stained glass has also been done by Francis D. Millet, George W. Maynard, Kenyon Cox, Frederic Crowninshield, and Edwin H. Blashfield.

The artist last named, besides his church decorations and his joyous and imposing "Christmas Chimes," has produced at least one easel picture imbued with rare religious feeling. I refer, of course, to "The Angel with the Flaming Sword," a canvas of power and simplicity, painted in the devout spirit of the old masters. The angel appears to recognize the justice of the sentence, and, as a true servant, wishes to execute the divine commission, but he does so with sorrow, as though he would fain hear the voice of his Master calling to the erring to return. The artist, admirably managing the mixed expression of justice and sorrow on the face of the angel, has produced a picture that lingers long and pleasantly in the memory. Praise not less hearty can be given to "The Meeting of Christ and Andrew," a large and masterly altar-piece painted by Richard Creifelds some years ago for the Church of St. Andrew's in Harlem, and to the "Christ Appearing to Mary at the Sepulcher" of Albert P. Ryder, now owned by Thomas B. Clarke, which is as beautiful in thought as the finest work of the kind done during the Middle Ages, and as lovely in color as anything which this most individual of painters has as yet given to the world.

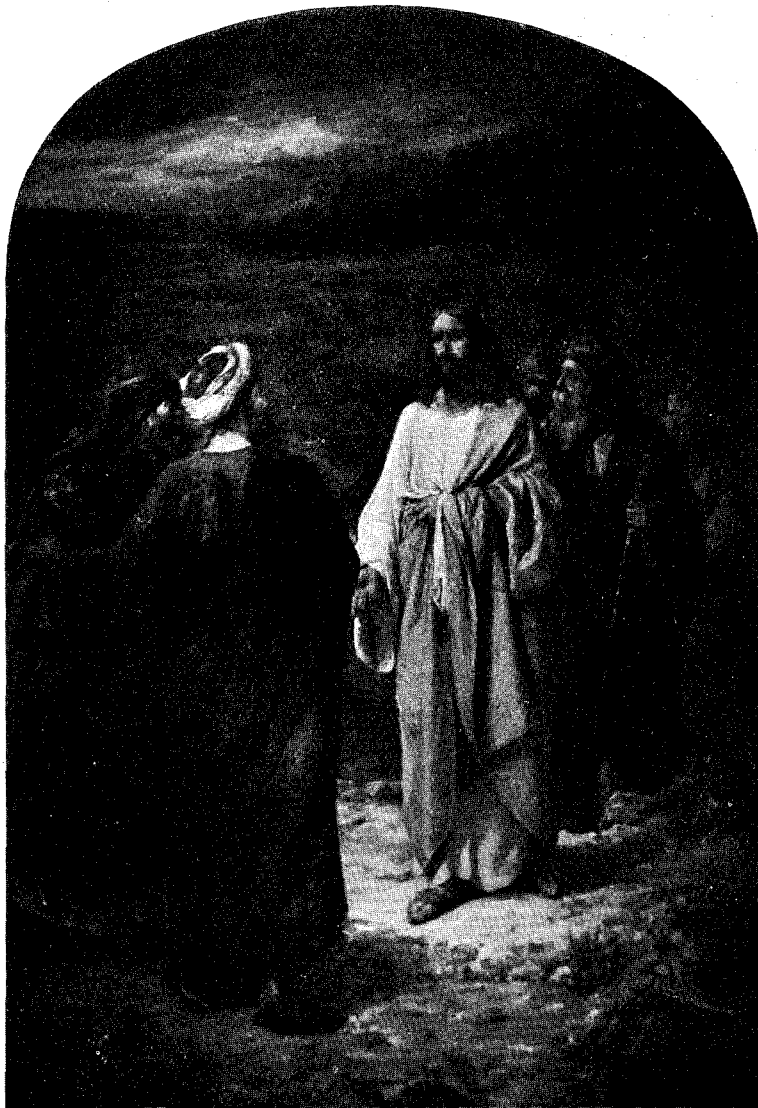
The makers of easel pictures alone considered, no one in recent years has made more weighty contributions to our native art than Abbott H. Thayer. Born in Boston and a pupil of Gérôme in Paris, Mr. Thayer's work, although no painter could be more modern than he, recalls the best qualities of the great Italians. Thought and feeling are present in all that he does, and his pictures, a happy blending of realism and idealism, charm most by their intense and abiding humanness. Therein lies the charm of the several depictions of the Madonna and Child which during the last dozen years he has given to the world. Mr. Thayer's Virgin is always a noble and uplifting type of maternity, and in his Child we see one destined later to be called to the high places of the world.

This power to exalt the commonplace, and to render precious what in the hands of a poorer artist would remain

ordinary, also gives value and charm to the canvases of Edward E. Simmons and George Hitchcock. Mr. Emerson, a native of Concord, Mass., and a pupil of Le Febvre in Paris, is, like Mr. Thayer, a striking example of the current tendency toward the revival of religious sentiment in art, and, in the intervals of his labors as a decorator, a painter of easel pictures dealing with Scriptural subjects which always attract by their modernity and the devout spirit which they display. The same impression is given by "The Annunciation" which Mr. Hitchcock exhibited at the Paris Salon of 1888, a picture one feels at once to be the work of a singularly artistic temperament. Against a dark-green background formed by the hedge of a Dutch garden stands the Virgin, personified by a plain Dutch maid, draped in simple vestments of lilac-gray tone and a short

cloak reaching to the waist, and wearing the white muslin coiffure of Holland, with streamers that hang over the shoulders. In the idea of the painter, Mary has just received the divine message, and with down-cast face replies to the angel, invisible to profane eyes, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it unto me according to thy word." All in all, "The Annunciation" is a beautiful work, a bit of true sentiment expressed with intelligence and perfect taste, and incontestably the vision of a man of delicate and artistic nature.

Mention of two late comers in the field of religious painting, Mary L. Macomber and Frank Vincent Du Mond, remains to complete this record. Miss Macomber was born in Fall River in 1861, and her only place of study has been the Museum Art School at Boston, but during the last seven years she has produced more than a dozen religious pictures, simple and naive in conception, tender in sentiment, and delicate and pleasing in execution. Mr. Du Mond was born in Rochester, New



FROM ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY

By R. Creifelds

York, thirty-two years ago. His education in art has been in the main gained while earning a livelihood, he having spent some years in the designing-rooms of the New York "Daily Graphic" and Harper & Brothers. He was a student in the evening class of the Art Students' League of New York, and later, out of his savings, he paid for a three years' course in Paris, where he was a student of Le Febvre and Constant. During his second year in Paris he sent to the Salon a "Holy Family" which signaled his début as a religious painter, and was awarded a medal of the third class. Two years ago, having in the meantime returned to the United States, Mr. Du Mond sent to the annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists a large and impressive composition, distinguished for dignity and fine draughtsmanship, entitled "John the Baptist." These and other canvases still in Mr. Du Mond's studio stamp him as a painter of intellect and power as well as of promise; and, if years and health are spared him, his contribution to American religious art is bound to be a noteworthy one.

Drawing in Chicago Schools

By Forrest Crissey



"STORY-TELLING"

Motley School. Primary Grade. Children 7 years old.

drawings by the pupils of the public schools of Chicago. To educators and parents this work is of the greatest significance, for the reason that it is the result of a new method of teaching which sets at defiance all the traditions of conventional art instruction, and marks a departure along radical lines.

Judged by its results as embodied in the drawings exhibited, this heretical method of instruction is certainly justified by its fruits—but just here is where the advocates of the system refuse justification! The real results, they claim, were not on exhibition, and cannot be, for the development of every noble, sympathetic, and intellectual faculty is the fundamental object sought, and the production of an accurate, pleasing, and artistic drawing is a mere incident in this process of child culture.

This revolutionary method of instruction in drawing is held to minister to the advancement of the pupil in the studies of arithmetic, geography, literature, language, science, and other departments of knowledge as directly and potently as to his progress in the study of art. It was first inaugurated by the Board of Education under the direction of Miss Josephine C. Locke, four years ago, but it is only during the past year that it has had a fair opportunity to demonstrate its worthiness and superiority.

The process by which drawing is adapted to all language studies, beginning with simple nature stories and myths, and progressing into literature and history, is not difficult to appreciate, as it is simply the production of the pictures suggested to the child by the story or the text.

Almost invariably the paragraph or stanza of the language lesson is carefully engrossed upon the sheet which bears the illustration. Very frequently much ingenuity is displayed in the decorative effects with which the text and the illustrations are combined.

But how can drawing be brought into harmonious conjunction with the study of arithmetic? This is a far more natural process than might be imagined. Almost any

problem in mathematics which would be given to a child in the lower grades is easily capable of illustration, and its adaptability to this unusual kind of expression is a surprise to those who have given careful study to the work of this character done in the Chicago public schools.

The accompanying reproductions of illustrated arithmetic lessons furnish clear examples of the adaptation of drawing to the study of mathematics.

From the view-point of Miss Locke and of those friendly to her method every child is a latent picture gallery, a reservoir of fresh and spiritual impressions. Under the old, conventional systems of instruction he would be filled with self-distrust and a studied repression of his own impressions; but under the new thought these are replaced by confidence and a stimulus to externalize his mental images in connection with every study which he may be pursuing. It is based on a recognition of the values of imagination rather than of sense-perception, and holds that the art instinct is latent in every child.

"This system," said Miss Locke, "has been forced on us by the conditions of the great city in which we live;" and a prominent member of the faculty of the University of Chicago has characterized it as "democratic art, born on the soil and belonging to the soil."

Among leading art instructors who give this system their personal approval are Mr. French and Mr. Vanderpoel, of the Art Institute. Another ardent champion of its cause is Dr. Dewey, of the University of Chicago. Its first and last appeal is to the natural and instinctive enthusiasm of the child, holding that therein is the "beauty element," which needs only the stimulus of natural expression in order to unfold and develop along every avenue of the child's thought.

The tiniest toddlers in the lower primary grades are introduced to this new thought, and are kept constantly in the current of its development until they reach the high school, where the conventional and time-honored system of academic instruction prevails.

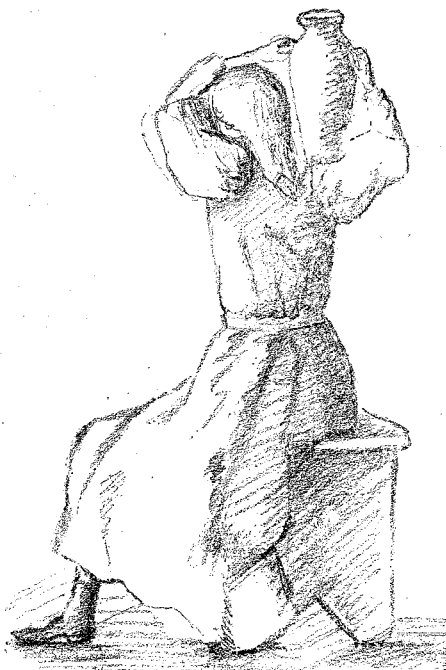
The illustration of myths, legends, and stories by means of the scissors and colored paper is the first application made of this principle. It is believed that this medium is better calculated to draw out the latent powers of expression in the small beginner than is the pencil, crayon, or brush, for the reason that it eliminates all unnecessary detail and induces a bold and comprehensive grasp of the whole dramatic situation presented by the story in hand, thus stimulating the power to image and select with clearness and decision. The theory of dealing with mass before outline is one of the most marked departures of this method from academic traditions. It is not too much to say of this elementary portion of the exhibit that the effects produced in nearly all instances are remarkable for the spontaneity and vigor with which the story is expressed in the bold mass reliefs left by the firm and continuous outline described by the blade of the scissors.

The next step is to nature study, in which the medium changes to charcoal and soft crayon. No small portion of the credit due for the excellent color results obtained in the use of the latter is to be credited to the softness of the crayons, which are manufactured especially for the Chicago schools. It is here that the child's crude ideas of both perspective and color find their first expression, for at every step the pupil is encouraged to express the image in his



FROM THE FIGURE

Medill School. Third Grade. Children 9 years old.



FROM LIFE

Eighth Grade. Children 14 years old.

own mind and not that in the mind of his teacher. It is also in this stage that the method introduces its pupils to one of its most fundamental and sacred purposes, that of

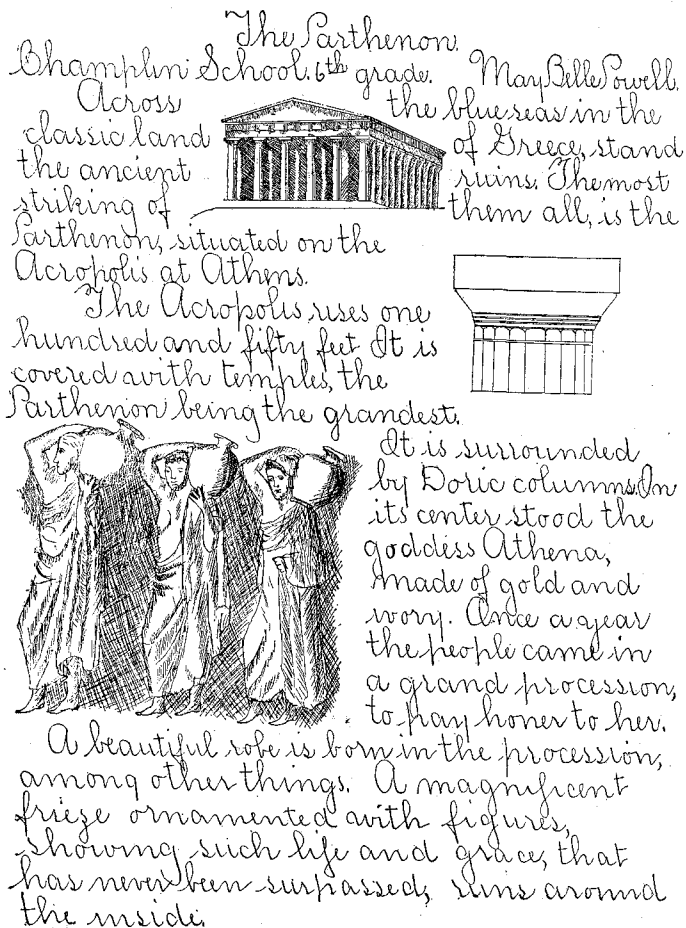


"MEMORY AND IMAGINATION" (WATER-COLOR)
Kosciusko School. Third Grade.

bringing the child back to nature as it exists in the country, undespoiled of its beauty—not as it is found by the city child in the markets, where only its commercial aspect is preserved in the form of "produce." This incites the child to remember and to produce in school what he sees out of school, and thus to increase the connections which bind these two phases of his daily life.

The posing of the human figure follows as the third order of succession. This, according to Miss Locke, usually marks a period of advancement in the development of the average pupil, who observes his little mates with a fresh interest. He sees them pictorially and in an artistic sense, and gains a new view-point.

Block building is the next stage with which the childish artist comes in contact. The reversal of artistic canons is here consistently observed. The mass of the block or blocks is first drawn; then the analysis in outline, showing



Age of children ten to thirteen years.

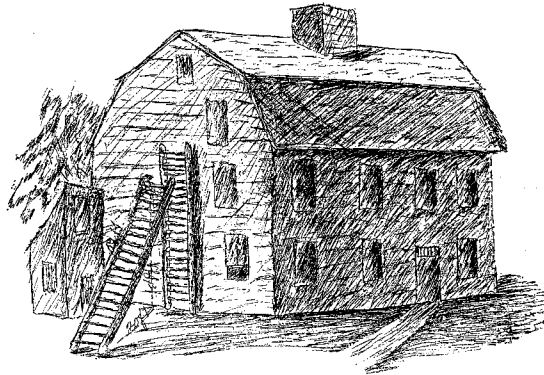
its different views, is placed beside it. Last, its pattern or "development" is shown with cut papers.

More complex groupings are then undertaken, and the process of development continues until literature, history, and geography studies lead the pupils into the realms of the classic art of Rome, Greece, and Egypt. But in this stage, where the reproduction of pictures instead of objects is necessary, the pupil is thrown upon his own resources in the matter of selection, and as much originality as possible is preserved.

The only arbitrary rule which each pupil is required to observe is that he must fill his paper, the size of the drawing being governed entirely by the dimensions of his paper, without reference to the size of the object from which the drawing is made.

Conventional, decorative, and architectural drawing form the last field entered by pupils in the primary grades. Here hard and fast lines are encountered, and it is felt that these should be avoided as long as possible and until the freedom, individuality, and confidence of the pupil have been so thoroughly established that arbitrary rules and rigid lines cannot impair the plastic habit of vision and expression which is regarded as precious beyond all else by the apostles of this method.

Among the instructions issued by Miss Locke to the



ILLUSTRATING AN ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM
Eighth grade.

A ladder, 52 ft. long, stands against the end of a building. How many feet must it be drawn out at the bottom that the top may be lowered 4 ft.?

52 ft. = length of ladder.

52 ft. — 4 ft. = 48 ft.

48 ft.² = 2304 sq. ft.

52 ft.² = 2704 sq. ft.

2704 sq. ft. — 2304 sq. ft. = 400 sq. ft.

✓ 400 sq. ft. = 20 feet distance from house to base of ladder.

teachers of the primary grades are the following significant rules:

Never make a line with a single pronounced stroke.

Work first for size and placing before correctness or truth of drawing.

Work for the idea or thought that is behind a group or object, rather than for the thing itself.

Avoid literalism; literalism is materialism.

Work for the mass before the detail.

Teach technical principles in their application.

Never fix anything by repetition, but always through studying the thing in its relationship to something else in its use, and in its function.

Let feeling prevail over mechanical execution.

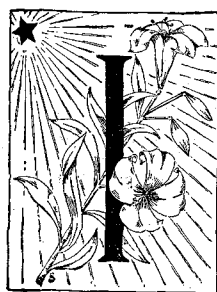
Work to promote the freedom and individuality of the child.

Spontaneity, enthusiasm, a parallel development of the emotional with the intellectual, keen appreciation of the beautiful in nature both as to form and color, and a cultivation of the ideal and the imaginative, are among the results aimed at by this innovation in artistic instruction, in which the pupil is taught to illustrate every phase of life and study in which he comes in contact.

That Miss Locke and those members of the Chicago Board of Education who have supported her methods in the face of strong criticism have not claimed too much for it, at least so far as its artistic results are concerned, most critics will be willing to grant after an examination of the drawings recently exhibited at the Art Institute, or of those now to be seen in the schools.

English Christmas Plays

By Clifton Johnson



IN contrast with America, England gives one the impression of great age. This comes, in part, from the rounded, worn-down mellowness of its landscape; but there are other reasons for the impression. Its snug villages have still a huddled, feudal air; its carts and farm implements have an old-time stanchness; and the people themselves, in look and dress and customs, are tinged with reminders of a remote past. In the country districts life is to a marked degree plodding and leisurely, and there is small thought or worry about modern improvements; what their fathers did, so do the children. Thus it happens that you can still find many survivals of holiday customs, hundreds of years old, that have never been transplanted to this country.

In the Hampshire village where I spent several weeks of a recent trip abroad, the boys had gone "tipteering" the year before—that is, they sang songs for tips before the village houses. They did this partly for profit and partly for the fun there was in it, and the tour of the home village was so successful that, before the holidays were over, they visited all the other villages in the neighborhood.

The singing was done before "publics" (a term which includes inns and hotels), and before the doors of the gentry, tradespeople, and others of the middle class who were likely to pay for the entertainment. Sometimes the troupe was given a penny or "tuppence." Even a sixpence

"Father Christmas." For this the costuming consisted of big paper hats fringed all around with bits of wall-paper torn into little strips, and there was an extra half-bushel or so of these wall-paper strips loose, which they pinned here and there on their coats. The boy who personated Father Christmas did without the wall-paper decorations, and simply carried a cane and wore a long coat that came down to his heels. The other boys were armed with wooden swords, except the Doctor, who carried a "swishy-stick."

There were nine characters, but it did not take that many boys, as some of them acted more than one part. Here is the list: Father Christmas, Turkish Knight, King George, Johnny Jack, Bold Slasher, Doctor, "Belzebob," Tipty Bit. Each character when he spoke began to march about and act and try to be funny.

On their tours at Christmas-time the routine of the play is like this: the actors group themselves before a house-front, the people within come to the door to listen, and all the children of the neighborhood gather about and look on free. Then Father Christmas says:

In comes I, old Father Christmas.
Welcome, or welcome not,
I hope old Father Christmas
Will never be forgot.
Although I am an old man
And short time to stay,
I'm willing to show you some fun
Before I go away.

Father Christmas then hops and jumps about, skips and runs.

Turkish Knight now says:

In comes I, Turkish Knight,
Bold and ready for a fight.
If I was to meet King George on the way,
I'd prick him through and through,
I'd make his blood run cold.

King George is not scared for he promptly responds with:

In comes I, King George.
If any man want to fight, let him come on.
I'd make his blood run cold.
I've heard great works of thee,
Thou Turkish Knight.
They've got up in my bedroom,
Stole my watch and some of my money;
And therefore to the ground you shall fall!

He makes a plunge with his sword at the Turkish Knight, who falls to the ground. So they go on, each with his speech and bit of acting. The Doctor comes and cures the Knight, and then the whole troupe trot around in a ring and sing a song, "'Twas of a Gay and Rich Old Farmer." Next Bold Slasher comes in and wants to make some one's "blood run cold." But, instead, after a certain amount of threat-

ening and sword-practice has been gone through with, they all conclude to join in another song, "The Fox Chase."

Then "Belzebob" and the other characters make their speeches, one by one, and each tries to cut a caper that shall make the lookers-on laugh. The performance ends with a third song, "I Went to Ketch a Dinner," and the actors look toward the door to see what the prospects are for pennies and refreshments.

Holiday customs and plays vary much in the different English counties, and ways that have died out in one part of England, or have never been known there, will be long kept up in some other part. In Yorkshire the "Moomers" had not acted "Father Christmas" for many years, but



THE MUMMING PLAY OF "FATHER CHRISTMAS"

was not outside the range of possibilities. Often the boys were treated to wine or beer, cake, and things of that kind, and all but two of the six boys "got drunk." This sounds rather shocking, especially as the boys were hardly more than eight or ten years old; but the drinking habit is so common in England that such an occurrence excites comparatively little comment. The boys who kept sober had signed a pledge and were "teetotalers."

Year before last these same boys had made a strictly modern pilgrimage—or, to use their words, "had dressed up as niggers and gone niggering," which means that they had done something in the minstrel line.

Now, in preparation for the holidays to come, they were learning and practicing an ancient mumming-play called

several other curious performances were still in vogue, and these I describe.

MORRIS DANCERS

This is a company of about sixteen men. They are dressed in jackets and pantaloons of shiny print—a patch-



THE FALL OF THE TURKISH KNIGHT

work costume in which are several different pieces of cloth, each with its own pattern and color. Besides, the dancers wear all sorts of ribbons, and have artificial flowers pinned on them. Their caps and hats are of red, white, and blue, and they wear fancy "clogs." Each man carries a sword. "They sing songs," said my informant, "dances, plats their swords, jumps over them, and things like that. They reckon to be gran' dancers. Me sister from London she saw them here once, and come very near cracked wi't, laughin'."

"T' OULD 'ORSE"

A horse's head is cured, hide, hair, and all, glass eyes are put in, and the head is so fixed that the mouth can be made to open and shut. To complete the beast, two men lean down and have a blanket of black shiny print-cloth thrown over them that hangs down almost to their feet. The man in front carries the horse's head, and on behind is fastened a real horse's tail. Along with the horse thus realistically constructed go several men; one dressed as a hostler to lead the beast, another as a jockey, a third as a blacksmith, and a fourth as a farrier.

When they go to a house they say, "Want to see t' ould 'orse?"

"Yis, coom in," say the house people.

Then a room is cleared for them, and in comes the horse with the jockey on its back. Round the room trots the horse with a great clatter, and it pretends to kick and rear, and its attendants have hard work to get it calmed down. Presently they shoe it and give it a drink and a horse-powder. Then the actors all sing, and are served to liquor, and are given a little money. That done, they go on to the next place.

"T' OULD TOOP" AND "PLOUGH BULLOCKS"

"Toop" is Yorkshire for "ram," and for this play a ram's head is prepared just as the horse's head was for the play preceding. It takes but a single boy to be a "toop," and his only disguise besides the head is some sacking thrown over him. Several other boys go along with the "toop." They have their faces painted black or red, and are decked with ribbons, etc., to make them look as "flash" as possible. One of the boys wears a feminine costume, and is known as "t' ould lass." The boys sing, and have a long "nomine" to say. They go all about the village and into houses, the same as "t' ould 'orse."

"Plough Bullocks coom around the second Monday of the New Year. That's called Plough Monday. They 'ave a real plough with a piece o' wood under it they calls a slipper, to make it go easy. It takes twelve men to pull the plough, and they walks in couples, each hold of a stick that's hitched to the front of the plough. These bullocks has their faces painted red-raddled, so't you can't hardly tell 'em, and they wears black chimney hats and white shirts put on outside all their other clothes, and a stook-oop collar and a big red necktie.

"The ploughman has a long smock that almost cooms to the ground, and he has his legs wound round with straw. He wears a billycock hat [a round, soft hat with a wide brim], and he carries a whip with a bladder on the end of the lash, and he keeps crackin' the bullocks over the head wi' it—pluming 'em, we calls it.

"Then there's five or six gatherers shaking tin cans for money. They're dressed up as women, and some wears a fall (a veil).

"Besides, there's a clown, wi' trousers and jacket and hat of all colors flyin' wi' ribbons and flowers, and he wears clogs, one black, t'other w'ite.

"Along wi' em, on ahead, goes a band of music all in uniform. They stops and shows off before publics and fine houses. They go all through the villages round, and they get a whole satchel full o' money."



Christmas Eve

By Frank E. Brown

Outside my window whirls the icy storm,
And beats upon its panes with fingers white;
Within, my open fire burns bright and warm,
And sends throughout the room its ruddy light.

Low on the hearth my good grimalkin lies,
His supple, glossy limbs outstretched along;
Now gently sleeps with softly closed eyes,
Now half awakened purrs his even-song.

Near to the fire, touched by its gentle heat,
A silent, welcome friend, my armchair stands.
Its cushioned depths invite me to its seat,
And promise rest for weary head and hands.

Within its depths mine eyes unheeded close,
And comes to me a vision wordrous sweet.
Such sights and sounds no wakeful hours disclose
As then my resting, dreaming senses greet.

I am where gentle shepherds on the plain
Keep sleepless, faithful watch o'er resting sheep;
I hear them chant the Psalmist's sweet refrain,
That Israel's God will sure his promise keep.

Then quick the air is full of heav'nly song,
And radiant light illumines all the ground,
While angel voices sweet the strain prolong,
And angel faces shine in glory round.

I see the shepherds' faces pale with fear,
Then glow with joy and glad surprise, for then
"Glory to God!" from angel lips they hear,
And "Peace on earth, good will to men."

And then the light marks out a shining way,
And swift the shepherds are the path to take.
I long to go: O laggard feet, why stay?
Alas! the vision fades, and I awake.

Within, the smold'ring fire is burning dim;
Without, the whirl and beat of storm have ceased.
I still can hear the angels' peaceful hymn,
And know the vision hath my peace increased.

The Stranger

By Pedro Antonio de Alarcón

Translated from the Spanish by Jean R. Bidwell

"Strength does not consist in throwing one's enemy to earth, but in dominating one's own anger," says an Oriental maxim. In order to realize this elevated doctrine, and yielding also to a spirit of equity, I, who frequently like to refer to and celebrate the heroic acts of the Spaniards during the War of Independence, and to condemn and curse the perfidy and cruelty of the invaders, am going to narrate to-day a deed which, without lessening in our hearts the love of country, will strengthen another sentiment, not less sublime and profoundly Christian—love of our neighbor.

"Good-morning, Grandfather," said I.

"God bless you, Señorito," said he.

"Are you all alone on the road?"

"Yes, sir; I come from the mines of Linares, where I've been working these three months, and I am going to Gádor to see my family. Are you going that way?"

"I am going to Almeria, and I have gone ahead of the wagon because I like to enjoy these beautiful April mornings. If I am not mistaken, you were praying when I reached you. Continue, I beg of you, and I will read until that slow wagon overtakes me."

"Are you reading history? and who told you that I was praying?"

"Who do you suppose! I saw you take off your hat and cross yourself."

"Well, deuce take the man! why should I deny it?—I was praying. Each one has his accounts with God."

"That is very true."

"Are you taking a long walk, sir?"

"I? As far as the market."

"In that case, take this path, and you will shorten the distance."

"I shall be delighted. This glen looks tempting. Let us go down to it." Following the old man, I closed my book, left the road, and descended a picturesque bank.

The green tints and the transparency of the distant horizon, as well as the slope of the mountains, indicated the nearness of the Mediterranean. We walked in silence for a few moments, until the miner stopped suddenly.

"Here it is!" he exclaimed, and he again took off his hat and crossed himself.

We were standing on the bank of a swiftly running brook, beneath some fig-trees already covered with leaves.

"Look here, Grandfather," I said, sitting down on the grass; "tell me what happened here."

"What! you know!" he replied, starting.

"I only know," I added, quietly, "that a man died here, and a violent death, too, by the signs."

"You are right, sir; you are right; but who has told you?"

"Your prayers told me."

"Yes, that's so; that is why I was praying."

I looked fixedly at the miner's face, and understood that he had always been an honest man. He, however, continued praying quietly. "Sit down here, my friend," I said, handing him a cigarette.

"You will see. Ah! thanks, but what a thin little cigarette it is!"

"Roll two together and you will have one big enough," I added, giving him another cigarette.

"God will repay you!" said the old man, sitting down beside me. "It was on a morning as beautiful as this, forty-five years ago, at this same hour, that I passed by this place."

"Forty-five years," thought I, and sadness at the flight of time fell on my soul. "Where are the flowers of those forty-five springs?"

The snow of seventy winters had whitened the old man's head.

Seeing that I did not speak, he threw away some bits of tobacco, lighted his cigarette, and went on talking. "It's not rolled very tight. Well, sir, on the day I speak of, I

came from Gérgal with a load of saltwort, and when I reached the spot where we left the road to take this path I found two Spanish soldiers with a Polish prisoner. That was when the first Frenchmen were here—not those of '23, but the others."

"I understand! You are speaking of the War of Independence."

"Why, man alive! you weren't born then."

"You're right!"

"Ah! yes, it's in that book you're reading. Bah! the books don't tell about the best battles. They just put down what pleases them, and everybody swallows it all whole. You see, one must have threescore years and ten to know about these things. That Pole served under Napoleon's orders—the big rogue who is now dead—for the Señor Cura says there is another, but I don't believe he will ever come over here. What do you think, young sir?"

"What do you want me to say?"

"Very true! your honor hasn't yet studied these things. Oh! the Señor Cura, who is very well instructed, knows when the Mamelukes of the East will be put an end to, and when the Russians and Muscovites will come to Gádor to take away the constitution—but I shall be dead then. . . . Now I will return to the story of my Pole."

"The poor man had been taken sick in Fiñana while his fugitive companions hastened towards Almeria. He had fever. An old woman took care of him for charity, although he was an enemy—may the little old woman spend many years in glory for that good action!—and, in spite of the fact that she might have been compromised, she hid him in her hut near Alcazaba. It happened, the night before, that two Spanish soldiers, who were going to join their battalion, by chance entered to light their cigars at the widow's fire and discovered the poor Pole, who was tossing on a rude pallet in a corner and muttering words of his own language in the delirium of fever."

"Let us take him to our chief," said the Spaniards. "This rogue will be shot to-morrow, and our rank will be advanced."

"Iwa, as the old woman afterwards told me, was the Pole's name, had been sick for several months with fever and ague, and was very weak, very thin, and almost consumptive."

"The good woman cried and entreated, protesting that the stranger could not walk without falling dead in half an hour; but she was well thrashed for her lack of patriotism—I have never forgotten that word, which I heard for the first time that day. As for the Pole, you can imagine how he looked upon that attack. He was prostrate with fever, and the words, half Polish, half Spanish, which fell from his lips made the soldiers laugh."

"Shut up, fool, dog, shameless one!" they said, and with many blows they dragged him out of bed.

"I don't wish to weary you, sir, with my story, but in that condition, half naked, hungry, staggering, and dying, the wretched man walked five miles. . . . Five miles, sir. Do you know how many steps there are in five miles . . . from Fiñana here . . . and he was barefooted! Just think of it! A delicate young man, as white as a woman, and with six months of fever!"

"How could he resist?"

"Ah, he didn't resist."

"But how did he walk five miles?"

"How? At the point of the bayonet."

"Go on, Grandfather, go on."

"I came down this bank, as I always do, for a short cut, and they went on above by the main road. I stopped here to see what was coming, and pretended to examine the mule's hind leg."

"Iwa panted like a mad dog; his head was uncovered, and he was as yellow as saffron, with two flaming red spots on either cheek, and with burning but downcast eyes."

"I want to die! For God's sake kill me!" cried the stranger, with his hands clasped imploringly.

"The Spaniards laughed at him and called him fool, idiot, and other names. Finally Iwa's legs gave way and he fell flat on the ground. I breathed more freely, for I

thought that the poor fellow had given his soul to God. However, a fierce blow on his shoulder made him get up again. Then he drew near the bank to throw himself over the edge.

"The soldiers pulled him back, for they did not wish him to die as a prisoner; then they caught sight of me here with my mule, which, as I said, was loaded with saltwort.

"Eh, comrade!" they called out, pointing their guns at me, 'bring that mule up here.'

"I obeyed without a murmur, believing that I was doing the stranger a favor.

"Where are you going?" they asked me when I had reached the road.

"I am going to Almeria," I answered them, 'and what you are doing is sheer inhumanity.'

"No sermons here!" cried one of the wretches. 'A muleteer traitor!' said the other. 'If you give us much of your talk you will see what will happen,' and the butt end of a musket struck me on the breast. It was the first time that any man, except my father, had ever struck me.

"No irritate, no disturb!" exclaimed the Pole, sitting at my feet, for he had fallen on the ground again.

"Unload that stuff," ordered the soldiers.

"What for?"

"To put that Jew on the mule."

"That's another thing. I will do it with great pleasure," I said, and began to unload.

"No, no, no," exclaimed Iwa, 'you let them kill me.'

"I don't want them to kill you, poor fellow," I said, pressing the boy's burning hands in mine.

"But me wish it; you kill me, for the love of heaven."

"Do you want me to kill you?"

"Yes, yes, good man; me suffer much."

My eyes filled with tears. I turned to the soldiers and said to them in a tone that would have moved a stone:

"Spaniards, compatriots, brothers, I, who love my country as well as you do, implore you to leave me alone with that man."

"Didn't I say he was a traitor!" exclaimed one of them.

"You devilish muleteer," said the other, 'take care what you say to me. Look out or I'll break your skull.'

"Soldiers of demons," I answered, with the same fierceness, 'I am not afraid of death. You are two heartless wretches. You are two strong men armed against a dying boy. You are cowards. Give me one of those guns and I will fight with you until I kill you or die myself; but don't harm this poor, sick creature, who can't defend himself. Ah!' I continued, seeing that one of the wretches blushed, 'if, like myself, you had sons, if you should think that they might be, some day, in this poor fellow's country, in the same situation as he, alone, dying, away from his parents; if you stop to reflect that this Pole does not even know what he is doing in Spain, that he is robbed from his family to serve a king's ambition—*diablo!* you would pardon him. Yes, because you are men before you are Spaniards, and this Pole is a man, your brother. What will Spain gain by the death of such as he? Fight until death with Napoleon's grenadiers, but let it be on the battle-field. Pardon the weak, be generous with the conquered. Be Christians, not murderers!'

"Shut up your preaching!" said the one who had been foremost in cruelty, the one who had made Iwa walk at the bayonet's point, the one who wished to buy employment at the price of his corpse.

"What shall we do, comrade?" asked the other, half moved by my words.

"That's easy enough," returned the first one. 'Look!'

"Without giving me time, not to avert, but to foresee his movements, he shot the Pole through the heart."

"Iwa looked at me tenderly. I don't know whether it was before or after he died. That glance gave me a promise of heaven, where, doubtless, the martyr had already gone. Then the soldiers turned on me and beat me with the ramrods of their guns. The one who had killed the stranger cut off Iwa's ear, which he put in his knapsack. That was the credential of the employment he wished for. Then he stripped the Pole and robbed him. They even took from him a medallion, with the portrait of a woman

or saint, which he wore on a cord around his neck. They went on their way to Almeria. I buried Iwa in this bank where you are sitting. Then I just managed to crawl back to Gérgal, for I was badly hurt. I was laid up a long time, nigh to the gates of death."

"Didn't you see those soldiers again? Don't you know their names?"

"No, sir, but from what the little old woman told me afterwards, I know that one of the Spaniards bore the nickname of *Risas*, and he was the one who killed and robbed the poor stranger."

Just here the wagon came lumbering along. The old man and I went up to the road and said good-by, well pleased with each other. We had wept together.

Three nights later I was drinking coffee with several friends in the pretty casino of Almeria. Near by, at another table, two old men were talking. They were soldiers; one was a *comandante* and the other a colonel, as some one who knew them both told us.

In spite of us, their conversation reached our ears, as they spoke in the loud tones of those accustomed to command.

Suddenly my attention was called by this phrase from the colonel: "Poor Risas!"

"Risas!" I exclaimed; then I listened intently.

"Poor Risas," said the colonel, "was made prisoner by the French when they took Malaga, and from one place to another he finally landed in Switzerland, where I was also captive, like all those who could not escape with the Marquis of Romana. There I knew Risas because he had been my orderly Juan's friend for a long time; and when Napoleon had the cruelty to send all the Spaniards whom he had taken prisoner to Russia as part of the Grand Army, Risas received orders to go with the rest. Then I learned that he was afraid of Poles, that he had a superstitious terror of Poland, for he did nothing but ask Juan and me if he had to pass through that land to get to Russia, horrified at the bare thought of such a thing. Undoubtedly something had happened to that man, some trouble with a Pole, either in the Spanish war or in the course of his wanderings. His head was not just right, for he was a hard drinker, but he was a good soldier and not half a bad cook. When we reached Varsovia, where we remained a short time, Risas was taken sick with brain-fever, the result of the abject terror which had overcome him ever since we entered the Polish land. I had a certain affection for the man and did not wish to leave him alone, so I managed to have Juan left in Varsovia to nurse him. Whichever way the crisis should result, Juan was to follow in the convoy of provision-wagons continually passing along the road."

"What was my surprise, a few hours after my arrival in camp, to see my orderly appear before me. He was almost overcome with horror, and could scarcely speak to tell me what had just happened to poor Risas. I tell you it is the most singular thing I ever heard. Listen and tell me if you do not think I have good reason to remember this story for forty-two years:

"Juan had found a comfortable lodging for Risas in the house of a certain working woman, a widow with three marriageable daughters, who, ever since our arrival at Varsovia, had asked a number of us, by means of French interpreters, if we knew anything of a son of hers called Iwa, who had gone to the war in Spain in 1808, and of whom she had heard nothing for three years. Juan was a great wheedler, and he managed to console and give a glimmer of hope to that sad mother, while she offered to care for Risas, who had fallen ill, in her presence, of brain-fever."

"We carried him to the good woman's house, and when she was helping to undress the sick man, Juan saw her suddenly turn pale and convulsively grasp a silver medallion which contained a portrait. Risas always wore this about his neck as a talisman against the Poles, because he thought the picture represented a virgin or saint of that country."

"Iwa, Iwa!" screamed the poor widow, shaking the sick man, who did not understand her, prostrated as he was by fever."

"Then the daughters ran in and held the medallion to

the mother's face, calling Juan's attention, by signs, to show him it contained their mother's portrait. Accosting him, as his countryman could not answer, they began to ask him a thousand questions in unintelligible words, plainly revealing by their gestures the wildest anger and fury.

"Juan shrugged his shoulders and tried to tell them that he knew nothing about the portrait. My orderly's noble countenance convinced those four raging lionesses that he, poor fellow! was not guilty. Besides, he did not have the medallion, but the other, poor Risas! They killed him with blows and tore him with their sharp nails.

"I have never been able to find out why Risas had that portrait."

I could wait no longer. I jumped up and called out: "Let me tell you what I know about him!"

Sitting down at the colonel's table, after being presented to him by my friends, I told them the miner's frightful story.

When I had finished, the *comandante*, a man of more than seventy years of age, exclaimed, with the simple faith of an old soldier and the firmness of a good Spaniard:

"By heaven! gentlemen, there is something more than chance in all this!"



Christmas in the Evergreen Swamp

By Francis S. Palmer

All day, and all the night before, the snow had sifted down through the spruces and hemlocks and cedars of the great evergreen swamp; so that on the evening of the twenty-fourth of December it lay over everything, light and soft and deep. A hare, who was as soft and white and light as the snow itself, was moving in long, silent leaps under the snow-laden branches. Of a sudden it sprang to one side and stopped; it had seen a slender, yellowish-brown animal that crouched at the root of a tree.

"What a start you gave me, Pine-marten! For the moment I forgot 'twas Christmas Eve, and that all is peace here in the forest."

"Good-evening, and peace to you," returned the pine-marten. "I've come in from the beech ridge to find out about the gathering to-morrow. Can you tell me where it is to be?"

"Come along; I'm just going to talk it over with the others. They'll be glad to see you."

He started on with his long leaps; the marten followed, but instead of moving through the light snow, he chose to go by way of the branches, leaping from one to another. Soon they came to an especially dense spruce thicket, and in a little open space in its center they found many animals assembled: a black bear, who rubbed his eyes as if sleepy, and a lynx, and a fox, and an otter, and many smaller creatures—one from each family that lives in the great evergreen swamp.

They received the hare very cordially, knowing him to be one of the gayest and best-natured fellows in the forest.

"Here," said he, "is Pine-marten, who comes from the ridge just outside the swamp, and wants to join in our yearly merrymaking to-morrow."

Before all the details of the morrow's meeting were settled, the moon had climbed far up in the sky, making slender shadows across the snow where the spruce-trees stood. At length they separated, each one going to his favorite haunt in the great swamp; only the red squirrel, who had chattered and scolded—as if made of nothing but red pepper—was left behind; and when he stopped scolding long enough to notice that he was alone, he too scurried away, more angry than ever.

Near the edge of the great swamp, on some high ground overlooking one of the most secluded of Adirondack lakes, stands a large cottage or shanty, and during the same hours when the animals were met together in the quiet evergreen thicket, the cottage was gay and noisy with young people. They had come from the city, four sleigh-loads of them, a jolly party that were to spend their Christmas in the woods.

"What can be better for Christmas!" cried one young fellow, who, with several others, was trying his snowshoes on the deep snow before the cottage, "than snow, and the mountain cold, and a frozen lake, and the white forest, and good company! Is it not so, Kate?" and he caught her up and tossed her into a big snowdrift.

Kate was the ten-year-old daughter of the chaperon, and perhaps she felt a reflected dignity. "Mr. John Mason," she said, crawling out of the drift, "if ever you do that again you'll find that the company is not so very good; you'll find that some of it is pretty cross!"

A shooting party had been arranged for the next forenoon, and, in spite of the gayeties of Christmas Eve, all were ready to start for the evergreen swamp by ten in the morning. First went the guides, with hounds for driving the game; behind them were strung out the young city people, the girls gay in bright-colored toboggan suits, the men carrying fowling-pieces, and determined to prove themselves keen sportsmen and unerring shots. Kate was there, and not unarmed, though instead of a shotgun she carried a bow and arrows. One of the guides had told her that if she whistled at a running hare it would sit up and look at her, and this was how she meant to kill her game.

The sun shone almost warmly, darting in its rays wherever there was an opening in the glossy evergreen foliage; the winter wind lost half its bitterness by the time it had pushed through the fragrant fir-trees; so it was not very cold in the big swamp. The exercise brought a bright color to the cheeks of the young women, and the mountain air put them in high spirits; yet the greatest chatterbox among them felt the influence of the quiet and peace of the winter wood; unconsciously voices were lowered and laughter hushed.

Soon game was roused, and the hounds broke into full cry; a fox, like a red flash, darted over the snow. A dozen guns roared in quick succession; but the fox never swerved until he reached a rocky hillock in the midst of the swamp; then he plunged into his den and lay panting and trembling with fright. The baffled hounds, after scratching and whining at the mouth of the den, left it and scattered through the woods in search of other prey.

A black bear, drowsy in anticipation of his long winter's nap, heard the hounds baying on the fox's trail, and leaped up, his heart beating fast under his shaggy coat; he galloped along the bed of a forest brook that was only partly frozen over, and then jumped from the water to the trunk of a big cedar and hid himself away among the thick branches. He had left no trail for the dogs, yet he felt nervous, and the pleasant drowsiness was quite gone.

A pine-marten, slender and graceful, saw the panting fox, and heard the pack in full cry; he sprang into a tall hemlock and ran up to the topmost branch—far above the other trees. He was safe there, but the wind blew furiously, and he shivered in spite of his thick yellow fur.

A mink heard the strange uproar, and paused on a frozen bunch of moss by the brookside to listen; a bear that came splashing along through the water called out to him to hurry and hide himself, for the swamp was full of fierce dogs and bloody-minded men, and there would be no merry-making that Christmas Day.

Even the red squirrel was frightened, and crawled into its hole in a yellow birch-tree; it lay there with just its nose showing, and had courage only to scold in a half-hearted way.

Again the hounds gave voice; this time as they ran they seemed to be making circles through the swamp. "Now they are after a hare," whispered John Mason to the girl who was with him at his station. "Hares always run in a circle, in order to confuse the dogs."

"Poor little things!" said she; "and so you men know just where to stand to shoot them!"

Bang! bang! went a gun; a moment later, as the hare, unhurt but in a frenzy of fear, ran hither and thither over the snow, it came within range of John Mason, and he fired both barrels. The hare, giving a shrill little scream, leaped blindly into the air, struck its head against a tree-trunk, fell back on the snow and lay there a moment,

stunned; then scrambled up and dashed away again. A yelping black hound was not thirty yards behind.

"I don't believe I touched it!" cried John Mason. "It was only crazy with fright, till it hit its head against the tree! What a joke on me!"

Kate heard the yelps of the black hound sounding nearer; she fitted an arrow to her bow and jumped up on a big hollow log. Of a sudden a little white animal, its eyes big with fear, came dodging over the snow; a hound followed close behind. Kate forgot to whistle—she felt more like screaming. The hare saw the hollow log and darted into it, and Kate leaped down before the opening just in time to intercept the black hound. He leaped about, showing his teeth, growling and baying furiously as he tried to get by her; the hare was cowering in plain sight in the big hollow of the log. Kate called out and beat the dog back with her bow; finding that she meant to keep him from his prey, his fury turned against her, and he flew at her with open jaws; if it had not been for her heavy toboggan suit she would have been bitten. Her cries were heard by several of the hunters, who came running up and drove off the hound.

"There's the hare in that hollow log!" cried one of them. "Now we'll have some fun! Out of the way, Kate!"

"I'm not going to move!" said she. "And neither you nor the dog are going to get at that poor frightened hare. John Mason, you must not let them!"

John Mason laughed uneasily. "Perhaps Kate ought to have her own way; the hare really belongs to her, and I suppose we must let her do with the poor little beggar as she likes. Did you hear it scream after I fired?—it sounded like a hurt baby."

"There was a splash of blood on its neck, and its eyes looked so innocent and afraid," said Kate.

They put a chain on the black hound and led him away, leaving Kate alone with the hare.

"I'm tired of this hare-shooting!" one of the young fellows exclaimed, as they walked away. "Somehow I feel ashamed of myself, hunting a poor little shivering beast like that hare."

"So do I!" joined in another. "It's murder!—and it seems doubly bad here in this white, peaceful wood!"

Soon John Mason called to Kate that they were all going back to the cottage; and she answered him not to wait for her, that she would follow in a few minutes. She reached into the hollow log, and carefully drew out the hare; it seemed half dead with fear, and made no struggle to get away; she stroked it very gently. There was no wound on its soft neck, but through one of its long ears were holes made by two small shot, and from these came the blood that stained its fur. Her gentle treatment seemed to reassure it, and when she put it down and started to follow the shooting party, it stopped to watch her and then moved away over the snow quite leisurely.

In the quiet of the late afternoon, when no wind stirred, and a pale yellow sun was sinking with a shiver behind the snowy hills, Kate, standing on the cottage porch, heard a strange, shrill cry, like a baby's, coming from the swamp. "That's the way the hare cried when they fired at it," she thought. "I hope it's not being frightened again."

But to those living in the evergreen swamp the shrill cry of the hare did not mean fear. Through the forest hush the cry reached to the pine-marten in the hemlock top, to the fox in his den in the rocky hillock, to the bear in the big cedar, to the peppery squirrel, to the mink in his home under the brook's bank; and to each one it said—"Don't be afraid, don't be afraid; all is peace in the Great Swamp!"



Like circles widening round
Upon a clear blue river,
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
Is echoed on forever:
Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And love towards men of love—salvation and release.
—*Keble's Christmas Day.*

The Power of God¹

A Comparison Between the New Theology and the Old

By Lyman Abbott

And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.—*John xx., 13.*

But she was mistaken. They had not taken away her Lord. He was standing at her side. She came looking into the grave expecting to find the dead Christ. The dead Christ was not there. And she thought the grave had been robbed, and the body that she had revered had been stolen. And when the Lord turned to her and spoke to her, she did not know him, but thought he was the gardener. Yet all the time her Lord was not only living, but more Lord than ever—a risen Lord, with the transcendent, supernal power that came with the resurrection. So today men say, The "New Theology" has taken away our Lord, and we know not where to find him. They are mistaken. They are looking for the dead Christ, and, lo! he has risen; they are thinking that Christ has been taken away, and, behold! he is standing at their side and is speaking to them.

No man can look at the history of the old theology and doubt that there was tremendous power in it. I believe that power was a genuine religious power—the power of Almighty God. But it will be greater in the New Theology than it was in the Old.

The fundamental basis of the old theology is expressed by the word supernatural. It held to a sharp distinction between the natural and the supernatural, and the word supernatural came to be the test-word of orthodoxy. The notion was that there was a certain order of nature, certain laws and forces of nature, which went on in some sense independent of God, and into this order of nature God came, from time to time, revealing himself. He came in creation, making a world in six days, and when the world was made taking rest, as men take rest when they are wearied with their labor. He came in revelation to a special nation, or rather to some forty or fifty different men in this nation, and made special revelation to them. If he had not, there would have been no knowledge of God in the world. It was not in the nature of man to understand the truth of God or the law of God; a special supernatural intervention was necessary. He came again, breaking in upon the order of nature, in incarnation, which lasted thirty-three years—for all practical purposes but three years—and ended with the death of Christ. And since then he comes to individual men with special acts of grace, peculiar supernatural power, without which the other coming would be in vain.

There was a real, vital power in this old theology; that vital power was belief in God: in a God who appeared in creation; in revelation; in incarnation; in regenerating, redeeming, sanctifying grace. But it was a belief in a God who appeared from time to time, and the rest of the time was not apparent. As against the doctrines with which that old theology was in conflict, it was powerful. When men said, There is no God, the world happened—the doctrine that God did for six days show himself in creation was a power. When men said, There is no revealed God, God is unknown and forever the unknowable—the doctrine that God did open the eyes of forty men and enabled them to see, and then gave them power to tell other men what they had seen, was a power. When men said, There is not anything divine in humanity—the doctrine that once divinity in humanity had been exhibited was a power. But the power was the power of belief in a God who showed himself from time to time.

The New Theology denies absolutely this old assumed distinction between natural and supernatural. There is not any order of nature into which God comes, and with which he interferes from time to time. All the natural is most supernatural, and all the supernatural is most natural.

¹ A sermon preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday morning, November 22, 1896. Reported stenographically by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

The ancient dualism between nature and the supernatural has no reality; it is, at the best, but a convenient method of arranging phenomena. You remember the automaton chess-player. It was supposed to be wound up, as a clock, and there were few chess men who could beat that chess-player. But, in fact, a living man under the floor worked the automaton with wires. There is not any automaton nature, not any clockwork wound up and set going. God is in his world—always in his world. There is a dualism, but it is between spirit and matter, not between nature and a supernatural. Spirit controls matter, and always controls matter. There are not laws of nature, there is one eternal, divine Law; nor forces of nature, only one infinite, eternal Force.

This is the very basis of the New Theology, and all its various conclusions are wrought out from it. The New Theology does not banish God from the universe, it brings him nearer. In the place of a philosophy that thought the world generally without him, and that he occasionally showed himself, we have come to a philosophy which declares that God is in all the phenomena of life and nature—an ever-present God. And if there was power in a belief that God occasionally appeared in the world, how transcendent will be the power of this faith when it has once animated the Christian Church and filled the mind of men—this faith that God is always in his world of nature and is always in his world of men. Says Professor Henry Drummond:

When things are known, we conceive them as natural, on man's level; when they are unknown, we call them divine—as if our ignorance of a thing was the stamp of its divinity. If God is only to be left the gaps in our knowledge, where shall we be when these gaps are filled up? Those who yield to the temptation to reserve a point here and there for special divine interposition are apt to forget that this virtually excludes God from the rest of the process. If God appears periodically, he disappears periodically. If he comes upon the scene at special crises, he is absent from the scene in the intervals. Whether is all God or occasional God the nobler theory?

We have not taken away the Lord. If men do not know where to find him, let them look about them. He is a living Lord, and we are trying to say to them, Do not go back to the tomb and think he is there. Look! he is talking to you even now. Do not you see him?

I. In the first place, for the old conception of creation we substitute a larger and a grander one. The old conception of the creation, as it is found represented in the Westminster Confession of Faith, was that God created the world and all that therein is, visible and invisible, in six days, and then stopped. Over against that is the modern conception that that creative process began in eternity and is going on to eternity. I speak of it as the modern conception, but it is not modern at all. It is in the very forefront of John's Gospel. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." God in the beginning was a manifesting God, in the beginning was speaking, always has been creating, always has been manifesting himself, always has been making his revelations. He did not once paint a flower, and then leave that flower to paint other flowers. Every flower that blooms has the touch of God's brush upon it. He did not breathe once the fragrance into the flower, and then leave that to transmit its fragrance to all other flowers in all coming time. Every fragrance of every flower has the fragrance of God's breath upon it. Every spring is a new creation, every morning a new creation. Whether this conception be true or not, it certainly is not Godless. It does not banish God; it brings him nearer.

II. God is a revealing God. You may conceive that God once spoke to special men in a special nation, and left them to repeat to all future time the message that he had spoken, and that it is no longer possible to hear his voice—all we can do is to hear the human echo of his voice. That is better than nothing, but there is something a great deal better than that—it is this: that God spoke to those men of old in order that we might learn that he is always speaking to all men. This is what we are coming to believe. Thus, for one episodic revelation, once for all, we are coming to believe in a gradual, progressive, continuous

revelation. The Bible is written, says Peter, by holy men of old, breathed upon by the Spirit of God. And the one statement is as important as the other. Holy men spoke. They were men. This is a human book, and men carry with their speech the imperfection which belongs to human kind. Says Dr. John Watson in "The Cure of Souls:"

Almost all the moral attacks upon the Bible, which may have been cheap, but which were very embarrassing, fall to the ground as soon as the Bible is seen to be a progressive and gradual revelation. When the massacre of the Canaanites and certain proceedings of David are flung in the face of Christians, it is no longer necessary to fall back in evasions or special pleading. It can now be frankly admitted that, from our standpoint in this year of grace, such deeds were atrocious, and that they could never be according to the mind of God, but that they must be judged by their date, and considered the defects of elementary moral processes. The Bible is vindicated because it is, on the whole, a steady ascent, and because it culminates in Christ.

Revelation is no longer considered as a supernatural intervention in an order of nature; it is itself natural, part of a higher, diviner nature. The fundamental conception of the New Theology is this: That man has a mind adapted to communion with God. That, as man has an eye which can see color, as he has an ear which can hear sound, as he has fingers which can feel material hardness, so he has in the heart of him a spirit which can directly and immediately take cognizance of the infinite and eternal. The New Theology is also a new mysticism. It is the doctrine of direct, immediate, personal communion of the soul with God, and of every soul that will open itself to receive his communion. When Christ had talked with the woman at the well, and she went to the city of Samaria and said to them, Is not this the Messiah? and they came out and talked with the Christ, do you remember what they said?—"Now we believe, not because of thy saying: for we have heard him ourselves." Which is better, a message from Christ or a talk with Christ? which is better, a message from God or a talk with God?

We believe that God spoke to those men that he might speak to us; stirred their hearts that he might stir our hearts. The Bible is a window, not a blind upon the window. We look through it, and what we see is God. He is not dumb. We need not be deaf. Which is the higher, which the grander, which the nobler conception? Which brings God most into life, the notion that he has spoken in the past always, and for all our knowledge of God we are dependent on what he said to men of olden time; or this, that because he has spoken to men of olden time, and by them summoned, we may come and ourselves talk with him; may go up into the mount and see him face to face? As the children came to the Christ and he took them in his arms and blessed them, so, summoned by these nursing mothers of the ages, we come to the God to whom they came, listen to the voice to which they listened, walk in the light in which they walked.

III. So, again, the incarnation is not less; it appears grander and sublimer when we see that all previous facts led up to the incarnation, and all subsequent history of the Christian Church grew out of it. The incarnation of Christ was not like a meteor that flashed upon the sky and then went out, leaving the world in darkness and with only the memory of a light; the incarnation was the consummation of all that had preceded and the preparation of all that was to follow. This is not new theology. It is as old as the Epistle to the Hebrews: "God having of old time spoken unto the fathers in the prophets, by divers portions and in divers manners, hath in the end of these days spoken unto us in his Son." God was in Abraham, in Moses, in Joshua, in David, in Jeremiah, in Isaiah, in all these with increasing illumination, that he might come to the culmination of his revelation of himself in Christ Jesus. He spoke hope through Abraham, law through Moses, courage through Joshua, praise through David, redemption through Isaiah, but he spoke all these, law and courage and hope and strength and praise and redemption, in Jesus Christ. As, in a choir, first the choirmaster tries the tenors, and then the basses, and then the sopranos, and then the altos, each severally, but by and by says, Now all together, and all join

in the one choral, so in the history of this world, first one voice, and then another, and then another, spoke some single truth of God, and then, when the world was ready, the whole chorus of virtue and truth and goodness sounded out through the lips and in the life of the one Christ Jesus, Son of man and Son of God. And as he was the culmination of all that preceded, so all that followed was to come from him. Let me read again, this time from Paul: "Unto every one of us is grace given, according to the measure of the gift of Christ. Wherefore he saith, When he ascended up on high he led captivity captive and gave gifts unto men. . . . And he gave some apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the holy in the work of service, unto the building up of the body of Christ: till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

Can you tell me any way in which men by words can express more clearly the idea that God was in Christ that he might come into all humanity? Christ said himself, I am a door. What is the door for? To look at? However exquisite in its workmanship, when you have gotten through looking at it, you push it open and go in. Christ is the door through which God came in to the human race, through which the human race comes in unto God. Was, then, Jesus Christ a man just like other men? Do you not see the difference between a man who, looking at a great forest of oaks, says, Pshaw, nothing but acorns! and a man who, looking at an acorn, says, reverently, Out of that acorn will grow an oak? Every man, every woman, every child has in him or her the possibility of Christlikeness; and the incarnation in the one man Jesus Christ was for this very purpose—that God might enter the whole human race, and, when his work was done, the whole human race would be filled with God, and Christ would be seen to be what Paul declares him to be—the first born among many brethren. True or false, does this carry Christ farther away from us? Is it a small, ignoble conception of redemption?

IV. Again, the old theology held that the destiny of every man was determined by special supernatural grace. The natural virtues, the natural grace of God even, were not enough to save a man. There must be a special omnipotent interposition. If you want to know what the old theology was, go back and read it in its own phraseology: this, for instance, which I read from the Westminster Confession:

Others, not elected, although they may be called by the ministry of the Word, and may have some common operations of the Spirit, yet they never truly come unto Christ, and therefore cannot be saved.

Common operations will not suffice. The Word will not suffice. Knowing that God is love, being brooded by God, beckoned by God, called by God—all that will not suffice. There must be a special, supernatural intervention. That is to say, the ordinary and common operations, those that lie in the order of God's own nature, will not prove efficacious; there must be a supernatural interference superadded. Even God's natural operations will not save a man; to his own natural operations a supernatural operation must be superimposed. What I believe, what the new theology believes, is this: God made man in his own image; in every man there is the possibility of access to God; over all men God's Spirit broods; He is the universal light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world; no man need wait for any supernatural grace, any intrusion into the order of nature, any extraordinary and miraculous operation; you have only to rise up and say, O God, I know that thou art love; God helping me, I will love thee and serve thee: and you are his and he is yours. Is that a grander or a smaller conception of God's grace than the old one which said this: All men everywhere are under law, but there are only a few selected ones who have the benefit of grace? No Calvinist ever said that only the elect are under the law of God. All men were under law. But they did not believe that—"As by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous. Moreover, the law entered that

the offense might abound: but where sin abounded, grace did *much more abound*." That is the consummation of that fifth chapter of Romans which many men would like to erase from their Bible. What Paul says is this: Sin is not confined to the Jewish race; sin is universal. Law is not confined to the Jewish race; law is universal. But law is the expression of God's love, and grace is the expression of God's love; and where law is and where sin has been, there goes God's love, that is everywhere; and grace is more abounding than law and more abounding than sin, because the very object of law is to make men feel their need of grace and make them ready to receive it.

In the olden time men traveled as men travel in the underground railroad in London. They see at times sunlight streaming down into the tunnel, and then out of the sunlight they go back into the tunnel again; for that sunlight they are grateful, though they wish there was more. Now the world is coming out from the underground railroad; it is not coming into lesser light, but into more light; not to less of God, but to more of God; not to less revelation, but to more revelation; not to less incarnation, but to more incarnation.

And the curious thing about it all is that it is not new theology at all. There have been two systems of theology in the world—one gathering its inspiration and its form from Rome, and the other its inspiration and its form from Greece; and this new theology is the revival of the Grecian theology. I do not know where you will find it better expressed than in Archdeacon Farrar's summary of the theology of Alexandria:

Plato in the *Timæus* had spoken of God as infinitely distant, but Clement had to restore the truth that he is not far from every one of us. It is this lofty and wholesome doctrine that man is made in the image of God; that man's will is free; that he is redeemed from sin by a divine education and a corrective discipline; that fear and punishment are but remedial instruments in man's training; that Justice is but another aspect of Perfect Love; that the physical world is good and not evil; that Christ is a living and not a dead Christ; that all mankind form one great brotherhood in him; that Salvation is an ethical process, not an external reward; that the Atonement was not the pacification of wrath, but the revelation of God's Eternal Mercy.

We have not taken away the body of our Lord. He is a living Christ. And if any one knows not where to find him, we answer, "You have not to ascend into the heavens to bring him down from above, nor to descend to the depths to bring him up from below. Look within! He is in your heart, if you will have him."



Tolstoi's Ideal of the True Life

By Bolton Hall

Under the cold, dry earth grew a little root, but it was the root of a great Tree, and round the Tree all the plain was bare.

The root pushed up toward the light and heat, whilst its fellows pushed down towards the water underneath.

When the root came to the light, it burst into a shoot and put out a green top, and the shoot said, "All the plain is bare, and I am far from the tree; I can do nothing." Nevertheless it pushed upwards.

A drove of cattle passed by and trampled down the little top, and it said, "This is death, and I have accomplished nothing."

Nevertheless, the root drew strength from the great Tree, and whilst it grew thicker and stronger it fed the great Tree, and the root blossomed again into a shoot.

At last it pushed high up, and then it saw many shoots peeping from the ground about the Tree of Love.

And some of them withered away and moldered on the earth, but some waxed strong and spread, and all the plain was covered by the branches of Love.

The root is Life, the light is Truth—and we are the shoots, my Brothers.

The Religious World

The Pope and Bishop Keane

The report of the excitement in this country caused by the deposition of Bishop Keane from the rectorship of the Catholic University in Washington has at last reached the Vatican, and has caused serious apprehension. It has had the effect of eliciting the following cable dispatch to the Apostolic Delegate in Washington:

Rome, December 3, 1896.

Mgr. Martinelli, Apostolic Delegate, Washington, D. C., U. S. A.:

The Holy Father has learned with great sorrow of the agitation created in the United States by pretended correspondence and telegrams from Rome announcing measures soon to be taken against eminent American prelates and distinguished professors of the Catholic University. Your Excellency will authoritatively deny all such falsehoods, which are the product of reprehensible machinations.

M. CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.

It is said that Bishop Keane's removal was brought about by the influence of German ecclesiastics in this country, and that further changes were expected, but that the effect of the agitation at Rome is such that it will make further changes improbable. It is interesting to outsiders to be told that the influence of such agitation in this country is felt at the Vatican. It has been supposed that the officials there were impervious to influences from abroad. This telegram seems to indicate that the contrary is true.

An Appeal from Miss Willard

Miss Frances E. Willard and her co-workers have issued an earnest appeal for a refuge for escaped Armenians. It is proposed to establish all along the coasts in Russia, Armenia, and in Bulgaria, as near to the Turkish territory as possible, refuges to which the persecuted Armenians may flee, and where they will be cared for until they can be sent to some of the colonies which are being established by the Duke of Westminster's Committee. Miss Willard appeals to the members of the W. C. T. U. that collections be taken for this object, and to newspapers to give to it all the prominence possible. She explains that while the work of the W. C. T. U. is primarily in the cause of temperance, this is a cry of outraged humanity that cannot be evaded. The work for which the appeal is made seems to be feasible, and will no doubt result in relief to large numbers of persecuted people. Money sent to Helen M. Barker, Treasurer of the National W. C. T. U., The Temple, Chicago, Ill., will be transmitted for this work.

The American Bible Society

The Corresponding Secretaries of the American Bible Society, namely, Drs. Edward W. Gilman, Alexander McLean, and Albert S. Hunt, have issued an urgent appeal for contributions to their work. They say that in the home field, that is, in the United States and its Territories, the Society has been compelled, for lack of funds, to suspend its efficient system of Bible colportage. The amount which is annually expended in foreign lands is surpassed by only seven of the missionary societies. The greatness of this foreign work has caused limitations in other departments. The Society employs 443 persons whose duty is the circulation of the Scriptures, and yet it is not able at present to meet all the requests for co-operation which have been made to it by foreign missionary societies. The Secretaries say that without prompt and liberal gifts the work of the Society, wholly beneficent and unsectarian, must be greatly dwarfed both at home and abroad. It needs at least \$250,000 a year to maintain its operations in an efficient way. The appeal is an earnest one, and will commend itself to large numbers of Christian people.

A Suburban Church

Among the strong suburban churches in the vicinity of New York is the Valley Church of Orange, N. J. It celebrated its thirty-fifth anniversary on March 25, and the record of that celebration is now in our hands in a small volume. This church owed its first prominence to the noble ministry of its first pastor, the Rev. George B. Bacon, D.D., who ministered to it until his death. If we remember, he was sixteen years in its service, in which time the church grew from a mere handful to a strong and noble body of Christian workers, while Dr. Bacon himself occupied a position perhaps second to that of no minister of his years in the whole country. He was a son of the late Dr. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, and was regarded by many as possessing many of his father's characteristics. During his ministry the beautiful church edifice was erected. The subsequent pastors have been the Rev. Joseph A. Ely, the Rev. J. E. Rankin, D.D., and now the Rev. Charles A. Savage. The location of the church is of unsurpassed loveliness, and its opportunities as great as its location is beautiful.

The Episcopal Church and Mr. Moody

A practical sign of the essential unity of the Church is found in the recent action of the Executive Committee of the Episcopal Parochial Mission Society, which, we are informed, has taken

action looking towards the co-operation of rectors of Episcopal churches in New York with Mr. Moody in his evangelistic work. It is said that Episcopal churches are to be opened for overflow and evangelistic services. This will be a material help in the great cause in which Mr. Moody is now laboring, and is especially to be commended. In many places where the religious interest is deep, the refusal of one church to co-operate blocks the whole movement. In a city like New York, where the Episcopal Church is probably the strongest, its co-operation is of vast importance, not only to itself, but to the whole community. We hail this action of the Parochial Mission Society as indicating that real progress is being made toward spiritual if not toward organic unity.

Practical Christianity

About two years ago the Jury Law of the State of Connecticut was revised with a view to securing the services of better men on the jury. The duty of selecting jurors was taken from the hands of those who had prepared the lists before, and put into the hands of special commissioners. The law makes no exemption of ministers, and it so happened that on one of the first juries drawn were two ministers, namely, the Rev. Newman Smyth, D.D., pastor of the Center Church, New Haven, and the Rev. Father Russell, a prominent Roman Catholic priest of the same city. These two men patiently sat through the whole trial of a case between a boarding-house keeper and one of her boarders, when the whole amount involved was about \$35. Both of them probably could have found reasons for excuse which would have been recognized, but both felt that a principle was involved, and that it was right for them to show their loyalty to the State by manfully accepting the duty. Has there ever been another example of a Puritan minister and a Roman Catholic priest sitting side by side in a jury-box to try a case like this? And does anything better illustrate the revived civic consciousness of our time? If the action of these two men was not an illustration of practical Christianity, we hardly know where to find it.

Among the Italians

There is probably no class in New York City to-day so sadly neglected by the Christian Church as the poor Italians who constitute at least five per cent. of our entire population. Almost 100,000 strong, they have come in upon us like a flood. So far as we can learn, only four missionary societies have made appropriations for work among them. They live in colonies, retaining their old customs, superstitions, and modes of life, thus precluding the inroads of our modern civilization, and bringing up their children according to the customs of Southern Roman Catholic Europe. Less than one thousand of these children have been gathered into Sunday-schools, though they are willing to go if invited to do so. Quite recently an Italian Missionary League has been organized under the leadership of Miss Anna C. Ruddy, widely known as the founder of the Italian Methodist Episcopal Church in Harlem, and of what is now known as the Watts de Peyster Home for Girls at Tivoli, N.Y. The purpose of the League, whose headquarters are at 1751 Madison Avenue, is to bring together all those interested in the work among foreigners, so that by united effort something more practical may be accomplished than has already been done for their uplifting. It is intended, just as soon as sufficient money is pledged for the purpose, to open a "mother" house in the Italian quarter for the children—a home that will be perfectly free to them at all times, where they may come after school instead of playing on the street. Here will be all kinds of classes for their instruction and help. Also it is desired above everything else to give them the mother-love which they so sadly miss in their own homes. The need for just such a home as this grew out of the fact that Miss Ruddy is constantly being besieged in her own home by dozens of Italian children who want to come in and stay a while. They want to play games, or to read, or in some cases to study their lessons for school, the noise in their own homes being so great that they could not study there. Members of the League pay five dollars a year, and promise to pray for the work every day. Though only \$300 of the \$3,000 necessary to carry this work for a year has been pledged, it is hoped that Christian people all over the country will rally to the help of these little ones. Contributions or communications may be sent to Miss A. C. Ruddy, 1751 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Protestantism in France

There are indications of the healing of the breach which has so long existed and marred the efficiency of Protestantism in France. For twenty-five years the Liberals have held aloof from the ecclesiastical organization of the Church, and by their action made the proper working of the constitution impossible. In 1872 the first official Synod of the century was held in Paris, but the Church was found to be hopelessly divided. The two sections could not agree upon a Declaration of Faith. The one proposed by the Evangelicals, though couched in general terms and in Scriptural language, was only carried after a long debate and by a two-thirds vote. The Evangeli-

cals pressed for a profession of acceptance of Scripture and the Apostles' Creed as a condition of exercising the right to vote. The Liberals protested and agitated, and refused to appear when a second Synod met. Since that time there has been a deplorable schism, and a suspension of the ecclesiastical organization. The Synod recognized by the Government, the *Synode Officiel*, has been a dead letter during these years. A year ago the Liberals sent an invitation to the Evangelical Synod to meet them in conference and seek for some action which might lead to the re-establishment of the *Synode Officiel*. The invitation was accepted with two significant provisos: no discussions should be entered on by the Liberals with regard to the Declaration of 1872; and, on the other hand, the Evangelicals proclaimed that they had no intention of using the Declaration as a basis of any appeal to the State Courts against the Liberals. On this footing a Conference of the two sections has just been held at Lyons. About two hundred delegates, representing the Consistories of the Church, met. The Conference was hearty, and evinced an earnest desire to find some basis of harmonious working. It was finally decided to "move slowly, and to begin by establishing a sort of *Conseil de Famille*, in which representatives of both parties are to meet at stated intervals, 'charged to defend the rights and interests of the Reformed family.'" Both parties pledged themselves to work towards closer union. The "British Weekly" comments upon this step toward the reunion of the two parties in the Church as follows: "No one who has any acquaintance with the Protestantism of France, its opportunities, and the crippling effects of its divisions, can fail to share the hope that this marks the beginning of better times; and yet the question becomes ever more pressing, whether in the France of to-day a Protestant Church can really flourish which remains dependent on and controlled by the State."

The Queen's Jubilee and the Anglican Church

In Church circles in Great Britain the question is already being raised as to how the unexampled reign of Queen Victoria, the longest in English history, may be used to the advantage of the Church. Many suggestions have been made, but the one which at present seems to be most prominent is that to which an editorial is devoted in the "Guardian" of November 18, and which is nothing less than a scheme for raising "the endowments of poor livings." It is known that the clergy of the Church of England are largely paid from endowments. In this country the Church is supported almost altogether by the voluntary gifts of Christian people. The same is true among the Free Churches of Great Britain; but the Established Church has in its possession vast endowments which have come down through a series of years, from which the expenses of the Church are largely met. Much has been written recently concerning the poverty of the Anglican clergy. The very idea seems absurd when it is remembered that this is the wealthiest Church in Christendom; but there has been no mistake in "the bitter cry," and the cause is in the fact that the endowments are not as productive as formerly. This leads the "Guardian" to use these strong words: "It is a standing discredit to the wealthiest Church in Christendom that her members are content to rely for the support of a large number of their clergy on the generosity of former generations, and are strangely indifferent to the fact that that generosity has become quite inadequate to the present requirements of the Church." It is not proposed to make this memorial in any sense national; it is a movement in behalf of the Church and its ministry alone. The plan suggested only emphasizes a fact of which we have often spoken, namely, that the separation of Church and State in England would be the beginning of the greatest prosperity that the Church has known; it would then cease to depend on the Government, and its members would begin to use their wealth in its behalf.

Free Church Worship

As the result, we believe, of a paper read before the recent meeting of the Congregational Union at Leicester, a discussion has been in progress in the columns of the "Christian World" on "Worship in the Nonconformist Churches." The paper was presented by Dr. Barrett, the well-known pastor of Norwich, and advocated the use of a modified liturgy and the wearing of a gown. The argument, in brief, is this: The strain on the minister which a service of entirely free prayer involves is altogether too great. Either the service of worship or the sermon must suffer. The immense relief which the introduction of the service-book has brought to the ministry of the Scottish Kirk was used as an illustration. The discussion has also had larger bearings. It has led to an earnest appeal for greater reverence in the sanctuary, for the lifting of every department of worship to a higher level, and for the popularizing of the service by giving the people a larger share in it. One of the best articles of the discussion was that of the Rev. Silvester Horne, in which he drew a sharp distinction between using a liturgy and wearing a gown. The using of the liturgy, he declared, was entirely democratic and Congregational. Instead of making the service more select, it induces a larger number

of people to take part in it; whereas the wearing of a gown emphasizes the distinction between the clergy and the laity, and is really the beginning of ritualism. With the desire to popularize and make more reverent the service we are in hearty accord. Whatever will induce the people to have a larger share in it and more reverently to worship God is earnestly to be commended. The distinction which Mr. Horne makes is a true one. A liturgy is a step toward congregationalizing the worship, but the wearing of a gown has always seemed to us to be more than an appropriate pulpit dress and actually a badge of office. Whatever serves to interest the people in the whole service is a step in advance, but whatever tends to make the minister an official is to our minds a step backwards.

In Germany

It has long been prophesied that the great liberty of teaching which the German Government allows to the university professors, especially in the department of theology, would one day be followed by turbulence in the Church. There are many more signs this year than last that such a day is not far distant, and these signs are causing anxiety, not only to the heads of the orthodox communion, but to the young and restive Emperor, who, strangely enough, is *summus episcopus* of the Church in Prussia. This is seen in the curtailing of liberty throughout the Prussian dominions, while in other German States the consistories are less exacting. Pastor Fuchs, of Hanelm, Hanover, must be deposed for his peculiar views, though he is far from being an agitator. On the contrary, in Stuttgart, Wurtemberg, the consistory itself has begged a clergyman to remain in orders, in spite of his open confession of inability to teach the accepted form of orthodoxy from the pulpit. The influence of radicalism is seen, however, not so much in the churches as in the universities. Not only has the number of students in theology become the smallest of any faculty in the German universities, but it is now diminishing every year. The spectacle of pastors being ousted from their diocesan charges after trials for heterodoxy will not induce young men to enter the faculty of theology. To offset this, however, we see the remarkable sight of the attendance by many students at the lectures of such eminent Church history teachers as Professor Adolf Harnack, of Berlin. Otherwise it is hardly likely that Professor Harnack's lecture-rooms would be crowded at seven and eight o'clock in the morning. What is true of this renowned doctor is also true in a less degree of others. The old orthodox Church is still dominant, but is nevertheless on the defensive. In Germany, as everywhere, formalism must give way to a new order of things which seeks life not in the letter but in the spirit.

Growth of Temperance in England

At a recent meeting of the Congregational Total Abstinence Association in England it was stated by the Secretary that ninety-six ministers entered the Congregational body that year, and that a letter had been sent by the Association to each one of them asking their views on the temperance question. Eighty-seven replied to the letter, of which number eighty-six were total abstainers. Of the 2,950 Congregational ministers in Great Britain, eighty per cent., or about 2,312, are abstainers. In Scotland ninety-five per cent. are abstainers, and in Ireland every minister. In the Congregational colleges in Wales and Scotland every student is a total abstainer, and in England ninety-four per cent. These facts are important because it is quite generally believed in this country that the use of wine is common among Christian people in England. It is probably more common than in this country, but the growth of the temperance sentiment has been remarkable. It is no uncommon thing, when wine on a dinner-table is declined by the guest, to have the host say, "We are abstainers ourselves, but do not wish to force our views upon those who visit us." Many churches use unfermented wine. The majority of the most prominent ministers are hearty workers in the cause of temperance, and it is probable that more progress has been made there in this direction during the last few years than in this country. There is still room for a great advance, and the surest indication of its coming is found in the fact that the religious leaders are so largely placing themselves on the side of temperance.

All Souls' Protestant Episcopal Church, of which the Rev. R. Heber Newton, D.D., is pastor, has provided two courses of lectures to be given by Mr. Thomas Davidson. The lectures will be given on successive Thursday evenings beginning with December 10. The first course will consist of six lectures on "The Prometheus of Æschylus," and will be a historical and philosophical study of the Greek Religion and Drama. The second course will consist of ten lectures upon "The Philosophy and History of Mysticism." The tickets for the combined courses will be \$7. A circular containing an outline of the lectures has been issued, and promises a great treat for those who are able to attend. Such courses of lectures, if properly arranged, and delivered with the right spirit, ought materially to help the Church in its work.

Books and Authors

Chapters from a Life

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward has issued a delightful volume of personal reminiscences which she entitles "Chapters from a Life." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) The first part of the book is more entertaining and more readable than the last, perhaps because the first part seems fuller of personality and carries us to the time when a little girl received her early impressions of the theologians and students of old Andover. What impressions they were!—for instance, of the author's grandfather, the Rev. Moses Stuart:

He looked very tall and imposing. He had a mug in his hand, and his face smiled like the silver of which it was made. The mug was full of milk, and he handed it ceremoniously to the year-old baby, his namesake and grandson, my first brother, whose high chair stood at the table. Then I remember—it must have been more than a year after that—seeing the Professor in his coffin in the front hall; that he looked taller than he did before, but still imposing; that he had his best coat on—the one, I think, in which he preached; and that he was the first dead person I had ever seen. Whenever the gray-headed men who knew him used to sit about, relating anecdotes of him—as, how many commentaries he had published, or how he introduced the first German lexicon into this country, . . . I saw the silver mug and the coffin. Gradually the German lexicon in a hazy condition got melted in between them. Sometimes the baby's mug sat upon the dictionary; sometimes the dictionary lay upon the coffin; sometimes the baby spilled the milk out of the mug upon the dictionary. But for my personal uses the memories of the distinguished scholar began and ended with the mug and the coffin.

How delightful, too, the tracing of important phases of the girl-life! For instance, the awakening into intellectual life by her father's reading De Quincey and Wordsworth to her, of Andover religious training and its excess of religious education, of her impressions of Andover social life, particularly of Professor Park, whom our author calls, with the exception of Dr. Holmes, the best converser—at least among eminent men—she ever knew. The world of letters had already been opened for the young girl by the father's readings; by her own reading of Mrs. Browning's poems there came a self-revelation of her own nature. And so we follow her course all through the volume, learning much about the books which Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has published, and learning, too, much about those whom she knew—Mrs. Stowe, James T. Fields, Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes, Celia Thaxter, Lucy Larcom, Lydia Maria Child, and Phillips Brooks. So full is this volume of delightful reminiscences that we close it with reluctance.

European Architecture

Mr. Russell Sturgis, the well-known architect of New York City and President of the Fine Arts Federation, has published through the Macmillan Company, New York, a fine volume on "European Architecture." It merits more than passing notice. As we are told, if the attention be fixed upon the inherent and essential peculiarities of each architectural style, the effort of the student will be of necessity to discover the reasons for those peculiarities. They are to be found, first, in actual masonry and carpentry; and, secondly, in sculpture and color-decoration. While the further refinement of this inquiry into anthropological research is truly for the scientifically inclined rather than for those to whom decorative art stands chief, yet in the broad view of the history of art—as interpreted, for instance, by Professor Herman Grimm or Professor Charles Eliot Norton—the history of art becomes not only an analysis and criticism of architecture or sculpture or painting, but also a history of all those influences which have made up the environment of art, and a history of all those effects which have been produced by art. In this sense, then, the inquiry into anthropological or ethnological research is entirely justified, as is also the splendid trend of the history of morals as affected by art. In the present volume, however, we have an interesting examination into the ways in which the builders of Europe did their work. Mr. Sturgis gives us as examples only the best, and so many make up the best that the volume is as full of variety as it is excellent in suggestiveness of treatment. What we like best, nevertheless, is not that so many instances are given us of Grecian, Roman, Byzantine, German, English, French, Spanish, and Italian architecture; not that the volume is provided with an ample glossary and index; but that we have the touch of a conscientious and careful critic throughout. As to the claim, for instance, that the study of ancient architecture has been the ruin of modern architectural design, Mr. Sturgis tells us that there are other reasons than this why architecture is not at the close of the nineteenth century a living fine art; but it is also true that archæological study has been unfavorable to the growth of natural and original design. This, however, is because the

modern student of architecture as an art to be practiced has studied the superficial aspects of ancient styles rather than the essential nature of those styles. Again we read: "Architecture is not exactly alive; as a fine art it is not alive; what is doing in architecture cannot be compared, as to its fine-art side, with what the painters are doing, or the sculptors, or those who are working in artistic pottery, or those who are making windows of stained and painted glass." Mr. Sturgis believes that architects will produce anything worth having only when they stop copying consciously this or that style of past times. Periods such as the present may be found in the past; for instance, the history of Italian architecture from the middle of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth century—history of mere repetition, a re-editing and re-issuing of old texts.

From this book not only architects but also all lovers of architecture may gain new ideas of those former styles of building which have most powerfully influenced later styles. While the part given to Greek architecture is of great interest, yet we have found the description of the progress and decline of the fifteenth and following centuries of even greater value, perhaps because in the latter time there was greater evidence of the application of decorative art to buildings. Most interesting of all, however, is Mr. Sturgis's description of the time which we love to call the Gothic age. Here not only text but illustrations give us a new and delightful *aperçu* of the development of the Gothic from the Romanesque. That wonderful time, 1150 to 1350, when Spain, Belgium, and western Germany quickly adopted the new ideas, when England began modifying her Romanesque, and when France built the most beautiful cathedrals the world has ever seen, we find also an age of faith. It was an age when architecture was more intimately bound up with religion than before or since. It was an age when those royal saints, Louis and Ferdinand, when the great founders of monastic orders, Francis and Dominic, and, above all, when the great Dante himself, lived. If we do not find in Mr. Sturgis's volume many suggestions of this larger life so intimately bound up with architecture and architecture with it, we will not find too much fault with the author, since he has given us exactly what he has planned, namely, the analysis of his own art, and that is surely valuable.

New Books

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending November 27. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

The Gospel in Brief, by Count Tolstoï, translated from the Russian original, embodying the author's last alterations and revisions (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York), is one of a series from Count Tolstoï's religious and philosophic writings undertaken with his consent and approval. It is, so to speak, a translation of the Gospel as interpreted by Count Tolstoï. His interpretations appear to us to be partial and incomplete; but even so, they present that part of the Gospels which theologians have too much neglected and omitted, and are important as a means of supplementing, if not correcting, other interpretations quite as partial and incomplete in other respects.—*What All the World's a-Seeking*, by Ralph Waldo Trine (George H. Ellis, Boston), is an exposition of the simple Christian principle that we find our own lives in losing them in the service of others, and that there is no such thing as finding true happiness or true greatness by searching for it directly; both must come indirectly through the rendering of service. This simple truth needs to be continually restated and freshly applied, and this work Mr. Trine has done with clearness and simplicity.—George J. Holyoake, in *English Secularism: A Confession of Belief* (The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago), starts out with an assumption which, of course, The Outlook repudiates as entirely unfounded—this, namely, that Christianity does not tolerate any selection of such portions of the Christian Scriptures for the guide of life as possess the mark of intrinsic truth. He assumes that free thought and Christianity are inconsistent, and deals with such incidents as Samson killing a thousand Philistines with the jawbone of an ass as though this story, told in the Bible to illustrate the conception of an olden time, was one of the foundation-stones of Christianity. Such a book is valuable only as an illustration of a type of theological argument which is wholly antiquated, and this whether it appears as a defender or an assailant of Christian faith.

We have already spoken editorially of *The Bible as Literature* (see The Outlook for November 21). A greater part of the contents originally appeared in The Outlook. Professor Richard D. Moulton, the Rev. J. P. Peters, Dr. A. B. Bruce, Dr. Henry van Dyke, Dr. J. M. Whiton, Professor Genung, Dr. M. R. Vincent, W. E. Griffis, Lyman Abbott, and others are contributors. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

The latest addition to the *International Critical Commentary* is a critical and exegetical commentary on the *Gospel According to St. Luke*, by the Rev. Alfred Plummer, D.D., of University College, Durham. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) The writer has both the scholar's knowledge and the scholar's spirit necessary for the preparation of such a commentary. His preface is in its spirit a model of modest scholarship. His cautious statements under Section Nine of the Introduction, "Literary History," are admirable illustrations

of the non-dogmatic spirit which is the first condition of true exegesis. We know nothing on the third Gospel which more thoroughly meets the wants of the Biblical scholar.—*The Imperial Christ* is a volume of sermons by John P. Coyle, D.D., with a biographical introduction by President Gates, of Iowa College (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), and accompanied with an admirable portrait of this preacher, whose death was a great loss to the whole Christian Church. It is difficult to characterize these sermons in a few words. Dr. Coyle was a keen and careful thinker, a true mystic, a deep lover. He saw, he reasoned, he felt, and these three elements enter into his sermons, making them at once profoundly because spiritually logical, and warmly true. They possess that truth which is life and that life which is truth. They deserve a high place in the sermon literature of the present age.

The Shadow Christ, by Gerald Stanley Lee (The Century Company, New York), may be regarded as a series of short poems in prose. Its one defect is that it is somewhat too poetical for prose, and somewhat too prosaic for poetry.—*The Bible and the Child* (The Macmillan Company, New York) contains eight chapters furnished by such writers as Dean Farrar, Dr. Horton, Dean Fremantle, Dr. Washington Gladden, Professor Frank C. Porter. Their object is to show how the results of the modern criticism may be taken advantage of in giving Bible instruction to the young. Several of these articles were originally published in *The Outlook*. We commend the volume heartily to mothers and Sabbath-school teachers as showing the spirit in which modern Biblical instruction should be carried on.—*Four Bible Studies* (A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York) contains in four chapters interpretations of three parables and one unparabolic teaching in the New Testament. They are simple, interpretative, and exegetical along somewhat new lines.

NOVELS AND TALES

A long story by the hand of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris is an interesting event in the current literary history, and *Sister Jane, Her Friends and Acquaintances* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston) will take its place as one of the notable books of the season, with the likelihood of being a notable book for many seasons to come. Mr. Harris is one of the most genuine and original of contemporary American writers, and "Uncle Remus" is one of the few figures who during the past decade have taken a permanent place in American fiction. In this volume, which is a study of Southern village life, Mr. Harris's quiet tone, his pervasive humor, and his direct and picturesque style are at their best.

A volume of *Chap-Book Stories* has been gathered from the periodical bearing the same name. As all who read "The Chap-Book" would expect, cleverness and striving after effect are oddly blended in this fiction. Here are tales by Octave Thanet, Maria Louise Pool, and Katharine Bates which one can heartily praise for their feeling and art; with them are other tales which are forced and unnatural. The cover strains after the primitive and attains the grotesque. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)—*John Littlejohn of J.*, by George Morgan (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia), a story of the Revolutionary War, deals with the cabal against Washington, and the privations of the army at Valley Forge. There is practically no plot in the story, and the characters are not well drawn.

We have followed *Captain Gore's Courtship* through storms, mutinies, murder, and shipwreck, and have now left the Captain with the lady of his choice. The book, which has slight worth, is by Mr. Jenkins Hains, and is attractively published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.—A Chinese myth seems to be partly responsible for the volume of tales called *The Maker of Moons*, by Mr. R. W. Chambers, but the main responsibility with them might be laid to an attack of indigestion and resultant dreams. Noisome beasts are only too omnipresent, and all the characteristics are plotlessly intermingled in true nightmare fashion. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

The third volume of the Harvard Historical Studies has as its subject *A Study of Nullification in South Carolina*, and is by Professor David Franklin Houston, of the University of Texas. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.) Our Civil War—its logical outcome—gives to nullification its chief interest. If for no other reason, the present volume has value as showing that by 1832 the feelings of most South Carolinians were alienated from the Union, but a greater reason why Professor Houston's book is worth reading is that his study of nullification traces the movement from within; most accounts look at it from without.—It is pleasanter to think of *The Adventures of Roger L'Estrange* (The Macmillan Company, New York) as real history than as a possible historical novel. Roger was a captain in the Florida army of the Marquis Hernando de Soto, and the account of his adventures has been translated from the Spanish and prepared for publication by Mr. Dominick Daly. The book is prefaced by some remarks from Mr. Henry M. Stanley, M.P., and also by an excellent route-map showing the army's march from Tampa Bay to the Mississippi near its junction with the Arkansas River, and the probable march and counter-march west of the Mississippi. The narration is delightfully candid and straightforward. A boy would enjoy such a story, and a man equally well, for we learn much about a great discoverer, of whom too little is known; indeed, it may be said that, next to Columbus's discovery, the finding of the Mississippi was the most notable feat of the sixteenth century.

We have accepted a certain class of newspapers as the result of the innate vulgarity of the people of these days who buy them, who make their existence possible. Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, whose researches in the records of the earliest periods of American history have resulted in enriching this field of knowledge, has in *Curious Punishments* (Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago) proved that the sensational jour-

nal is not the product of these latter days. Mrs. Anne Royal, of Washington, D. C., was punished by ducking. This lady was the owner and editor of a paper called "The Paul Pry," and another "The Huntress." To quote: "She soon terrorized the place. No one in public office was spared, either in personal or printed abuse, if any offense or neglect was given her. A persistent lobbyist, she was shunned like the plague." She was arraigned as a common scold and sentenced to a ducking. There was a certain kind of wisdom in those early citizens which has disappeared in these later days. "Curious Punishments" reveals the temper and the moral standards of these Americans. The students of American history will find this book a mine of information on a subject not generally understood—that is, the relations of society to the criminal in the American colonies.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

As a critic Mr. Zangwill has a ready wit, a pleasing colloquial style, and an agreeably ironical manner. He is rarely caustic, not often sentimental, usually sound in feeling. Most of us have already perused with pleasure many of his talks on men, books, and things now collected in a book, as they have been printed in the "Critic" and the "Pall Mall Magazine" under the title *Without Prejudice*. Frankly, they read more easily bit by bit in serial form than as a continuous series of essays. Mr. Zangwill is rather too leisurely for the purposes of a book. In the mass his writing has lightness of manner rather than weight of substance. In other words, these chapters are pleasant but unimportant. They often have the sparkle of wit and keenness of observation, but they do not materially increase our knowledge or suggest really critical thought. (The Century Company, New York.)

POETRY AND MUSIC

Mr. J. Churton Collins, who is a thoroughly trained editor, has prepared a new anthology which is likely to find favor with a good many readers. In these days it is almost impossible to read as a whole the British minor poets; one needs what Mr. Collins has prepared, *A Treasury of Minor British Poets* (Edward Arnold, New York)—a selection judiciously made from a vast mass of verse which is often very felicitous, suggestive, and stimulating, but which does not rank with the greater work in the English language. It is true that the "Golden Treasury," Mr. Ward's "English Poets," and other anthologies have included many contributions from minor poets, but these have had a very subordinate place. In this substantial and compact volume ample space is given to poems which, although not great, are beloved of all readers of English poetry. When such verses as "The Ancient Cuckoo Song," which has come down from a very early period, can be ranked as minor verse, it speaks well for the major verse of the language. It is not improbable that such a volume as this will bring more pleasure to a larger number of intelligent English readers than a selection of the same compass from the very greatest English verse; for the minor poets are often very near their fellows, and have the gift of expressing the common feeling in a sympathetic and tender fashion.

It is probable that Miss Edith Thomas never wrote an inferior poem. The volume of her verse just issued (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), and called *A Winter Swallow*, will lead one close to certainty. Hers has come to be an almost unerring hand; but if we must criticize, let us say that we like the work in the shorter lyrics better than that in the longer poems.

Dr. W. Garrett Horder, the well-known English hymnologist, has made an admirable collection of American verse, which is tastefully printed and issued by Henry Frowde (93 Fifth Avenue, New York), under the title *Treasury of American Sacred Song*. It will probably be a surprise to many readers to find how much sacred poetry of a high order has been written by American writers. This volume is certainly the fullest and most careful presentation of this kind of verse which has yet been made. Mr. Horder acknowledges his obligations to many Americans for aid in bringing together this body of verse.

Mr. R. K. Munkittrick's latest collection of verse, *The Acrobatic Muse* (Way & Williams, Chicago), contains a great deal that is humorous, skillful, and odd, but it also contains a number of very simple and tender verses, full of poetic feeling. Mr. Munkittrick has a light touch and a strong sense of the humorous, but he has also genuine poetic feeling and often distinct felicity of expression.

Nine Love Songs and a Carol. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) These handsomely printed and daintily bound "prentice songs," as Mrs. Wiggin herself apologetically calls them, will serve her host of admirers capably as a personal souvenir, but they will not add anything to her artistic reputation among people of a trained musical taste.—A better contribution to musical literature is *Songs of Childhood* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), which consists of some of Eugene Field's best-known children's verses set to music by Reginald De Koven and others. It is necessary to state that some of these others are Arthur Foote, G. W. Chadwick, W. W. Gilchrist, and Edgar Stillman Kelley, in support of our opinion that the musical quality of the book is of a higher order than the title-page would indicate. Many of the settings are charming, and deserve a place alongside of J. W. Elliott's "Mother Goose Melodies"—the best collection of children's songs we know of.

NEW EDITIONS

The Temple Shakespeare was so widely appreciated and gave so great satisfaction by reason of its attractive form that the publishers have wisely resolved to issue a number of English classics in the same general shape, and the first of the Temple Dramatists, which reproduces the characteristics of the Temple Shakespeare with slight variations, is devoted to John Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, one of the greatest and most terrible tragedies of the Renaissance. Although Webster belongs in the second generation of Elizabethan dramatists, his work has the fire, passion, and force of the very earliest of that great group. His faults are, like those of Marlowe, the faults of ex-

cessive power. The present play, with "Vittoria Corombona," more popularly known as "The White Devil," not only embody Webster's greatest work, but they belong among the greatest works of the English drama. In this edition "The Duchess of Malfi" is edited, with a preface, notes and glossary, by C. Vaughan. The preface is a model in its way, and the notes are of the kind which every reader finds helpful. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

TRAVEL AND SPORT

A well printed and illustrated volume has been made of Mr. S. J. Stone's *In and Beyond the Himalayas*. Its sub-title, "A Record of Sport and Travel," hardly does the book full justice. It is, in fact, a thoroughly interesting study of life in the mountainous regions of India, and includes valuable records of exploration in the Himalayas and near Tibet. A map should have been added. The sporting incidents are thrilling and well related. (Edward Arnold, New York.)

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates is a children's classic. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge would have made all children her debtors even had she never written anything but this book. The present edition, The Amsterdam (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), is beautifully illustrated by Allen B. Doggett.—The bound volumes of *St. Nicholas* for one year are in themselves a library. History, science, poetry, biography, travel, art, fiction, are to be found between its covers. The child of any age from six to seventy-six who cannot find entertainment and education in this library is to be pitied. The standard of excellence maintained by the editors makes "St. Nicholas" the American standard of literature for children.—Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York, publish two books of biographical sketches by William H. Thayer, *The Women who Win* and *The Men who Win*. The attempt is made in these books to give a sketch of the leading figures in the world of art, philanthropy, theology, oratory, reform, humanitarianism. To those who can own but a few books these sketches will be found very useful.—For some unexplained reason the Great Plague of London has furnished the background for several books published for children this year. The opportunities for a display of heroism and unselfishness that this great calamity furnished have been used by the author, E. Everett-Green, of *The Sign of the Red Cross*, published by the same firm. The heroine and the hero are balanced by a dissipated youth of the time and his companions. While the horrors of the time are depicted, the writer has refrained from too realistic a description.—The fortunate heroine of *A Genuine Girl*, by Jeanie Gould Lincoln, will be an object of envy to the girls who read of her. Beautiful, good, rich, born into the highest social grade, a charming nature that makes everybody her slave—these characteristics, in fact, invest all of the characters in this book. This is a bit of writing that depicts ideal social conditions for school-girls. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

To make a good book for boys, and more particularly a good book about boys' sports, one needs to be a good deal of a boy himself. Mr. D. C. Beard, more generally and familiarly known as Dan Beard, has just this qualification; he gets the boy's point of view, the boy's sense of fun, the boy's love for what is new, ingenious, or queer. *The American Boy's Book of Sport* is not a compilation, as are so many books of its class; it grows out of many "curbstone interviews with boys," out of consultations with experts in football, golf, bicycling, camping out, skating, boating, kite-flying, and other forms of sport and play; and out of a thorough personal knowledge of outdoor life and games. The author's skill in drawing has been used to add to the clearness of the directions. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Of three stories for boys sent us by T. Nelson & Sons (New York) we like best Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley's *Baffling the Blockade*, a lively tale of the Civil War; Herbert Hayens's *Clevely Sahib* has a stirring subject in the story of Khyber Pass and the Afghan War; it is written in a spirited way; Evelyn Everett-Green's *Dominique's Vengeance* is a tale of France and Florida in the time of Queen Elizabeth, full of incident but rather stilted in style. All three stories are attractively printed.—Ascott R. Hope is a favorite among English boy readers. His *Black and Blue* is one of his best tales of school life and of outdoor sport. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)—Horatio Alger, Jr., in his latest story, tells of the temptations and trials of a *Young Salesman*. (H. T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.)

SCHOOL BOOKS

For the benefit of classes in literature an annotated edition of Shakespeare is being published by Silver, Burdett & Co., New York, edited by Dr. Homer B. Sprague. *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* have just appeared in this edition.—The love of children for animals is one of the universal facts. This love has led the writers for children to dramatize in prose and verse the life lived by animals in every environment. Miss Emilie Poulsson, whose "Finger Plays" is one of the classics of kindergarten literature, has just written *Through the Farmyard Gate*. (Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston.) This book is intended for both the home and the kindergarten. The lives of a mother rabbit and her two children, Lapino and Trottiore, abound in incident and tragedy. Kindness and unselfishness are revealed, and the evils of disobedience and selfishness are most dramatically proved in the experiences of sparrow and pony, of dogs and chickens. The book is beautifully illustrated by L. J. Bridgman.

Professor L. C. Miall, who is already known as a charming writer on natural history, has published through the Macmillan Company, New York, *Round the Year*, a series of short nature-studies. They tell us many new facts about snow, frost, moisture, the moon, plants, insects, and birds.

The newly issued volume of *The Century* (Vol. XXX., May to October, 1896) contains the latter part of Professor Sloane's "Life

of Napoleon," with its really superb illustrations; fiction by Mrs. Ward, Mr. Howells, Mr. Crawford, Mrs. Foote, Mrs. Barr, and a dozen or more of other writers; Mr. Glave's and Mr. Bryce's important articles on Africa; Mr. Crawford's articles on Rome; and the usual rich variety of illustrated articles, poems, papers, editorial comments, and "Open Letters." The literary and art standards are maintained at a very high level. The magazine is one of which all Americans are proud. (The Century Company, New York.)

Literary Notes

—"The Foundations of Belief," by Mr. Arthur James Balfour, has just been translated into French.

—Prince Nicholas of Montenegro has written a play entitled "The Empress of the Balkans," and his second son has now set his father's play to music. The play has already been translated into German.

—It is said that the place among the artists of "Punch" occupied by the late George du Maurier may be taken by Mr. Phil May, a clever artist and one of poignant wit, but whose individuality is far from being that of the man who has so long depicted English society for us. Mr. May's forthcoming book, "Gutter Snipes," is one in which text as well as illustrations have been supplied by the artist.

—The Norwegian discoverer, Dr. Nansen, has received \$25,000 for the German rights, the same sum for the Scandinavian rights, and \$50,000 for the English rights for his forthcoming book. The book will be fully illustrated, and preparations are under way for its translation in several languages. It is said that the discoverer will receive a much greater sum than any of those above mentioned for his lecture tour.

—Dr. Conan Doyle's new historical romance is to be known as "Uncle Bernac." It deals with a stirring period in French history. In his last letter Mr. Harold Frederic says that, in response to an invitation from Stevenson to visit him in Samoa, Dr. Doyle asked the great romancer how one got there. "Oh," said Stevenson, "you go to America, cross the continent to San Francisco, and then it's the second turning to the left."

—Brightly colored special Christmas numbers of English weeklies—the "Graphic," "London Illustrated News," "Figaro," and "Lady's Pictorial"—come to us from the International News Company of this city. The "Graphic" has short stories by Bret Harte, Weyman, Norris, and others; the "News," stories by Crawford, Hardy, and Grant Allen; the "Figaro" is superior in the comparatively reserved and quiet taste of its illustrations.

—Two interesting books dealing with the late George du Maurier, announced for immediate publication, are, first, his own "English Society," containing about a hundred of his famous illustrations. Mr. Howells contributes an introduction. The second is by Mr. Felix Moscheles, and is entitled "In Bohemia with Du Maurier." The volume is illustrated with over sixty drawings. In this book we are taken to Antwerp, and find Tadema, Mario, and other students in that "Bohemia."

—Mr. Zangwill's department in the "Pall Mall Magazine" called "Without Prejudice" is to be discontinued, and it is announced that Mr. Quiller-Couch will write a similar department to be called "From a Cornish Window." It may be rather a refreshing change from Mr. Zangwill to Mr. Quiller-Couch. The first writes—as the "Critic" well says—as a man who lives indoors among books; the other as a man whose real life is out-of-doors, and for whom books are a pleasant pastime.

—Seven years ago this month The Outlook began the publication of an annual "Book Number." So far as we know, it was the first journal to adopt the plan of a special illustrated issue devoted to literary news. The idea found favor, not only with our readers, but with our contemporaries, and now it would be hard to say how many periodicals are issuing "Book Numbers" about this time of year. The latest example is the Chicago "Evening Post," which devotes sixteen pages of its regular issue of November 28 to illustrated reviews and announcements of the books of the day. The "Post's" book number is the most successful attempt of the kind that we have observed on the part of a daily journal, and reflects credit, not only on its publishers, but on Chicago, since it indicates that books and reading play an important part in the life of that community.

—The Springfield "Republican" makes the recently published volume on "The Present Distribution of Wealth in the United States," by Charles B. Spahr, Ph.D., of the editorial staff of The Outlook, the text for an article of a column and a half on the concentration of wealth. The "Republican" is not one of those journals which are inclined to treat the matter as if there were no great National problem involved in it. After stating that Dr. Spahr's essay is "by all odds the most thorough and impressive study of the question which has yet been presented," and after giving to its readers a comprehensive syllabus of Dr. Spahr's statements of fact and deductions therefrom, the "Republican" concludes as follows:

There is here presented a problem which the people of wealth and influence must face whether they will or no. It cannot be laughed down or beaten down. We have only just seen the first lifting of the standard of revolt against the present social order call to its support over 6,000,000 of the 13,000,000 voters of the nation. That vast power was not concentrated by any whim of the moment, but by a deep-seated sense of wrong and injustice in the control and direction of industry. And as surely as there exists good ground for complaint, so surely will this movement grow up to a day of change—and whether change shall come gradually or radically or violently will depend, as all history shows, upon whether the problem is earnestly and conscientiously faced by the influential classes early or late or not at all.

[For list of Books Received see page 1109]

The Spectator

In his journeyings oft, for many years, over a much-traveled route between New York and one of the most delightful of its suburbs, the Spectator has found in a study of the homes along the way his best teaching (amply illustrated and demonstrated) in social science and home economics. He confesses to persistent peering into the uncurtained windows along "the elevated," to prying into the corners of malarious back yards in Jersey, and even to inspecting, as thoroughly as may be done in a flash-view from a car window, the clothing—particularly of children—as seen flapping from clothes-lines. As a panorama, showing how thousands live on what Thackeray calls "nothing a year," what may be seen from the windows of any suburban train is unequaled.

Depressing as prominent feature of the picture too often are, particularly when little children and young girls make all else of secondary moment, the Spectator, even after a careful reading of some pessimistic newspaper prophet in crossing the ferry, flies through Jersey with his hope of the betterment of the homes of the poor along the track-side still aglow. He can see many signs of promise from his car window—only one of which, and that not of the greatest moment, will he note at present—viz., the reading instinct—the interest in these humble homes in the news of the day. How surely the tide flooding Wall Street with newspapers reaches these squalid doorways when work is done, when sooty-faced men, and boys even, will be reading and discussing it all on the curbstones and street corners! This reading instinct in a class which without it might be called dangerous means much to the Spectator. Is it not a link to a better condition, a sure lever for betterment, a proof that the industrious poor are not so hopelessly shut within a world of their own as many believe? How many of those noisy gamins, think you, do not know the picture of Li Hung Chang at first sight, and can tell you not a little about him and the land he came from? That the newspaper is read in the majority of the homes of the poor (excepting those of the foreign element, and even there it is to be seen), and books of some sort as well, is one of the things the Spectator has learned from his car window; the books, he trusts, are not greatly inferior to what many of his fellow-travelers are reading. When the schools are open, the disappearance of many of the children during school hours leads the Spectator to believe that they are where their reading instinct is under cultivation.

Many are they, the Spectator knoweth full well, who fail to see how salvation cometh to the poor through the reading of newspapers. Is education, they ask, the sure antidote for all the ills of humanity? Has not Spencer said truly that faith in lesson books and readings is one of the superstitions of the age? But what of those homes if the dwellers therein could not and would not read—not even the newspapers? If the reading instinct were as dead within them as is the art instinct in many homes—say in the homes of the majority who survey so critically these humble dwellings from a car window—what then? . . . A plea for trash in fiction, for the wishy-washy love stories of certain novelists always greatly in demand in any public library which has not excluded their voluminous "works" from its shelves, has been made upon the ground that the readers of such stuff, if they did not have it to read, would read nothing at all; that the only way by which they may be trained into an appetite for something better is through a preliminary course of such weak, tasteless diet. Happy for them if it be not spiced with what destroys a healthy appetite forever! If they prove mentally inadequate to attaining to better things, their intellects, such as they have, will not have been greatly damaged, but rather benefited, all in all. Another defender of what is usually called trashy novels—meaning, of course, only the harmless variety—declares that in them lies the surest infallible

antidote for Mormonism. "Give the Mormon girls," says he, "a surfeit of Mrs. —'s and Mrs. —'s love stories, and community-husbands will be relegated by them to the past of their grandmothers."

Mr. Howells has recently made the statement that in literary taste Americans, as a people, are Philistine to the last degree. "We who are near to literature," says he, "have no conception how far from it most people are. The immense majority of homes . . . have no books in them, except the Bible and a semi-religious volume or two—things you never see out of such homes—and the State business directory." How true it is that any book stands for literature with this majority; to have written a book, no matter what that book is about, is a marvelous achievement; to have personal acquaintance with the writer of a book—any book—is great distinction. It is from this multitude—voracious devourers in the main of what to them is literature—that a legion of writers draw incomes far exceeding those of acknowledged masters of fiction. The book that has the largest sale appeals to the multitude at once; and as it invariably buys what sensational advertisers recommend, and that without the slightest discrimination in literary values, the enormous sales of many worthless books are easily to be accounted for.

The book that one buys or carries to read upon a train is a pretty sure test, the Spectator has learned, of nearness or remoteness, in taste at least, to genuine literature. The books that sell best on railroad trains, and those that the majority of travelers read, are far off from literature; but the Spectator, in looking back over his thirty years or more of constant travel, during which he has carefully noted the reading of his fellow-travelers, can testify to a marked development for the better in literary discrimination, slow as that development has been. The names of the best writers of fiction—fiction that is literature—count for something more than they did with the average reader of thirty years ago; pocket editions of Shakespeare and the classics are more frequently seen; and, all in all, the reading instinct of the Philistine, so called, like that of the tenements, may be counted among the evolutionary forces tending to the uplifting of a people.

"The true test of real literary taste," says a friend of the Spectator, "is not so much in what one reads upon a train—that is absurd—as in what he chooses to read upon a Sunday afternoon of uninterrupted leisure." One's Sunday reading, when carefully provided for, he affirms, is a sure revelation of the soul's true appetite—as is the Sunday dinner, in most households, of what a family likes best. "And, considering what meager provision is made in many Christian families for Sunday reading, the only wonder is that our spiritual famine as a people is not greater than it is." And by Sunday reading is meant the best that literature can give for the higher life of the children—a carefully made selection from the poets, a master sketch in fiction, and, if possible, an interesting summary of the events of the week. This friend's gift in retelling news paragraphs of The Outlook for his boys and girls is a rare one. Only recently was it revealed to the Spectator what the Sunday afternoon reading in a majority of families of the better middle class is like. He was appointed one of a committee for enlisting the residents of a charming suburban town in the maintenance of a mission chapel. The avenue assigned him was one well lined with handsome houses—the owners salaried men in the main—heads of departments in large business houses. He chose Sunday afternoon, at an hour when the wide verandas would be filled with family groups. In pleading his cause he did not omit to note the reading matter on each veranda. The big Sunday newspaper was foremost; then the local daily; popular second-rate novels were common; occasionally a religious weekly was to be seen, or one of the monthly magazines; but there was a lamentable lack, on the whole, of literary atmosphere, and (he has

never been called a religious prig) of the religious atmosphere as well. Not a few of these church-going families were descendants of Puritans. How great the difference between their summer afternoons on a spacious porch and those of their ancestors in the old New England kitchen! And think of the change in the reading!

The Spectator sees in the best of our monthly magazines an educational force that should be utilized for the people by our public libraries oftener than it is. The constant readers of the best of the magazines are pretty sure to acquire, if they have it not, a discriminating taste in reading—a taste for what is best in literature. The Free Public Library of Milwaukee is one of the few that gives out the best of the magazines, placed in boards, to be returned in one week.

The Spectator would say one word in behalf of a large class of readers, notably lacking, for many good reasons, in literary discrimination. He means the better class of farmers, and the dwellers in small villages remote from the large cities. If ever he is moved by what Spencer calls the *must-do-something tendency*, it is when he sees in an almost bookless farm-house (under the shadow of a heavy mortgage), one of those gaudily bound local or county histories, which has cost enough to furnish the family with an ample supply of the best of reading. As history these books, as a rule, are inaccurate and misleading; but the descendants of pioneers are led to believe by the wily agents securing subscriptions in advance of publication that the biographies of pioneers and their descendants, with photogravures or woodcuts of the same, and views of the first log hut, the present residence of the family, etc., are indispensable for the archives of the county, for the maintenance of family dignity and repute, and for the education of the rising generation, particularly in the history of their native town. Fifty, even one hundred, dollars and more, are not infrequently paid by well-to-do farmers and villagers for a place, "with illustrations"—horrible distortions of plain, honest faces—in one of these machine-made histories, compared with which the "State Business Directory," mentioned by Howells, is a valuable acquisition of information and entertainment.

"We never know what we want until we get what we don't want," was a homely saying impressed upon the Spectator in his early youth. Through long feeding upon husks cometh sharp hunger for good corn. Through long feeding upon trash is there not hope that the reading instinct of the people will yet demand for its reading what is literature in the fullest sense of the word?

Mount Holyoke and Oberlin

When, in 1833, the little colony at Oberlin was struggling with the problem of how to found a school in the great woods of the Western Reserve, Miss Grant and Mary Lyon were teaching in Iswich Seminary. They were greatly interested in the new movement, because it promised higher education to women. The next year they sent to Oberlin, partly as a donation from their pupils, but largely as a personal gift, four hundred and fifty dollars. This money came at a most opportune time, when the various lines that made for Oberlin's future usefulness were being laid, and it entered into the very foundations of the work.

In 1837 Mary Lyon founded Mount Holyoke, an institution that has always stood for what was best in woman's education.

During the present year it has lost by fire its largest and most valuable building, and is now facing the difficult question of how to rebuild. Oberlin has just sent a Thanksgiving letter of sympathy and good cheer to the Faculty, and, as an earnest of what it would like to do, a check for four hundred and fifty dollars.

G.

The Home Club

One Form of Child-Study

Child-study has not stopped at the noting and recording the mental phenomena of the object studied. It has studied the physical development of the child; it has studied and recorded the physical changes of the child for comparison. It has, with the aid of science, discovered that perfect physical condition is necessary if the child's mental growth is to be natural. Dr. Oliver C. Wiggam, Professor of Comparative Anatomy in the Rhode Island College of Agriculture, has sent the following communication in response to a subscriber's request for information:

Dear Outlook: "Pater," in the department of the Home Club, November 14, asks the "average heights of boys and girls at 12-14-16 years of age." He also wishes to know if there are "exercises especially likely to increase height."

At one time I weighed and measured 6,000 school children between the ages of five and eighteen years. The results may be of general interest to your readers as well as to "Pater." They were all in city schools, and of different parentage as to nationality. I will give but few of the facts brought out, as your space will allow no more.

Boys and girls at the age of five weigh and measure about the same—weight, 40 pounds; height, 41 inches. The boys keep a trifle ahead of the girls till twelve years old, when the girls shoot rapidly ahead in height and weight. At the age of thirteen the girls are 57 inches and the boys 56 inches tall; the girls weigh 84 pounds, the boys 80 pounds. At fourteen and a half years they are of the same height again—60 inches. A year later they are of the same weight—105 pounds. Boys now grow much more rapidly. Girls get their height at the age of seventeen and a half years—62 inches; weight, 115 pounds. Boys of this age, 66 inches, 128 pounds. Boys at the age of nineteen years are 67 inches tall, and weigh 135 pounds.

In comparing children of Irish and American parentage, I do not find any marked variation. Irish boys are a little heavier than Irish girls (about 5 pounds) up to the age of eleven, but they are together at twelve years.

Belgian boys (Quetelet) are taller by an inch than girls all through the race. At nineteen years they are 3 inches taller, but at twelve and a half years they weigh the same—64 lbs. The girls are a year or two later in getting their growth than American girls. At eighteen and a half years they are 52 inches tall and weigh 110 lbs.

English factory children are together in growth at four different periods—nine and one-half, twelve and one-half, fifteen and one-half, and eighteen and one-half. Boys and girls weigh alike at the latter age, 115 lbs., and are of nearly the same height, 63 inches. The boys are dwarfed.

At the age of eighteen years American high-school boys are an inch taller and four pounds heavier than either Irish or American boys in common pursuits. American school-girls are taller and heavier than Irish school-girls up to the age of eighteen years, when they are alike.

English boys of non-laboring parentage are taller by one to two inches all through life than laboring boys. They are heavier till the age of twenty, when they each weigh 145 lbs. They are 68 inches and 67 inches tall, respectively.

American boys of non-laboring parents are taller and heavier up to the age of eighteen than the English boys of the same class. They are then together.

The German boy in America has a more uniform growth through life than his brother in Berlin, but he is two years later in gaining it, contrary to what would be expected. They both average with the American.

The above statistics give some hints as to favorable conditions of growth. They are, in short, all those hygienic surroundings which parents of means can throw around their children—abundant and nourishing food, pure air, good sleeping apartments, sensible exercise, country outings, bathing facilities, and a steady, uniform training of the nervous system, in school and out. An abundant supply of blood, enough but not too much exercise of all the muscles, and a steady development of the brain are the chief factors of growth. Exercises especially favorable to growth are walking, rowing, lawn-tennis, and golf. Bicycle exercise should be healthful both to boys and girls, but it is often the cause of distortion of the forming skeleton, owing to bad position of the rider and excessive distances covered. Girls are seldom offenders in these respects. Football, baseball, boat-racing, and heavy gymnastics are dangerous, unhygienic, and barbarous sports.

O. C. W.

It is an evidence of the advance of knowledge that the wise parent to-day studies his child

and measures his physical development by the physical standards that science has established. He keeps himself in touch with the best knowledge. Foods are no longer considered merely the natural provision to meet the demands of hunger, but as the remedies, the protection, the substitutes provided to meet the physical needs of each body. This is one of the results of child-study. Precociousness and stupidity are regarded as symptoms, and no longer as the cause of pride or shame. The physical causes are studied. If the child is stupid, his sight, his hearing, may be at fault. If he does not spell, an effort is made to discover whether he is tone-deaf. If he grows tired quickly, common sense seeks to discover whether his chair and his desk are suited to his height. If he is irritable, it becomes a question of food. If he does not develop physically, it becomes a question of exercise and nutrition. The temple of the Holy Ghost is considered as worthy of the best care and intelligence that time and education have developed.

From a Mother

In the issue of The Outlook of November 7 a mother of four children asks how she can adjust her time and secure freedom from her several duties to organize a club for child study. She states frankly that she has a limited income, and must make and mend for her family. One mother has written in reply. We publish it in full, because it shows what one woman can do:

Dear Outlook: I should like to reply to the "Mother's Question" and give her some of my experience, for I have been considered a woman who accomplished wonders in the past nineteen years of married life, and, except for an occasional failure of "nerves," the old energy keeps up.

In the first place, I would most strongly advise her not to assign to herself a certain amount of time for self-improvement. She will find that impossible, and may become discouraged. If the day is full with the "twins and two older children," let her keep the evening for herself. Then is the time when babies are tucked in bed and safely sleeping, and the tired mother can relax physically while bracing up mentally! If she has had no opportunity to read during the day, her mind will come to her book freshened by disuse, and she will not have the feeling that something is being neglected. The secret of living, what is it? Is it not to learn to take things easily, not overtax one's strength as one grows older? To learn what is one's duty to herself as well as to her family, and to follow up that knowledge? To be sure, it takes twenty years—sometimes—to do this, and I agree with Du Maurier that "one doesn't begin to live until one's forty-two!"

It is a woman's duty to improve her gifts if she has any. We all know this, but how difficult it is to do it! Perhaps a glimpse of how I have accomplished some things may help the mother writing to The Outlook.

The opportunity came to learn French of a native teacher—the one chance, probably, for me—and so the three lessons a week were studied and recited with a baby crawling over my lap and up behind my back, but neither the absorbed professor nor myself seemed to mind it, and I learned rapidly and well—as my memory testifies. If one is born with a love of music and is endowed with a voice, must it be given up because of marriage? I thought not, and so studied and practiced for months with different teachers, and if not much benefit was derived by friends and neighbors, my children may reap it in future years. The practicing was done with a baby sitting in his buggy close to the piano, and evidently enjoying it, judging from his crowing. Was anything neglected? Did the other children go ragged to school? Was the house in disorder? Anything waiting to be done? Nothing that could not wait, as the practice only lasted ten minutes at a time, and the whole family enjoyed the music later on, especially when the grown daughter played her mother's accompaniment.

Every mother must learn her own competency as well as limitations. Ah! these limitations! These fences that are built up before us, hedging in our own ambitions, our talents, just as we begin to realize we have them, and how we have to learn to give up some of them and cultivate others moderately! But we know we can look through the fences and see our children going on in the ways we cannot go, until they reach their limitations. This is law.

As to the "Kindergarten Club," not being born with a love for or a gift for public duty, how can I advise? But if the mother would read Harriet Martineau's "Household Education," it will help her or

any other mother in the government of herself and the up-bringing of her children as nothing else, not even kindergarten literature, will. If this book could be distributed to the different mothers, perhaps a "club" would not be necessary, and so her time could be given at home. But if she feels a "call" to go to the club, and can leave the twins safely in some one's charge, I should advise her to go. "When there's a will, there's a way." If she lives in a small town and people think she is queer, is a crank, let it not disturb her so long as her husband is satisfied, children happy, and her home has the reputation of being a hospitable and cultivated one. Yes, a married woman can bear children—I have had seven—can read, study, sing, sew, be without "help," have sickness and death to meet, keep up with the times in everything, and feel fresh and young and ready for more improvement and advancement, if she will only hold on to her *grit* and her *grip*, and keep busy every minute of her fast-flying time.

J. P. W.

It is evident that this mother has perfect health. Given that, there is scarcely a limit to what a woman can do. The ability "to let things go" is a most desirable gift for a mother. The women who can accept the conditions that prevent their attaining their ideals at once; the women who have a sense of proportion, and distinguish between the important and unimportant, the necessary and the unnecessary, whenever a demand is made upon them for effort, are the women who live best, accomplish the most, and are the sweetest. The nervous strain that is responsible for much of the ill health of women comes from the inward friction caused by lack of adjustment between the mental ideal and the immediate environment of time, income, strength, and duties. "Not what I will, but what I may," is a good motto for every mother. It does not lower the ideal, it builds the ladder toward it.

Wasted Funds

That able body known as the State Board of Charities of New York State proposes to issue a "Directory of Philanthropy" as soon as funds can be secured from the Legislature. It is estimated that out of an entire appropriation of \$26,000,000 to charities a large part is wasted. Of the waste of private funds no correct estimate can be made. What is true of New York is true, doubtless, of the appropriations made to charity by every State in the Union. As women are gaining positions of influence in the administration of the departments of charity in every State, as they are on all of the boards of managers of institutions making application for State funds, it becomes necessary that they should make a study of the institutions existing, their scope and aim, and by wise co-operation reduce the charity funds expended by the State, and the number of people who need charity, by a wise expenditure in the departments of health and education, making the people independent who are now living under conditions that tend to ill health and ignorance. Prevention, not cure, should be the aim of all philanthropy public and private.

Women and the Civil Service Examinations

There was recently held in New York a civil service examination for the positions of Assistant Civil Service Examiners. It was decided that the Board should have two women assistants. Sixty-two women took the examinations. The examiner was compelled to listen to the stories of many of these candidates, of their needs, and what would happen if they did not secure the positions. There is a revelation of how ignorant the mass of women are as to what a civil service examination is in the fact that a number of them asked the examiner to help them! It will take a generation to realize that the civil service exists as a test of ability and merit; that self-help is the only dependence. The questions show that all future candidates for such positions would better study United States history, the Constitution of the United States, public questions that have aroused National discussion, such as the Third Term, questions on immigration, geographical development of the country, and the meanings of words that apply to legislation in this country. The test in spelling was twenty words, with the opportunity to correct mistakes. The word "exhilarate" caused the most failures. The tests in arithmetic were simple.

For the Little People



The Kitten's Christmas-Tree

By Mary F. Butts

- "Be patient, darling kitty,
And you shall have next year
A pretty little Christmas-tree,
Your very own, my dear.
- "A little sleeping-basket,
With white wool softly lined,
Because you're fond of comfort,
Upon it you shall find.
- "And a yard of pale-blue ribbon,
That suits your mottled coat,
To tie in fancy fashion
Around your darling throat.
- "And bits of meat chopped nicely,
In silver paper pressed,
Because I wish to please you
With the things that you like best.
- "And a fish made out of candy,
Beautifully done,
Just to deceive you, kitty,
And make a little fun.
- "And little candles, kitty,
A dozen there shall be,
With balls that shine and glisten,
To light the Christmas-tree."

Georgiana's First Christmas

By Mary Allaire

Lilla, wrapped in her warm coat, was sitting in her camp or hut of mahogany logs at her father's mill, looking out at the river. Perhaps you have forgotten Lilla, whose doll came from England in the big ship which she watched as it came into the dock back of her father's mill. Do you remember that her father told her to watch the ship, and then she saw him go aboard, and come back with the long box, and when the cover was taken off there was the beautiful doll?

The doll was provided with a bed and a chair. The cedar chest of clothes stood in the corner, and slowly but surely the little house became the big doll's house. Things were moved about to make her comfortable, and the other dolls were up on the shelf covered with dust, hats crushed over their eyes, dresses wrinkled, and with such a neglected appearance that you knew the moment you looked at them that no one cared for them. Lilla called her beautiful doll Georgiana after her father, whose name was George. Georgiana learned all of Lilla's lessons, and every man about the mill remembered to ask about her when he saw Lilla.

The engineer was named Brown, and Lilla always felt that he was in some way connected with

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave. Perhaps this was because "Brown"—I'm afraid you will not think Lilla a very polite little girl, but she always called this man Brown, though he was older than her father—had been to the war. The appearance of Georgiana had broken off the intimacy with Brown. It was impossible for Lilla to carry this large daughter downstairs, and Lilla left her only when she must. The stories of the war, that helped Lilla in her history lessons when she was a larger girl, Lilla told Georgiana, but she was very careful to explain to her that the stories were much better when Brown told them. There was one man employed about the mill whom Lilla knew only by name—"Uncle John." He was the night-watchman, and had fought in the War of 1812. Once a year Uncle John was a great man.

That was when he rode down Broadway in an open carriage with a lot of the men who had fought in the same war; the rest of the year Uncle John was just the night-watchman, and lived in small rooms not far from the mill.

As I told you, Lilla was a very solemn child, and had never had children to play with. She stood now looking out on the river. It was black and cold-looking, with here and there a

slab of snow and ice tossing on the waves the passing boats made. There was a whistle down below, and Lilla knew that her uncle, only eight years older than she, was coming over the bridge that led from the mill to the drying platform where her house stood. "Well, old lady, what's up?" he called, as soon as he saw her. "Georgiana got the croup? I should think she would have it, living in this place." He sat down and pulled Lilla on his knee. "Brown says Uncle John's little grandchild has been very sick, and that they feel so bad, because they had planned a lot of things to do for her Christmas, and it has taken all their money for doctors and medicine, and now they can't have any Christmas for her."

"Is that all?" and Uncle Harry put his hand in his pocket and look out ten big pennies. "Here," and he laughingly handed them to Lilla.

She looked at him with scorn. "That would not do any good." He put them back in his pocket.

"Very well, you need not take them, but ten cents is better than nothing."

"Harry, I would like to give them something to make a tree. I have a dollar. If I could get a new head for Clara, I could wash all her clothes, and buy some new ribbons and new shoes. She would be almost new."

"Just the thing!" and before she dreamed it could be done, she was in a car and going uptown. The doll's head was found, the shoes and stockings, and Harry's despised ten cents was needed for the ribbons. You never saw a busier girl than Lilla was for a week. Harry proved a genius. He made a bedstead and a chair out of mahogany. Then a most beautiful idea came to Harry. "Lilla, have the Christmas here! Dress all the dolls and give them all away. There must be a lot of little girls without dolls."

"Georgiana will have a lovely Christmas," whispered Lilla as she leaned over her.

Lilla's papa thought it a fine idea. "The big room at the top of the drying building will be big enough and warm."

I wish you could have seen that room that Christmas night. It was trimmed with greens, and there was a tree, and the twelve dolls would never have recognized themselves. The old dresses had made over beautifully, and the new ribbons were so gay and pretty.

There was peanut-brittle enough to give each child a generous share, and the reddest apples you ever saw. Uncle John, with his long gray whiskers, was the most natural Santa Claus, and he wore his regimentals, as he called them.

Brown was there with Mrs. Brown, but it was their grandchildren who were young enough for the dolls and candy. Brown wore his uniform. Jack and Bill, two helpers, brought their mother because they had no wives, while Fisher, with all his children down to the baby, so young as to nearly have been a Christmas present himself, was there. There was a man with a violin and another with a harp. Bill played a jew's-harp and Jack the bones.

Lilla, trembling with excitement, sat on a chair behind her father when he made a speech. The little boys had no presents, for Lilla never thought of the little boys who would be there. Uncle John acted as Santa Claus, and he was the best kind. He did not frighten anybody, and he was a real grandfather, and knew how to play with children. They climbed in his lap and all over him as he sat on a pile of boards. He made jokes that everybody laughed at. Brown told a story of a Christmas in camp, and Bill and Jack danced an Irish jig. The old mother, to their surprise, bounded into the middle of the floor and joined them. When the violin began to play, the old man insisted on holding the Fishers' baby while the father and mother danced.

At last all got up in a line and danced the Virginia reel, and it was time to go home.

Uncle John came over to Lilla's papa and

whispered. He called the violinist and asked something. He nodded yes.

He and the harpist played a few notes of "America," and then all the company sang it.

Lilla told her father it had been a lovely Christmas night, the loveliest she ever knew.

Georgiana went home that night with Lilla. She slept in the room with her, and Lilla woke often in the night to look at her covered warmly on the lounge.

Harry said: "That was a jolly Christmas because it was not a package Christmas. Everybody made a contribution of fun. What they carried away was in their memories, not in their hands."

Lilla thought she understood him; she knew that it was a lovely Christmas, and Georgiana was home, to always stay there.

The Elephant's Joke

A very amusing story is told in one of the English papers of an elephant and a constable. The day was very windy, and the constable stood in the shelter of a large building looking in an opposite direction from that in which the elephant was appearing. The circus had given its performance for the week, and men and animals were on their way to the next town. The performing elephant was started on in advance of the others. He and his keeper were walking quietly along in the very early morning. The only disturbance was the elephant's apparent determination to walk on the sidewalk. His keeper drove him from the sidewalk several times, but, like a mischievous little boy, back he would go. When the elephant reached the corner where the constable was, he touched the constable on the arm with his trunk. The constable, turning, saw the huge beast at his shoulder, and, frightened almost to death, began running down the street and the elephant after him. The keeper called and called, but the animal paid no attention. The elephant ran until he reached an open gateway, into which he rushed, shutting the iron gates after him. The keeper says that the elephant fairly chuckled, as though he had had a great deal of fun.

Joe's Cat

Joe is a small boy only four years old. His greatest passion is to watch a fire. Recently his mother had to do some errands, and left his father in charge of the boy and the house. The boy's father fell asleep. This left little Joe free to do as he chose. He gathered together a number of newspapers, which he piled into a chair in front of the window; on top of these he put some wood, and then set fire to the papers. Having started his fire he ran downstairs to notify his little playmates. Jim, the cat, was in the room. The crackling of the fire must have awakened him. He jumped from the chair in which he was sleeping, and scratched the face of little Joe's father until he woke him up. When the boy's father was thoroughly aroused and saw the fire, he found that the cat was on the bed scratching with all his might. Afterward Joe's father said that the cat had certainly awakened him, or tried to waken him, not less than five or six times before he was thoroughly aroused. The fire was put out before it had done any more harm than destroy the chair. Little Joe will start no more fires.

A Christmas Acrostic

By Martha B. Banks

S stands for Sugar-plums, dainty and good.
T for the Toys, made of tin or of wood.
O for the Oranges, yellow and sweet.
C for the Cakes, most delicious to eat.
K is a Knife that has six blades in all.
I's India-rubber made into a ball.
N stands for Nuts that are shiny and round.
G for the Goodies that more than abound.
And the whole is the Stocking in which they're all found.

Correspondence

A Correction

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I would like to correct a slight error in the table on first page of The Outlook for November 14, showing the election returns.

According to that table, the Congressman who has just been selected in Montana is a Populist. Mr. Hartman (our Congressman) is, and always has been, a Republican. He is a strong silver man, and for that reason he was offered both the Democratic and People's party nominations, *which he declined to accept*. He was elected on the silver Republican ticket, and, as the Democrats and Populists nominated no candidate for Congress, his only opponent was the gold Republican candidate, and, of course, Mr. Hartman was elected; but he is not a Populist.

C. S. JAMES, JR.

Cascade, Mont.

Silver in the Treasury

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of the 21st November, "F. S. K." accuses me of making, and you of publishing, a grave misstatement regarding the quantity of silver immediately available in case the free-coinage idea became law.

According to "F. S. K.'s" figures, there are upwards of 549 millions in the United States Treasury, and less than 461 millions of silver certificates have been issued. I asserted that 400 millions of this silver would be immediately available. Issuing this amount would still leave 149 millions in the Treasury, with which to redeem such certificates as might be presented for payment. Over thirty per cent. in cash every banker and business man knows to be a strong reserve on which to do a banking business, and this the United States Treasury would still have after paying out 400 millions in silver.

O. E. E.

"Not Available"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

"F. S. K." has evidently failed to follow the various circulars which have been issued by our Secretary of the Treasury, otherwise he would not have made the statements he did in issue of November 21.

According to his statement, there is in the vaults or in the possession of the Government \$549,071,513 worth of silver coin and bullion. That this is practically useless, and a clear loss both in the interest on the investment and the steady decrease in the bullion value of the metal, is easily demonstrated. According to Secretary Carlisle, the silver certificates are practically redeemable in gold, since gold is the basis or standard of value. How ridiculous it is, then, to hold even \$378,000,000 worth of silver bullion to redeem certificates which are to be redeemed, if at all, in gold!

If the votes of the American people mean anything, they mean that all speculation or traffic in silver by the Federal Government shall end, and that gold shall be the one standard or unit of value; hence the hoarding, or even holding, of silver coin or bullion is a clear loss to the people. The proper thing to do is to sell the accumulated silver metal at auction, or in some other way, and base all our currency upon gold.

Any "money" redeemable in a depreciated metal is not "honest money." Anything bearing the stamp of a dollar not redeemable in a gold dollar is a fraud, and the holding of silver to redeem certificates at 47 cents on the dollar is an absurdity, and a constant menace to honest money.

J. H. G.

"F. S. K." stated the exact situation under the present law. All the silver in the Treasury, except the relatively small amount in excess of outstanding silver certificates and Sherman Act notes, must be held for the redemption of those notes. This fact has been freely conceded by Senator Sherman, who went so far as to minimize the amount of silver that might legally be used for the redemption of "coin" notes. As to the danger or dishonesty involved in using our silver for purposes of redemption, it may be recalled that our Nation has proportionately less silver currency in circulation than France. If we should follow the French example and redeem notes in silver or gold at the Government's option, the excessive demand for gold would be checked. If we follow the policy urged by our correspondent, sell our silver and make all our currency redeemable in gold, the demand for gold would be proportionately increased. It is never to be forgotten that honest money is not necessarily gold or silver money, but money which keeps either creditor or debtor from getting possession of the other's property. We may add

that we do not agree with our correspondent's interpretation of the election. It appears to us to mean a ratification of the Republican platform, and that involves international bi-metallism and the preservation of the present use of gold and silver at a parity by our own Government in the meantime.

Government by Injunction

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I am not a "laboring man" in the popular use of the term, nor do I belong to any "labor" or other "social" organization; but I thank you most heartily for your article "Government by Injunction," page 953, issue for November 28. The great danger to our Government lies not so much in the "silver question," though that in the form it took this fall is bad enough, but in just such perversion of the plain object of law as you set forth, and in the other and most abominable fact that laws can be enforced against the poor which cannot be enforced against the rich. This is the fact, however much interested parties may deny it; and because of this fact the plain people have lost confidence in the courts. Nor is it any wonder that they sought a reorganization of the United States Supreme Court. Judge Williamson's "nigger decision," and other things like it culminated in our war between the North and South. The perversion of the Anti-Trust Law and of the Inter-State Commerce Law, with the other things which go with them, will finally result in a catastrophe as great unless a halt is called.

The conflict now in progress is as irrepressible as that one was. The Chicago riots may be suppressed, Debs may be imprisoned, the "sixteen-to-one" fallacy may be defeated, but unless those in power see fit to right obvious wrongs, the culmination of evil will be fearful. I thank you very earnestly for your plain, dispassionate statement of one item in the situation.

A. M. C.

Christian Unity

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I am much interested by the purposes of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity described by Professor Seward in your number of November 14. It seems to me, however, that the Brotherhood is working in a direction in which, at present, attention is not so necessary as in other directions. As I understand Professor Seward's article, the Brotherhood of Christian Unity recommends the adoption by Christian bodies of Dr. Watson's ethical creed as the basis of reunion, in addition to the Apostles' Creed, and such statements of intellectual faith as various denominations individually have. But for all the churches to express their assent thereto would heal no breach, settle no point of dispute. The "Life Creed" is already included as inferences from facts in the Apostles' Creed. In it I assert my belief in the three essential facts of Christianity—"I believe in God the Father," . . . "and in Jesus Christ," both of whom as a matter of history did certain things, and "I believe in the Holy Ghost," together with certain resultant experiences of the soul to which the Christianized heart can itself testify. The Apostles' Creed is a symbol of Christianity expressed in terms of *facts*. The suggested additional creed is a symbol of Christianity expressed only in terms of ethical *qualities*. For symbol, a creed of facts—simple, basal, eternal, binding us in the past as well as the present and the future—facts eternally fresh-lived of God!—not a creed of the ideas men have developed from those facts.

It is not a new symbol of any kind to rally to that we need. Christendom will unite and can unite only in the reality to which the symbol is banner. Christian unity is furthered most by the loving life that leads others to Christ; and in this Dr. Watson is doing a much greater service to the Master than he would by merely contributing a new symbol to Christendom, as, too, more valuable, I believe, are the Brotherhood's "suggestions for promoting a spirit of unity" than its advocating the adoption of an extra creed.

But in another direction there does lie, I think, a pressing question for us to answer. It is the question of Church unity as distinguished by some from Christian unity. It is a problem of organization. Many churches would have little trouble in uniting so far as are concerned the first three articles of the four put forth by the Bishops of the Anglican communion. The Reformation asserted the free intellectual life as more helpful in following Christ than intellectual bondage; but it sacrificed organization, the business matter of the effectual achievement of results. What we need is organic unity. We have spiritual unity very largely. Zeal not at all ill spent in emphasizing the doctrinal or the ethical side of Christianity might still better be spent at that more critical point—organization. Is it not this that we, now, of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have to correct? In this work no dodging of any point

held by any Church as important is to be countenanced. We must *solve* the problem, not avoid it. We must first get the question clearly, distinctly stated; then, each Church approaching it firmly from its own position, address ourselves to its solution by the "sincere desire" of prayer, uttered or unexpressed; by the unprejudiced study of the facts of the question in the past; by the sympathetic study of the present attitude of other Churches; by the reverent undertaking of each active step as it shall become wise and sure.

W. C. LANGDON.

Providence, R. I.

Home Study

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Perhaps an old subscriber, who is also a teacher of long experience, may be permitted to say a few words on the subject of home study in secondary schools.

The courses of study in most of our secondary schools are of necessity controlled in large measure by college requirements. Unless a school has a very large corps of teachers, the student who is not preparing for college must, in some subjects, work in the same classes with the college preparatory student. The colleges very properly require a considerable amount of serious work from those who wish to pursue their more advanced courses of study. If one is not already familiar with college requirements, it is worth while to consult the catalogues of some of our leading colleges, and see how much is really necessary for admission.

As a rule, from two-thirds to three-fourths of the school session of four or five hours must be spent in the recitation-room, leaving but a small fraction of the time for individual study, usually little more than an hour a day. Can this be enough for the learning of the grammatical forms of two foreign languages, the solving of problems in algebra, original work in geometry, the reading of the required list of English books, a knowledge of the leading facts in the history of two important nations, and the rudiments of a science or an additional foreign language? The very best teaching cannot do this work for the pupil; it can only show him how to work for himself.

The Outlook of October 24 states that home study should be limited to the last year of the preparatory school, but my experience as student and teacher leads me to think that from two to three hours a day during all the years of the preparatory school are not too much. A year is not long enough to give the average student those habits of study which will make him successful in college life. For the student who is not going to college, the forming of habits of study seems especially important, for unless such habits are then formed, all study is likely to end with the close of life in the school-room.

The trend of life of the present day is against concentrated thought and studious habit. The boy of to-day prefers athletics to study, and he is encouraged in this preference by the general interest manifested by the public in athletic victories, interest far greater than that shown in intellectual achievements. He prefers the meeting of his secret society—for the secret societies of the college, more's the pity, are creeping into the secondary schools—to reading some worthy literature which might enlarge his mental horizon.

The girl has her social pleasures, her afternoon teas, her card parties, her dancing parties, and she feels that she cannot devote much time to serious study.

The writer would not decry athletics so conducted as to benefit the many instead of overstraining the few, while the rest look on and cheer; nor is it to be denied that the school-girl needs some recreation; but the teachers of the secondary schools feel that they are between the upper and the nether millstones. The colleges are gradually increasing their requirements, athletic and social pleasures are absorbing not merely the time but also the attention of our pupils, and then The Outlook says to all its subscribers that after a session of four or five hours the pupil should do no more studying unless he has reached the last year of the preparatory school. We feel that we are condemned, like the Israelites of old, to make bricks without straw.

E. F. E.

Why Not?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have been reading Dr. Watson's essay upon "Perplexing Providences" (September 26). He well restates what has been said before from time immemorial.

Is there no further word?

Is it necessary to postpone to the vague future a balancing of accounts?

Dr. Watson's last word goes beyond that, and reaches the very footstool of the royal fact.

But why stop here?

We justify easily all the destructions of form and of life which we see in the vegetable world, and most

of those in the animal world. We are not disturbed that suns are burning out like candles.

Is it not clear that there can be no half-way justification of God?

Could we justify half-way a scheme of mathematics? or of chemical reactions?

Is not the doctrine of the absolute conservation of force the most glorious of all discoveries in what we call the physical sciences?

And now who shall limit the sole Creator by the assumption that in the spiritual life there is less perfection than in the physical life?

There are two obstacles only to clear vision.

1. We cannot accept pain.
2. We cannot let God be the *only* God.

XXV.

The Law of Sacrifice

I.—Restatements of Christian Faith

To the Editors of *The Outlook*:

In the last year of his life the late President M. B. Anderson, of the University of Rochester, said, "Each generation must restate its faith in terms that suit its own time." No better illustration of this truth need be asked than is found in the protest of the Missouri Presbyterian clergyman against your views of sacrifice, and your admirable reply which appear in this week's *Outlook*. No doubt it seems to the Rev. J. A. Annin that the foundations of faith were being moved if sacrifice as revelation of Deity rather than propitiation of Deity is to become the prevalent teaching. Yet this is in line with all previous restatements of truth, each of which has taught that God is infinitely greater than the fears through which men have blindly approached Him.

Your editorial shows clearly that you do not forget that the view held by the Rev. J. A. Annin was not long ago held by all or very nearly all religious men. If any dissented, they hushed their doubts. Was not this doctrine of God's anger with sinners plainly taught in the Bible? To repudiate this must to many minds create a prejudice which will lead to the rejection of the revelation of the divine love for mankind. Besides, there was a general feeling that the effect of belief in God's anger with sinners was wholesome, in leading to that fear of the Lord and the fear of sinning which is the beginning of wisdom.

Not to be willing to test old revelations by new in order to learn their hidden meanings was the conservatism of the scribes and Pharisees of Christ's time, and against which Christ protested. "Ye believe Moses and the prophets," he exclaimed. "Why, then, do ye reject me, for they testify of me?" This was literally true then, as all acknowledge now. Let us see how a like ruling applies to the conservatives of the present day.

Jesus Christ modified the revelation of God made by the prophets of the Old Testament. They taught God as sovereign and especially the friend of their race and nation. Christ taught God as the Universal Father. The prayer beginning "Our Father, who art in Heaven" throws new light over the entire Bible. A father cannot teach even his own infant child beyond the limits of its slowly expanding capacities. For weeks and months in infancy he rejoices to see it merely in good health and growing, yet learning scarcely anything. It is such infantile teaching as this that the earlier portions of the Bible record in the infancy of humanity. But comparing scripture with scripture, as we are taught in the Bible to do, it is our right to modify the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis, and make it read, "In the beginning, God, the living Father of mankind, created the heavens and the earth." (See 1 John iv., 8.)

This does not supersede the texts your correspondent quotes, teaching that God will by no means clear the guilty, that he is a consuming fire, and that he is "angry with the sinner every day." But it does enormously modify them. It obliges us to think of Deity, not as a far-off sovereign of unknown character, but to interpret him by what we know of loving fatherhood. In such interpretation anger loses the fierceness born of malignancy, but becomes more powerful for the salvation of its subject than it ever had been for its destruction. In such a view even pain becomes, not punitive, but remedial. "No chastisement for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous. Nevertheless, afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness in them that are exercised thereby. For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons: for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?"

Neither is the fact that God is a consuming fire any reason for doubting that God is love, as the Bible plainly declares him to be. Fire is the most effective means to destroy what is putrefying, offensive, and injurious. It is more significant than has been thought that the word Gehenna, which is translated Hell, or the place of burning, was the place just out-

side of Jerusalem, where all the accumulated rubbish of the city was burned, not for any injury to anybody, but for the preservation and health of all. It is doubtless an allusion to this Gehenna, or burning, that the Apostle Paul writes in 1 Corinthians iii., 11-15, inclusive.

The words of the Master are most suggestive in these days, when restatements of Christian truths are being made more generally and with wider variations from what was once taught than ever before. "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot hear them now. Howbeit when He, the Spirit of Truth, shall come, He shall lead you into all truth." It is this promise that is being fulfilled in these latter days, and mostly by diligent reading and comparing of scripture with scripture, as found in the Bible. As more truth is learned from the New Testament, greater light is thrown upon the Old. Passages which before seemed obscure, useless, and even offensive have been found in many cases luminous with truths that the world was not ready for at the time they were written.

Is the world yet ready for the truth that God is a loving Father of all men? It can only be made ready as the truths of human sonship to God and human brotherhood are recognized by mankind. Neither of these truths is yet understood as it should be. It is for this that the millennium is waiting.

WILLIAM J. FOWLER.

Office of the "American Cultivator,"
Boston, Mass.

II.—A Noble Sacrifice

To the Editors of *The Outlook*:

Pardon me for taking a moment of your valuable time to express my thanks for the article in the November 14th issue entitled "The Meaning of Sacrifice." I also read the letter in the same issue entitled "A Protest." Personally I am very much obliged to the paper for the good that your editorial has done me, and for the good it must have done and will do for any and all thoughtful minds that read it. According to that article, the life as well as the death of our blessed Lord can be looked upon as a noble sacrifice. It makes our lives worth living, and teaches that God is a being worthy of man's respect and worship. What would our brother who wrote the protest think of a court of justice that would allow a criminal his liberty if perchance some friend of his should be willing to suffer imprisonment in the criminal's stead? I would like to ask our good-meaning yet misguided protesting brother whether punishment is external or internal, and in what real sense Jesus could be punished for the world's sin, since He himself was without sin? There must be a transgression on the part of the individual before a punishment can be inflicted. There must be a sense of guilt or there is nothing that can be punished. Outward or inward pains brought on by the sins of others cannot be called punishment. True it is that we can suffer for the sins of others, and there is no man that does not in some sense do this at times; but to say that the pure and holy Christ was punished for man's sins is to say what is absolutely an impossibility. Your article states the doctrine of sacrifice in such a way as not to make God out to be a hideous monster, but the Supreme Being, seeking to assist his rational creatures to sacrifice their lower, beast-like natures in order that they may realize the completion, *i. e.*, the salvation, of their higher or divine natures.

H. L. THOMPSON.

Connecticut Literary Institution, Suffield, Conn.

Books Received

For week ending November 27

- AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK
Keller, I. First Year in German.
A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON, NEW YORK
Osborne, John H. Four Bible Studies. 75 cents.
EDWARD ARNOLD, NEW YORK
Collins, J. Churton. A Treasury of Minor British Poetry. \$2.50.
Stone, S. J. In and Beyond the Himalayas. \$4.
THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK
Lee, Gerald Stanley. The Shadow Christ. \$1.25.
Zangwill, I. Without Prejudice. \$1.50.
St. Nicholas. Parts I. and II. \$4.
The Century Magazine. Vol. III. New Series, Vol. XXX. May, 1896, to October, 1896. \$3.
HENRY T. COATES & CO., PHILADELPHIA
Alger, Horatio, Jr. The Young Salesman.
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK
Cushing, Harry A. History of the Transition from Provincial to Commonwealth Government in Massachusetts. Vol. VII., No. I.
THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK
Tolstoi, Count Lyof N. The Gospel in Brief. \$1.25.
Moulton, Professor R. G., Rev. J. P. Peters, Professor A. B. Bruce, and Others. The Bible as Literature. Introduction by Rev. Lyman Abbott. \$1.50.
GEORGE H. ELLIS, BOSTON
Trine, Ralph Waldo. What All the World's a-Seeking. \$1.25.
HENRY FROWDE, NEW YORK
Horder, W. Garrett. The Treasury of American Sacred Song. \$3.
D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON
Scribe and Legouv . Bataille de Dames. Edited by B. W. Wells. 25 cts.

- HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON
Peabody, Francis G. Mornings in the College Chapel. \$1.25.
Wiggin, Kate Douglas. Nine Love Songs and a Carol. \$1.25.
Harris, Joel Chandler. Sister Jane. \$1.50.
Coyle, John Patterson, D.D. The Imperial Christ. \$1.50.
Burroughs, John. Whitman. (A Study.) \$1.25.
Lincoln, Jeanie Gould. A Genuine Girl. \$1.25.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA
Morgan, George. John Littlejohn, of J. \$1.25.
Alexander, Mrs. A Golden Autumn. \$1.25.
Hains, T. Jenkins. Captain Gore's Courtship. 75 cts.
LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK
Houston, David F. A Critical Study of Nullification in South Carolina. \$1.25.
LOTHROP PUBLISHING CO., BOSTON
Poulsson, Emilie. Through the Farmyard Gate. \$1.50.
A. LOVELL & CO., NEW YORK
Hobbs, Charles A. The Elements of Plane Geometry. 75 cts.
THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK
Adventures of Roger L'Estrange. (An Autobiography.) Translated by Dominick Daly. \$1.75.
Miall, Professor L. C. Round the Year. (Short Nature-Studies.) \$1.50.
Hope, Ascott R. Black and Blue. \$1.50.
Farrar, the Very Rev. F. W., Rev. R. F. Horton, Arthur S. Peake, Professor W. F. Adeney, Very Rev. W. H. Fremantle, Rev. Washington Gladden, Rev. F. C. Porter, and Rev. Lyman Abbott. The Bible and the Child. \$1.
Webster, John. The Duchess of Malfi. Edited by C. Vaughan. 45 cts.
THOMAS NELSON & SONS, NEW YORK
Hayens, Herbert. Clevely Sahib. \$1.75.
Everett-Green, E. Dominique's Vengeance. \$1.25.
Oxley, J. Macdonald. Baffling the Blockade. \$1.25.
Everett-Green, E. The Sign of the Red Cross. \$1.25.
Thayer, W. M. Women who Win. \$1.25.
Thayer, W. E. Men who Win. \$1.25.
THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO
Holyoake, George Jacob. English Secularism. 50 cts.
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
Chambers, Robert W. The Maker of Moons. \$1.50.
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
Plummer, Rev. Alfred, D.D. A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Gospel According to St. Luke. \$3.
Dodge, Mary Mapes. Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates. \$2.50.
Beard, D. C. The American Boy's Book of Sport. \$2.50.
Thomas, Edith M. A Winter Swallow, with Other Verse. \$1.50.
Songs of Childhood. Verses by Eugene Field. Music by Reginald De Koven and Others. \$2.
SILVER, BURDETT & CO., BOSTON
Shakespeare, William. A Midsummer Night's Dream. Edited by H. B. Sprague. 60 cts.
Shakespeare, William. The Tempest. Edited by H. B. Sprague. 60 cts.
HERBERT S. STONE & CO., CHICAGO
Earle, Alice Morse. Curious Punishments of Bygone Days. \$1.50.
Stories from the Chap-Book. \$1.25.
WAY & WILLIAMS, CHICAGO
Munkittrick, R. K. The Acrobatic Muse. \$1.25.

Organized Charity

The Charity Organization Society of the City of New York has now eleven district offices covering the city from the Battery to Yonkers. These offices are open daily, and each district has a committee of men and women (averaging about eighteen) who are responsible for the work. These are aided by voluntary visitors. During the past year these committees procured for the destitute needed relief in 7,900 cases, temporary work about 1,500 times, and permanent positions for 250 persons. Last year nearly 20,000 persons came for assistance to the Application Bureau (carried on in connection with the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor). The Registration Bureau comprises records aggregating over 400,000; information respecting any case is given confidentially. The Society's Wayfarers' Lodge provides for homeless men, and furnishes work as a test and as a means of relief. During the past year the Lodge provided 4,800 lodgings, as many baths, accompanied by disinfection of the lodger's clothing in each case, and 10,500 meals to those who did a reasonable amount of work in return. The wood-yard gave over 10,000 days' work to men having homes and families. There are also workrooms for unskilled women where they may be furnished with temporary relief. There is a laundry where women are taught to wash and iron, with a view to their securing regular employment; and, above all, there is the Penny Provident Fund—a savings system designed to promote thrift among the poorest. The Fund has now 300 deposit stations, and over 52,000 depositors, with more than \$31,000 in net deposits. The offices are in the United Charities Building, 105 East Twenty-second Street.

Municipal Progress

The special committee on Public Baths appointed in Boston at the beginning of Mayor Quincy's administration has reported its plans both for the erection and management of a new bath-house, for which the City Council has appropriated \$65,000. The building is architecturally a very attractive one, and its interior arrangements provide waiting-rooms for men and for women, a laundry, and fifty bath-rooms. The plan submitted for the management of the new institution is of National interest. The committee of six, with but one dissenting vote, strongly recommends that the use of the baths be entirely free. Upon this point its report reads as follows: "It is the feeling of the committee that no other plan would be quite consistent in a city which provides such a park system and such a library system as Boston does. It is true that the precedents coming from the bath-house management elsewhere are nearly all in favor of charging a small fee for the use of the baths. It is held that citizens will appreciate the privileges of the baths more and feel more independent in using them if a small fee is charged. But the precedent and the argument, so far as they affect public baths, both come from foreign cities, where a democratic system of government and universal suffrage either do not exist or have not yet become firmly established. . . . In one American city where there have been municipal baths—Chicago—there is no charge whatever. The committee believes it would be unworthy of a city to make a charge which can be only a small fraction of the real cost, thus deceiving the people. We hold that it is far better, seeing that all the citizens are taxpayers, whether directly or indirectly, to have each citizen encouraged to feel that he is a joint owner in it. If it be held that the bath is provided especially for a certain class in the community, and that they should therefore pay a fee for the privilege, a sufficient reply is that many of the facilities of the library and the park system—such as the special divisions of the library, or the boulevards connecting the parks—are available only to a certain class in the community, and that often a small one." To the plan submitted and to the recommendations regarding the entire freedom of the bath-house facilities, Mayor Quincy gives his unqualified approval. It is expected that the new bath-house will be opened early next year, and, if Mayor Quincy's recommendation is again followed, it will be but the beginning of a system of free public bath-houses. It seems to have become a part of the democratic creed of Boston that opportunities for cleanliness as well as of culture should be open to all citizens without charge.

The movement for charter reform has struck Wheeling, W. Va., and the people of that city, the 22d of this month, will vote on a new charter which has been a year in preparation by a commission composed of representatives of the councils, business and trade bodies, and labor organizations. The principal features of the proposed charter are the rigid provisions regarding the granting of franchises—following the lines laid down by Dr. Bemis in his monographs favoring ultimate public ownership; the correlation of bureaus under the Board of Control and a Board of Public Safety; the abolition of the bicameral legislature and the substitution of a single council, made up of two members from each ward and four elected at large; and a stringent provision against members of the council determining in a caucus what action they would take in the council itself. The council is given direct power, not only to maintain municipal lighting plants, etc., but to furnish such services to residents of the city and vicinity. The civil service provisions are good if they ever become operative. In the first place, they must be passed upon by the people separately; secondly, if approved by the people they only become operative if councils shall, within three years of the adoption of the charter, ratify and adopt them. The charter is not an ideal one by any means, but is very much better than the present hodgepodge of laws under which the city is governed.

The Municipal League of Philadelphia proposes to take Senator Quay at his word and give him a fair chance to redeem his reform pledges. It will be remembered that about a year ago his control of the State Republican machine was seriously disputed, and he won his fight by only a narrow margin, and only after promising to support civil service and municipal reform measures in the next Legislature, which meets in January, 1897. The League bills—seven in number—have been carefully drawn by a committee composed mostly of lawyers, the chairman of which is one of the leaders of the Philadelphia Bar. The first Act limits the power of cities to grant franchises, and provides that no future grants shall be for more than thirty years, and must provide a reasonable annual compensation, and be subject to reasonable regulations as to the manner in which they shall be exercised. The second bill provides that the upper chamber of the City Council shall be composed of members elected at large. Three of the measures deal with the civil service of the city. They provide for the appointment of a Civil Service Commission, with ample powers, and for bringing all the city offices under civil service reform. Another bill is aimed at what has come to be known as "executive legislation," but might better be called "legislative execution." Councils for years past have exercised functions purely executive, and a great part of their time is taken up with ordinances to locate gas and electric lights and the like—a practice productive, not only of much unfair political discrimination, but of excessive log-rolling. The city has suffered from another evil—that of one man holding several incompatible offices. The League has drafted a bill to prevent this. The Civil Service Reform Association has followed a similar policy, and drafted an excellent State Civil Service Bill and a Corrupt Practices Act. The former has already been approved, with a few slight changes, by the Republican State Convention and the Republican City Committee of Philadelphia.

The Springfield "Republican" calls attention to some of the arguments used by conservatives in one of the districts of London—Hornsey—against establishing a free library. "A so-called free library," it was urged, "would provide comfortable lounge and resort for all the idlers and loafers in the neighborhood." It was also alleged that such institutions "are often responsible for the spread of infectious diseases, and the propagation and distribution of vermin," and, finally, that "it is an act of robbery to compel a person who has been honest enough to buy his own books to subscribe toward supplying books to people who are not honest enough to pay for them." It is the custom to characterize reformers as "visionaries," but we doubt if the visions of approaching good seen by reformers can compare in coloring with the visions of approaching evil seen by conservatives.

Dr. L. S. Rowe, of the University of Pennsylvania, in a recent number of the "Citizen," describes as follows the work of the London County Council in clearing and rebuilding what is known as the "Boundary Street Area": "Something over fifteen acres of densely populated and closely built up land were expropriated and completely cleared, with the exception of one or two public schools. In making the plan for rebuilding, the Council adopted the radial system. The new streets are to converge to an open space, which will serve as a recreation ground. . . . Model tenements . . . [containing] a common laundry equipped with the latest machinery, a general library and recreation room, partaking of the character of a club-house, are in course of erection. The municipality, as landlord, will provide the music in the park, and perform other services usually left to the haphazard initiative of individuals. The surrounding property, which is still of the old character, stands in striking contrast to the model city which the Council is constructing. The effect upon landlords cannot fail to be salutary. When one stops to consider what this change in environment



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will mean to several thousands of the population, the outlay would seem to be justified. The Council hopes, however, to make the investment yield the ordinary rate of interest."

Notes and Queries

I see that in this week's issue of *The Outlook* you criticize Mr. Moody mildly for his statement that "if the story of Jonah and the whale be not literally received, then Christ himself goes." Does not the statement of Christ himself in Matt. xii., 39-41, give authenticity to the incident? I do not see how any one can question Christ's statement of facts without doubting Christ himself.

[E. A. C.]

Christ's reference, if he made one, to an incident in Jonah no more proves that incident to be historical than the reference by a modern speaker to Scylla and Charybdis proves that he believes that incident in the story of Ulysses to be historical. But there is grave doubt whether Christ did make any reference to Jonah as "in the whale's belly." According to Mark, he simply said, "There shall no sign be given unto this generation." According to Luke, "No sign but the sign of Jonah the prophet. For as Jonah was a sign unto the Ninevites, so was also the Son of man to be to this generation." In point of fact, the Ninevites apparently knew nothing about the story of the great fish. The preaching of the prophet was its own sign or witness. This probably was Christ's meaning. It is not improbable that the interpretation in Matthew was added as an explanation either by Matthew or by a late transcriber.

In the interesting sermon on "Christ and His Schoolmasters," by the Rev. Lyman Abbott, published in *The Outlook* for November 7, does it not seem that the discrepancy there spoken of between the teaching of Christ and Joshua might be easily reconciled? "Joshua said unto the people, Ye cannot serve the Lord, for he is a Holy God," etc. (Joshua xxiv., 19). Why could they not serve him? Because he is holy, because he is a Spirit, and they that wor-

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ship him and serve him must do it in spirit and in truth, in reality—read verse 23. They could not serve God because the idols were among them. What is the teaching of Christ? See Matthew vi., 24: "No man can serve two masters." Matthew iv., 10, last part, "Him *only* shalt thou serve." Had Christ been among the children of Israel at the time of Joshua, would he have told them the parable of the Prodigal Son? Would he not have said, "Choose ye whom ye will serve?" and added, "He that is not with me is against me" (Matthew xii., 30)? M. G.

The only answer we need make to this question is to put the words of Joshua and the words of Christ side by side. Joshua—"He will not forgive your transgressions nor your sins." Christ—"Bless them that curse you. Do good to them that hate you, . . . that you may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good."

1. Is Bliss Carman, the poet, American or English? Where was he born, and where is his home now? Is he young or middle-aged? Where are the Ardise Hills and Arrochar, to which his poems so frequently allude? 2. Is Rollins College at Winter Park, Florida, a missionary college or otherwise? How many students attend there, and what class of students does it aim to reach? What is the cost of tuition, and what is the financial situation of the institution? J. R.

1. He was born in St. John, New Brunswick, and is still a young man. We understand that he has referred to himself as "a bird of passage," residing now here, now there. He can be addressed through his publishers, Messrs. Copeland, Day & Co., Boston, for information as to the precise places you ask about. There are several places, at least, that bear the name of Arrochar. 2. Founded as a missionary college, and practically such now. 183 students, in collegiate, preparatory, and sub-preparatory courses, in which the annual charges are, respectively, \$49.50, \$33, and \$24.75. Financially sound, but with present income lessened by loss to the State from last year's frost. The Rev. George M. Ward, its new President, is a young man of high ability.

1. Why have Bible revisers discarded the word "predestination"? How does it differ from "foreordination"? 2. What did our Lord mean by the "one thing needful"? Did he oppose it to "daily duties"? 3. Does a Christian's security for heaven depend on his watchfulness or on his conversion? 4. In urging professing Christians to give to missions, can I scripturally use this argument among others: "If you do not give according to your means, you are casting suspicion on your conversion—that may turn out unreal"? 5. Does the reality of conversion depend on our daily acts? 6. Is the proof of it cumulative and probable rather than absolute? NEMO.

1. It suggests an idea of fate, as "foreordination" does not. 2. The higher love, as the regulative principle of daily duties. 3. On watchfulness. 4. Yes. 5. Daily acts are the proof of its reality. 6. Cumulative, up to that highest probability which amounts to moral certainty, and which the Scripture calls "the full assurance of hope" (Hebrews vi., 11, and marg. R. V.).

1. Is the gold dollar a fixity or unchangeable in its value (purchasing power)? 2. Does the volume of the primary money of the world determine the price of (money value of) the world's products and properties? 3. If the volume of primary money is decreased relatively to the total volume of the world's products and properties, do prices fall, or vice versa? H. A. L.

1. The purchasing power of gold dollars, like that of all other commodities, changes with changing supply and demand. 2. The volume of money does determine the price of other products, for the price of anything is the amount of money it will bring. The volume of bank notes and government notes, as well as the volume of so-called "primary" money, must be considered. 3. When the relative volume of money decreases, prices fall.

The writer is a Sunday-school teacher who would like in his work to treat the lessons in such a way as modern Biblical criticism would require. He is familiar with the "Sunday-School Times" and Peloubet's "Select Notes," but does not feel that they are very satisfactory. Are there any other lesson comments of real value? What books, if any, could you recommend as helpful to a broad treatment of the International Lessons for 1897?

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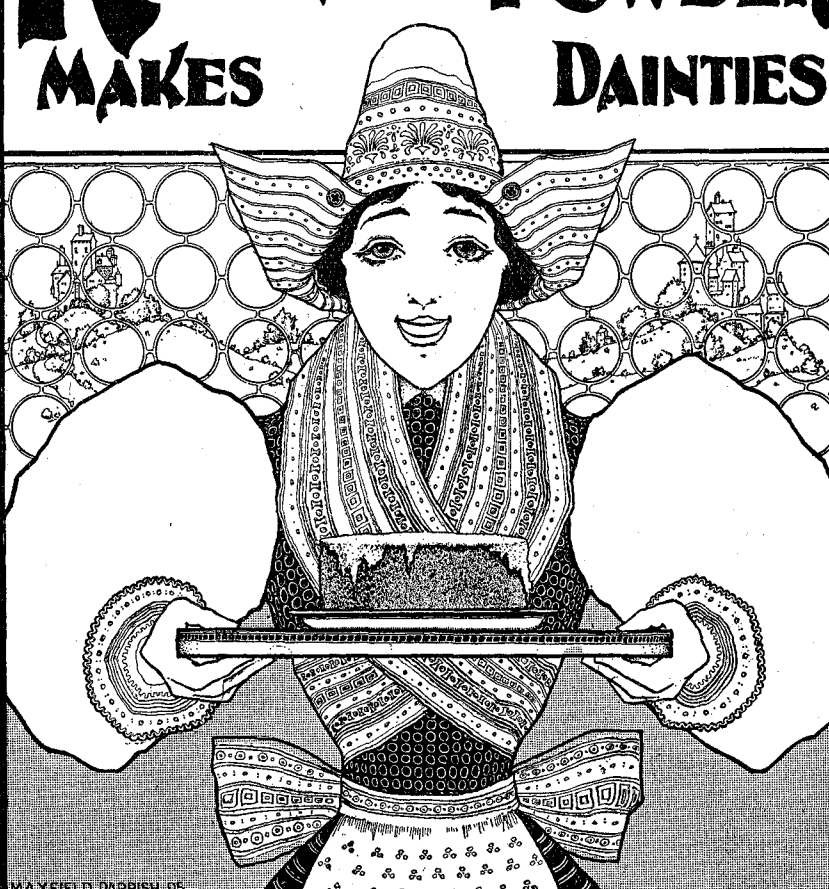
The principal religious denominations publish their own series of notes and helps on the International Lessons, but we doubt if you would find any of them better than what you have. Weitzsäcker's "Apostolic Age of the Christian Church," though very free in treatment, is helpful even to one who often dissents from it. It covers the ground of the Lessons for 1897.

Please answer some questions concerning "Christian Science." 1. What is the numerical strength of this organization? 2. Is it increasing? 3. Do you think "it" worthy of being called *Christian*? J. I. B.

1. Fifteen pages of the "Journal of Christian Science" are filled with a list of the cities and towns where its doctrines are taught. We have not been able to find other statistics. 2. We judge that it is. 3. As to its spirit, yes; as to its "science," no.

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FOR CHRISTMAS

Kindly suggest some book or books most helpful to one who has only limited "common school" education, average natural intelligence, and a few hours a week for the study of the Bible. Something "up to date," in sympathy with or in line with such thought as is represented by The Outlook and such men as Dr. Abbott, Drummond, and others. New Testament, particularly, but also the Old. F. K. D.

Professor Bruce's "With Open Face, or Jesus Mirrored in Matthew, Mark, and Luke;" Professor W. R. Smith's "Prophecy of Israel;" Dr. Horton's "Revelation and Inspiration."

"F. J. B." asks for the poem beginning:

"Oh, Phoebe, dear, why have you come so late?
Where are your berries, child?"

The poem may be found in the book of poems entitled "Songs for Little Ones at Home," published by the American Tract Society some thirty years ago. F. A. S.

Other correspondents send similar replies. We will send "F. J. B." a copy of the poem if he will send address.

"C. H. M." expresses the desire to have a copy of the poem entitled "Rules for Table Manners." I send you the inclosed, copied from a very old scrap-book which I made about forty years ago. I found it useful for the children of that day, and I am quite sure the present generation require its teaching fully as much as did those of the past.

GRANDMA D.

If "C. H. M." will send address, we shall be pleased to forward the poem.

It has been claimed here by free-silver advocates during the campaign just closed that the Bank of England is compelled by law to purchase all the gold offered at a price fixed by law. Please in-

form me through The Outlook whether this is correct or not. H. H.

The statement is correct.

1. Who was the author of "Despotism in America," by the author of "Archy Moore"—which is all the light that is thrown upon its author? 1836 is the date of "Archy Moore." 2. Who wrote,

"The clouds float on like spirits to their rest"? M. C. H.

1. It is an anti-slavery work by Richard Hildreth author also of a History of the United States.

Another church printing Sunday-school lessons for its own use is the Woodward Avenue Congregational Church of Detroit. The series, now in its third year, is as follows: I. The Great Prophets of Israel. II. The Spirit and Teaching of Jesus. III. The Story of the Jews. They were prepared by the pastor, Dr. H. P. DeForest, and the account sent us (condensed as above) closes thus:

These lessons are the scholarly and sympathetic work of one who keeps in touch with the best spirit of the higher criticism, and as such, it seems to me, answer the much felt demand for material for the children which will not need to be unlearned a few years later. I am quite sure samples of these lesson-leaves would be sent on application to any desiring one. M. O.

Can any of your readers give me the whole of the poem containing these lines?

"Yon lake in her valley-bed lying
Looks fair as a bride,
And pushes, to greet the sun's coming,
The mist-sheets aside."

I do not remember the name of the author, and should be glad to know that, too. A. M. V. D.

About People

—It is announced that Miss Van Zandt, the American soprano, is about to make her reappearance on the stage of the Opéra Comique in Paris, after an absence of twelve years. She will appear in "Lakmé," in the part which she created.

—Sir Edward J. Poynter's claims upon public notice are not only because of his position as Director of the National Gallery and because of his election as President of the Royal Academy, but also from the fact that he is the uncle of Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

—The Marquis of Huntley, who has just been elected for the third time Rector of Aberdeen University, enjoys an unprecedented distinction. Lord Huntley is the premier marquis of Scotland, and as chief of the great clan of Gordon is known as "the Cock of the North." He succeeded Mr. Goschen as rector, and has attended more closely to the business of that office than any rector except Professor Bain.

—The Rev. Dr. William T. Gibson, of Utica, N. Y., who has just died, was well known as a prominent contributor to the literature of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He was the editor of the "Gospel Messenger." Afterwards he published and edited the "Church Eclectic," a monthly magazine. For twenty-five years he was chaplain at the State Hospital in Utica, resigning his charge a few weeks ago.

—The late Ira Shafer had figured in many prominent law cases where his peculiar ability won for him a large reputation. One such case was his defense of the A. T. Stewart estate against Alexander Stewart. Another was his defense of Thomas Cleary in 1887. Cleary was one of the "boodle Aldermen" of New York City. His last case was his defense of Police Captain Stephenson. The lawyer displayed all his old-time vigor, but Stephenson was convicted.

—We learn that since the Rev. George M. Ward became President of Rollins College, Winter Park, Fla., on the first of last May, the College has shown many signs of prosperity. He was the former General Secretary of the International Christian Endeavor Society, in which he was well known. He introduced the Society into every State in the Union. Owing to overwork, he was taken sick and was obliged

to resign his place, and returned to Lowell, where he engaged in business as partner in a large wholesale firm, and two years later he entered the Andover Theological Seminary. Last winter Mr. Ward was invited to the presidency of Washington College, in Kansas.

—The consecration of a new Archbishop of

Canterbury calls attention to the enormous fees which he is called upon to pay to all kinds of government, ecclesiastical, and court officials. These fees amount to nearly ten thousand dollars in the aggregate, and the most exasperating feature is that they are generally extorted in the shape of small sums.

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When the late Dr. Magee was made Bishop of York he was received in audience by the Queen, and remarked to her Majesty: "Madam, you are the only official person I have seen since my nomination who has not asked me for a fee." It was the same Archbishop who, at his first sermon in York Minster, had as his text: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves."

—Since the conclusion of the campaign in Abyssinia the Italian newspapers have been saying kinder things of the dreaded monarch in Africa. Among them is the following anecdote:

Somebody spoke to the Negus concerning a letter that had been written by the mother of one of the Italian prisoners, in which the good woman had said, in the most ingenious language: "They announced to me your death, but I do not believe them. Every day I burn my little taper before the Madonna, who will return you to my affection. Every day I weep in awaiting your return." The Emperor was very much moved on hearing the words of the bereaved mother, and ordered a search to be made for the prisoner. He was still alive, and one day during the Emperor's noonday meal he was brought before his Majesty, who said: "I don't want your poor mother to weep any longer; from this moment you are free, and you shall return to Italy and to her with the first caravan that leaves the city."

—Chief Justice Waite once told me this story about Evarts and Conkling: Roscoe Conkling came into Mr. Evarts's office one day, when he was a young lawyer, in quite a nervous state. "You seem to be very much excited, Mr. Conkling," said Mr. Evarts. "Yes, I'm provoked—I am provoked," said Mr. Conkling. "I never had a client dissatisfied about my fee before." "Well, what's the matter?" asked Mr. Evarts. "Why, I defended Gibbons for arson, you know. He was convicted, but I did hard work for him. I took him to the Superior Court, and he was convicted, then on to the Supreme Court, and the Supreme Court confirmed the judgment and gave him ten years in the penitentiary. I charged him \$3,000, and now Gibbons is grumbling about it; says it's too much. Now, Mr. Evarts, I ask you if I really charged too much?" "Well," said Mr. Evarts, very deliberately, "of course you did a good deal of work, and \$3,000 is not a very big fee; but, to be frank with you, Mr. Conkling, my deliberate opinion is—that—he—might—have—been—convicted—for—less—money."—*Eli Perkins.*

—The New York "Tribune" tells the following story:

Among the season's visitors to the Capital was a Western clergyman of more culture, reading, and thought than knowledge of the world. He desired to make the most of his first holiday and first sight of the great city. He wanted to see all there was to be seen, to hear all there was to be heard, but most of all did he desire to meet and have a word with Gail Hamilton; indeed, he confided to a friend that he would consider such a privilege well worth his journey to the East, did that journey bring him nothing else. It took him several days to summon up his courage, but at last he boldly presented himself at the Blaines' door and asked for Miss "Hamilton." About three hours later the friend met him descending the steps of the house, one broad smile of delight and satisfaction.

"Ah," exclaimed the confidant, "I congratulate you. So you have met your dear Gail Hamilton. I can see it in your face."

That face fell—grew remorseful.

"N-no," he stammered, "I didn't meet her—she didn't come down, and, the fact is, I forgot to ask for her!"

"Forgot to ask for her!"

"Oh, I sent up my card, of course, but a lady came down, a Miss Dodge, and, my dear fellow, you never saw such a woman in your life! I suppose that Miss Hamilton must have been out; she didn't mention her, but she began to talk to me, and in two minutes I forgot what I had gone for. I never could have believed that any person, man or woman, could know so much. I believe we talked on every subject in the world, and she knew everything about every one of the subjects. I was never so surprised as when a lot of people came in and I found how long I had been there, and I didn't want to come away one bit then, I can tell you, and, till you spoke, I'd forgotten all about Miss Hamilton. I don't believe she can touch Miss Dodge, anyhow!"

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Quaker Oats small squares and **Raised Biscuit.** Half serve hot. a cake compressed **Quaker Fritters.** Soak yeast dissolved in one cup two cups Quaker Oats tepid water, half a teaspoon- in two cups milk, twenty ful salt, then add three cups ty minutes; add one- wheat flour, and stand in a half tea- spoonful salt, warm place to rise over two eggs, one cup flour, night. In the morning one teaspoonful baking powder; mix all together and pour one cup boiling water der; mix all together and on one cup Quaker Oats, let drop into boiling fat.

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the bone, muscle and nerve-making
kind. Put

WHEATLET

on the bill of fare, it is good enough
for three times a day. Contains all
the blood-making elements of the
WHOLE WHEAT BERRY—is

The Very Best
Cereal Food...

ASK YOUR GROCER
TO LET YOU READ
THE WRAPPER.

MADE ONLY BY THE

FRANKLIN MILLS CO.

Lockport, N. Y.



The Dyspeptic and

convalescent find in SOMATOSE a
tasty, easily digested and nourishing
food. It never palls on the appe-
tite, and rapidly increases weight.

Somatose

A Perfect Food, Tonic and Restorative.

It is a powder made from the most nourishing ele-
ments of meat, prepared for the nutriment and stimu-
lus of weak systems. May be taken dry, or in milk,
water, etc.

At druggists, in 2-oz., 1/4, 1/2 and 1 lb. tins.

Also the following combinations, Somatose-Biscuit, Somatose-Cocoa, Somatose-Chocolate—each containing 10 per cent. Somatose. Very convenient and palatable preparations.

Pamphlets mailed by Schieffelin & Co., New York, agents for Farbenfabriken vorm. Friedr. Bayer & Co., Elberfeld.

A Railway College Course

Several railway presidents have been express-
ing opinions, says the New York "Times,"
for and against the proposition to establish a
college course for the education of young men
in the science of railroading. Such a course
would be a new departure in this country, and
it would, in the opinion of at least one railroad
president, "tend to a higher class of railway
work in future generations." Another presi-
dent is quoted as saying that he could find
places at once for a dozen young men educated
on the plan proposed.

The suggestion is for some college to
arrange for a four years' course for the benefit
of young men who desire to fit themselves for
railroading. An experienced railroad manager
is authority for the assertion that "young men
can no longer get sufficient general knowledge
of the various departments of a railroad by
going into an office."

The proposed course is to embrace most of
the branches of study which a candidate for a
Bachelor of Sciences would take in all the
first-class colleges, together with the funda-
mental principles of civil and mechanical en-
gineering. It is also proposed to add a large
range of special study in railroading, covering
history, organization, and administration, law
accounts and rates, the relation of the railroads
to each other and to the State, with the history
of associations and commissions.

The idea is to have these special railroad stud-
ies directed by a man of actual experience as a
railroad officer, and furthermore to have special-
ists engaged to deliver lectures. Two signifi-
cant queries were recently propounded by
"The Railroad Gazette": "Do the railroad
officers want young men trained as this pro-
posed university course would train them? Or
would these young men find that they had
been educated for a field which exists only in
theory?"

The larger proportion of the replies to these
questions were from railroad men of high
standing, and they were strongly in favor of
establishing such a course as was proposed.
Several railroad managers admitted that they
were handicapped by the fact that the ranks
of railway employees are not supplied with
men of training and ambition. It is actually
impossible, it is said, to find enough subordi-
nates with broad intelligence and with trained
minds. A veteran railroad president wrote:
"A boy aiming to become a general railroad
officer would get the very greatest benefit
from a college course such as has been out-
lined."

Evolution.—First Commuter—It's a perfect
little gem! It has been the ambition of my
life to buy a nice little place in the country.
Second Commuter—Well, I once felt that way
myself. At present it's the ambition of my
life to sell a nice little place in the country.—
Puck.



CAUTION!



SIDE VIEW "The Benedict" END VIEW

(Trade-Mark)

Perfect Collar Button

The demand for this useful
article has become so universal
that poor counterfeits have been
put upon the market.

Every genuine Benedict Collar
Button has the name "Benedict"
and date of patent stamped
upon it,—"take no other."

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(Our Specialties)

Fine Gold Jewelry and Sterling Silverware

Benedict Brothers

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Broadway and Cortlandt St.
N. Y.



"The Only Dentifrice of
International Reputation"



Sozodont
FOR THE
TEETH AND BREATH.

SOZODONT is the
only complete and
perfect Dentifrice, of
world-wide celebrity,
presenting both liquid
and powder in one
package.

Fragrant SOZODONT preserves
the Teeth from decay, hardens the
Gums, perfumes the Breath, imparts
a delightfully refreshing sensation
to the Mouth, and is at all times
free from harmful ingredients.

Dentists of distinction have recommended
SOZODONT; all leading Druggists sell it.
A sample, with sample cake of Sozoderma
Soap, for three cents. Address P. O. Box
247, N. Y. City. If you cannot obtain SO-
ZODONT of your Druggist, send to above
address Seventy-Five Cents for a full-size
package (complete), prepaid, by mail or ex-
press; or SOZODONT and 4-oz. cake of
Sozoderma Soap, for \$1.00. HALL &
RUCKEL, Proprietors, New York. Lon-
don: 46 Holburn Viaduct, E. C.

**Van Camp's Boston Baked
Pork and Beans**
Prepared with tomato
sauce. Ever ready, pal-
atable hot or cold.
Choice beans, juicy
meat. Three sizes.
Send 6c for sample can.
VAN CAMP PACKING CO.,
Indianapolis, Ind.
Send for booklet; postal card will do.

A Welsh Rip

Every nation has a Rip Van Winkle of its own, but the Welsh story of Rip is unique. He is known as Taffy ap Sion. One morning Taffy heard a bird singing on a tree close by his path. Allured by the melody, he sat down until the music ceased; when he rose, what was his surprise at observing that the tree under which he had taken seat had now become dead and withered. In the doorway of his home, which, to his amazement, had also suddenly grown older, he asked of a strange old man for his parents, whom he had left there, as he said, a few minutes before. Upon learning his name the old man said, "Alas! Taffy, I have often heard my grandfather, your father, speak of you, and it was said you were under the power of the fairies, and would not be released until the last sap of that sycamore had dried up. Embrace me, my dear uncle, for you are my uncle—embrace your nephew." Welshmen do not always perceive the humor of this somewhat novel situation of a youth—for Taffy was still merely a boy—being hailed as uncle by a gentleman perhaps forty years his senior.—*Lippincott's*.

For Wakefulness

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Dr. J. C. How, Haverhill, Mass., says: "I have seen great benefit from the steady use of this preparation, in cases of chronic wakefulness."

Macbeth lamp-chimneys are perfect, besides being made of tough glass.

But you want the one that is made for your lamp. Let us send you the Index; free.

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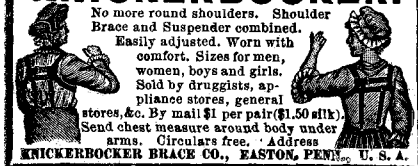
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By using our (stove pipe) RADIATOR. With its 120 Cross Tubes, ONE stove or furnace does the work of TWO. Drop postal for proofs from prominent men.

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\$3,400.00 CASH AND GIVEN FREE EACH MONTH

As follows:

4 First Prizes, each of \$100 Cash - - - \$ 400.00
20 Second " " " \$100 SPECIAL Bicycles*2,000.00
40 Third " " " \$ 25 Gold Watches - 1,000.00

Cash and Prizes given each month - \$3,400.00
12

Total given during 12 mos. 1897, \$40,800.00

HOW TO OBTAIN THEM.

Competitors to save as many SUNLIGHT SOAP Wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the top portion of each wrapper, that portion containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP." These (called "Coupons") are to be sent, postage fully paid, enclosed with a sheet of paper stating Competitor's full name and address and the number of Coupons sent in, to Lever Bros., Ltd., New York, marked on outside Wrapper (top left hand corner) with NUMBER of the DISTRICT Competitor lives in.

No. of District	NAME OF DISTRICT.
1	New York City, Brooklyn, Long and Staten Islands, New Jersey.
2	New York State (outside of N. Y. City, Brooklyn, Long and Staten Islands).
3	Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia and District of Columbia.
4	The New England States.

*The Bicycles are the celebrated Pierce Special, 1897 Pattern, mfg'd by Geo. N. Pierce & Co., of Buffalo, Boston and New York. Fitted with Hartford Tires, First Class Nickel Lamp, New Departure Bell, Standard Cyclometer, and Hunt Lace Saddle.

RULES.

1. Every month during 1897 in each of the 4 districts prizes will be awarded as follows:

The 1 Competitor who sends in the Largest Number of coupons from the district in which he or she resides will receive \$100 Cash.

The 5 Competitors who send in the Next Largest Numbers of coupons from the district in which they reside will Each receive at winner's option a lady's or gentleman's Pierce Special bicycle, price \$100.00.

The 10 Competitors who send in the Next Largest Numbers of coupons from the district in which they reside will Each receive at winner's option a lady's or gentleman's Gold Watch, price \$25.

2. The Competitions will Close the Last Day of Each Month during 1897. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.

3. Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in dealer's stock will be disqualified. Employees of Lever Brothers, Ltd., and their families, are debarred from competing.

4. A printed list of Winners in Competitor's district will be forwarded to Competitors in about 21 days after each competition closes.

5. Lever Brothers, Ltd., will endeavor toward the prizes fairly to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that all who compete agree to accept the award of Lever Brothers, Ltd., as final.

LEVER BROS., Ltd., New York.

The Kangaroo

stands for Australia, and Booth's

"Hyomei"



is the Australian "Dry-Air" treatment, which stands alone as a cure for Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Common Colds, and all similar diseases. It

"CURES BY INHALATION."

Cor. B and 9th Sts.,
San Diego, Cal., Aug. 24, 1896.

My lung was injured while a surgeon in the late war. My sputa is mucopurulent, thick and difficult to raise; but I have no trouble when inhaling your Hyomei. In cases of Cold or Catarrh I could not and would not be without it.

H. SCHAFER, M.D.

1441 Corcoran St.,

Washington, D. C., Aug. 10, 1896.

I consider Hyomei one of the discoveries of the day. I used it with very pleasing results in a case of Catarrh, and also might say that a cold of any description positively cannot exist where Hyomei is used.

STEPHEN S. DAVIS.

Pocket Inhaler Outfit Complete, by Mail, \$1; (for foreign countries, add \$1.00 postage); outfit consists of pocket inhaler, a bottle of Hyomei, a dropper, and directions for using. If you are still skeptical, send your address; my pamphlet shall

prove that Hyomei cures. Are you open to conviction? Extra bottles of Hyomei inhalant by mail, or at druggists, 50 cents. Hyomei Balm, for all skin diseases, by mail, 25 cents. Your druggist has Hyomei or can get it for you if you insist. Don't accept a substitute. In stock at the leading wholesale drug houses of Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago, also all leading business centers.

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For cool weather buy a "Miller" oil heater.



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as a
Flash!

WHITMAN'S INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE.

HOW TO USE IT.—Take three dessert spoonfuls to a cup of boiling water or milk. Stir briskly a moment, and your Chocolate is ready to serve. Put up in 1 lb. and ½ lb. tins. Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Sole Mfrs., Philadelphia.

Science says that the coming man (also the "coming woman") will depend for food supply more on the chemist and the laboratory than on the products of the field and farm. However that may be, it is sure that intelligent people everywhere now depend upon

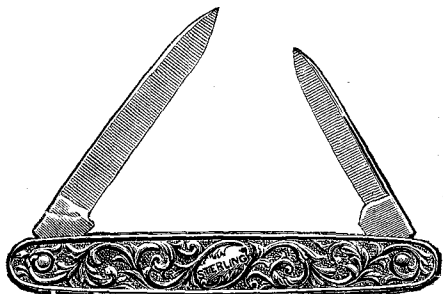
Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef

as a palatable, concentrated food product, indispensable as a stock for soups, sauces and made dishes, and as beef tea, nourishing and refreshing.

There's only one Liebig COMPANY's that has the signature of the great chemist Liebig on the jar:

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The above Sterling Silver Pocket-Knife.
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The *Outlook* says of *Babyhood*: "Just the kind of periodical needed in every home where there are young children to be cared for. The kind of information which it conveys is practical, and is just what is needed to secure the best results for child-life, physically and mentally."

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There's no guesswork about their quality. Design is correct. Materials are the best that money can buy. Workmanship and finish are unsurpassed. Send for catalogue "K."

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Turkish Baths

at home—just as delicious and healthful dry steam, vapor oxygen and perfumed baths as you can get anywhere. Use the **Improved Turko-Russian Folding Bath Cabinet**. Wonderfully beneficial to circulation, complexion and general health. Send for descriptive circular, free. Mayor, Lane & Co., 132 White St. New York.

BREAD AND HEALTH

There is no one thing so important in the family as bread. Bread and butter form a staple food in every household, and for centuries a familiar cry from the children in the ears of the mother has been "Give me a piece of bread and butter." But it is only recently, however, that scientific investigation has been turned in the direction of finding out exactly what is best in the shape of bread. The aim of the miller up to within the last few years, and, indeed, his apparent aim now, is to make a flour that shall be perfectly white, no matter how much of the good part of the wheat is eliminated in the process. White flour will sell because it is white. Comparatively few of the housekeepers of the land know how much has been sacrificed of the most nutritious portions of the wheat kernel to prepare for their consumption a white flour. However, this state of affairs is being gradually changed, and we are going back to first principles and the use of all the good parts of the wheat kernel. It would be as sensible to soak a piece of porterhouse steak in hot water to get rid of the color and make it white, as to take the mineral salts and phosphates out of the wheat kernel for the sake of making a white flour. The proper flour for making good bread is undoubtedly a brown flour and not a white. Is such a flour popular? No, not as a general thing, but it is worth a great deal more than the other, and the sooner parents find this out, and the more they use of whole wheat flour, the better for the growing children who need all the nourishment they can get from their food to knit their young bones together, and give them strength at the time when nature is making the largest demands upon them, and when they are laying the foundation for healthful manhood and womanhood. The same is also true for adults who are cheating themselves by consuming fine white flour which is lacking in the most nourishing constituents of the wheat kernel. The fine flour of the entire wheat is a trifle more expensive at the beginning than the white flour, but the amount of nourishment secured for every dollar expended is largely in excess of the latter. Grown people and children alike take readily to the bread made from whole wheat flour. The Franklin Mills Co., of Lockport, N. Y., are making a particularly fine flour of the entire wheat, and will gladly send a pamphlet giving information on this subject which is well worth reading by all who are interested in food hygiene.

Arnold Constable & Co.

Men's Furnishings

Smoking Jackets,
Robes de Chambre,
Bath Robes.

NECKWEAR

Dress Shirts, Collars and Cuffs

Mufflers, Silk Handkerchiefs.

"Dent," "Fownes," "Courvoisier's"
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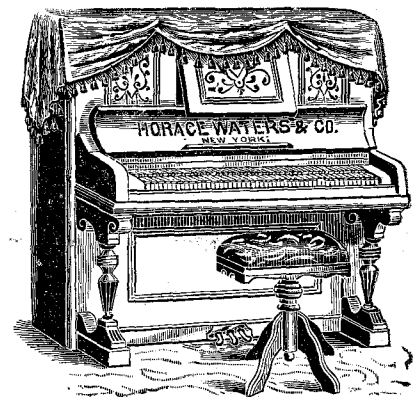
CLASSES FOR ATTENDANTS in the care of convalescents, feeble elderly persons, little children and chronic cases, will continue throughout the winter under the auspices of the Massachusetts Emergency and Hygiene Association. For details apply to the instructor, Dr. ANNA G. RICHARDSON, between 3 and 5 P. M., 92 Charles Street, Boston.

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The high reputation which the **WATERS PIANOS** have maintained for **FIFTY YEARS** will be increased by the improved **WATERS PIANOS** of to-day. Their chief characteristic is a **WONDERFUL POWER AND FINE QUALITY OF TONE**.

A GREAT OFFER!

AN ELEGANT NEW **WATERS UPRIGHT PIANO**, 7 1-3 octave, 3-stringed, full iron frame, repeating action, ivory keys, three pedals and all improvements, for



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GENUINE
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TO SECURE THE BEST
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Goods

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UNDERWEAR

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A complete library of standard books is provided for the accommodation of passengers, also stationery for their use, writing-tables, etc., etc. The Dining-Car service *à la carte* is a feature in connection with this train that is kept up to the highest state of perfection.

Inquire at the New York Office, 235 Broadway, at the Buffalo Office, corner Main and Seneca Streets, or address Charles S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pa., for time tables or full information.

Comfort in Travel

is realized in the highest degree on the famous North Shore Limited and other fast trains of the Michigan Central, the "Niagara Falls Route," between Buffalo and Chicago, in connection with the through trains from the East. Passengers are granted the privilege of stopping off en route at Niagara Falls, or, if time will not permit, can obtain from the car window or the platform at Falls View the grandest and most comprehensive view of the great cataract. All day trains stop from five to ten minutes. For full information inquire of local ticket agents, or address W. H. Underwood, General Eastern Passenger Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.

Pennsylvania Railroad to Issue Clerical Orders

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that for 1897 it will issue clerical orders to regularly ordained clergymen in charge of churches located on or near its lines east of Pittsburgh and Erie. To secure these orders clergymen should make application to the nearest ticket agent as soon as possible, as it is desired that all applications reach the General Office by December 15.

HICKS' NEWSPAPER

ADVERTISING AGENCY, W. Hicks, Proprietor, makes a specialty of preparing and placing Resort Hotel Advertisements in the best newspapers at lowest rates.

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European Winter Resort

INNSBRUCK, TYROL, AUSTRIA
1,900 feet above the sea, with dry, bracing climate; center for Sleighing Excursions; fine University, Hospital, etc. Large, airy, sunny rooms, well furnished; superior cuisine; modern conveniences. Best references. Reduced rates in winter. Illustrated pamphlets on application. CARL LANDSEE, Prop'r.

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Most salubrious part of the town. Large garden. Patronized by several Royal families: H. R. H. THE PRINCESS CLEMENTINE OF ORLÉANS, THE PRINCE and PRINCESS FERDINAND OF BULGARIA, PRINCESS STEPHANIE OF AUSTRIA, ARCHDUKE and ARCHDUCHESS RAINER OF AUSTRIA, PRINCE and PRINCESS OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA, etc., etc. Sanitary arrangements perfect; made by English engineers. Modern comfort; electric light; lift; baths; billiards; tennis-ground. C. GUILLON, Proprietor.

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Largest, finest, and best. Electric light throughout. American home. C. RATHGEB, Prop. (Swiss).

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Elevator. (Best references.) Rooms with board from 30 to 40 marks per week. FRAU GLAISE.

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First-class Hotel, near the station, Bain dans l'Hôtel. Proprietor, P. PELOPIDES.

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This favorite Inn was known in Shakespeare's time as "Ye Peacocke Inn," 1613. JOHN FRY, Prop.

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The Abbey Hotel **ABBEY GATE**
George and Abbotsford Hotel
HIGH STREET.—The only First-class Hotels in Melrose, both overlooking the ruins, and only two minutes' walk from Railway Station. *Hotel Buses attend all trains.* G. HAMILTON, Proprietor.

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GRAND HOTEL DE GÈNES
Electric light. Lift. Frequented by American visitors. G. & R. BONERA, Prop'rs.

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Hotel Royal des Etrangers
The most comfortable and fashionable hotel in Naples. Electric light in every room. F. TORDI, Manager.

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For Bermuda, St. Thomas, St. Kitts, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados, Trinidad, Port of Spain, La Brea, La Guayra (Caracas), Curacao, St. Domingo, Jamaica, Progreso, Vera Cruz (Mexico), Havana, Brunswick, Ga. Duration, 45 days. Price of passage, \$270 and upward. Send for illustrated pamphlet.
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For Old Point Comfort trip Dec. 28, or trip to Florida Jan. 20, or to Mexico in February, write for particulars to **Honeyman's Private Tours** Plainfield, N. J.

Mexico "The Egypt of the New World."
Select party leaves Feb. 2, 1897, by special train. Second party Feb. 6, via Gulf of Mexico Steamer. No Sunday railroad travel. Send for program S. CHAS. H. GATES, Toledo, Ohio.

HOTELS AND RESORTS

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Opens December 21, 1896.
A LAND OF PERPETUAL SUMMER
S. S. MORTON, Proprietor and Manager
Steamer leaves Palm Beach, Florida, 3 times a week. 15 hours' sail.
The Outlook will furnish full information. Cable address, Morton, Nassau, N. P.

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HAMILTON, BERMUDA
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HAMILTON, VICTORIA LODGE
BERMUDA
Opposite Victoria Park and Cedar Ave. Private Board. Mrs. J. F. SMITH, Proprietor.

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THE IDEAL WINTER RESORT.
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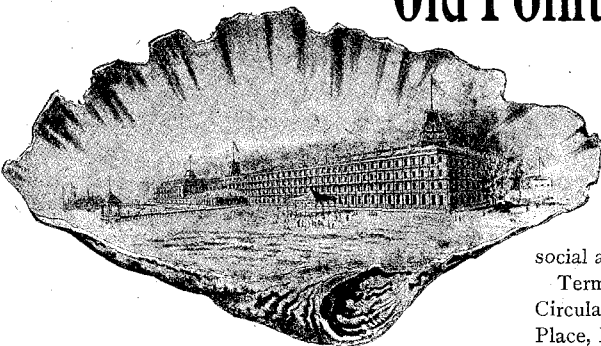
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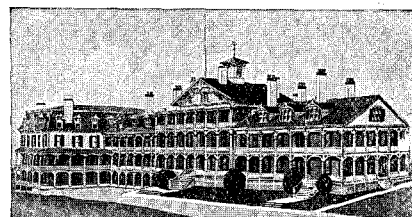
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Bits of Fun

Convict—I'm in here for having five wives. Visitor—How are you enjoying your liberty?—*London Figaro*.

Nell—Isn't Madge Humlie's face awful? Belle—Oh, it's not as bad as it's painted.—*Philadelphia Record*.

First Prisoner—So the detectives found you out, did they? Second Prisoner—No; they found me in.—*Somerville Journal*.

"Mabel has a lot of sense." "How does she show it?" "She never permits herself to appear more intelligent than the man who is talking to her."—*Chicago Record*.

Peddler (selling a tooth-brush)—Those are the best tooth-brushes in the world. Customer—Haven't you any better ones? Peddler—Oh, yes, here are some better ones!—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"Our family," said the young man, in a tone of pride, "came in with the Mayflower." "How interesting!" rejoined Miss Cayenne. "And it seems to be going out with the chrysanthemum."—*Washington Star*.

Sexton (to a Divine, who was spending his holidays in the country, and who, on the sudden illness of the village parson, volunteered to take the duties)—A worse preacher would have done for us, sir, but we couldn't get one!—*Punch*.

"What we propose to do away with," said the reformer, "is the practice of allowing corporations to get valuable franchises for nothing." "I didn't know that they ever did!" said the civic statesman in astonishment.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

A boy walked into a London merchant's office in search of a situation. After being put through a series of questions by the merchant, he was asked: "Well, my lad, what is your motto?" "Same as yours, sir," he replied; "same as you have on your door—'push.'" He was engaged.—*Spare Moments*.

"Miss Cayenne complimented you very highly after you had told that story at the dinner-table," remarked one young man. "She liked that story, did she?" "No. But she thought it illustrated a very admirable trait in your character. It showed that you never go back on an old friend."—*Washington Star*.

Bayville Visitor—I would like to get you to teach me to sail a boat. Boatman—Sail a boat? Why, it's easy as swimmin'. Jest grasp the main sheet with one hand, an' the tiller with the other, an' if a flaw strikes, ease up or bring 'er to, an' loose the halyards; but look out fer the gaff an' boom, or the hull thing 'll be in the water, an' ye'll be upst; but if the wind is steady, y'r all right, unless y'r too slow in luffin' to; 'cause then ye'll be upst sure. Jump right in an' try it; but, remember, whatever ye do, don't jibe!—*New York Weekly*.

Sir John Lubbock had a couple of very amusing stories to tell yesterday in distributing the prizes at a school in the City Road. He said he was only cognizant of a single instance where any one derived an advantage from being badly grounded in arithmetic. That was the case of the old lady who secured a ticket numbered twenty-four in a lottery, because she had thrice dreamt that seven would be a lucky number. She calculated that three sevens made twenty-four; curiously, this ticket won a big prize. The other story was of one of Sir John Lubbock's own nieces describing air as consisting of "Oxygen and Cambridgen"!—*Westminster Gazette*.

STEINWAY

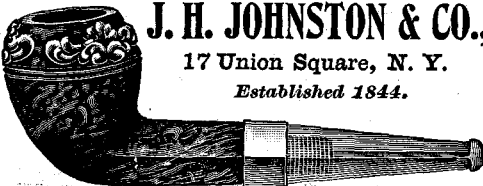
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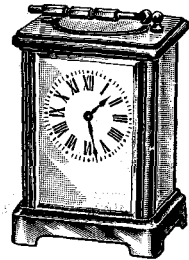
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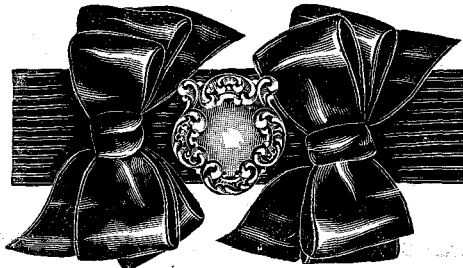


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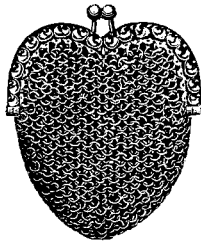


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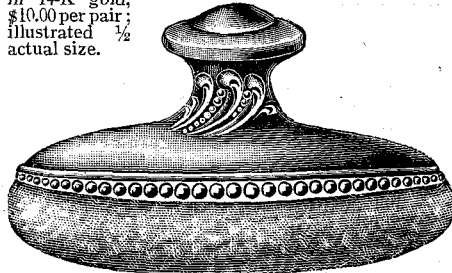
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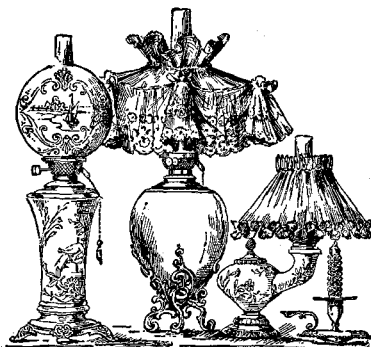
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New Series of The Christian Union

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CORRESPONDENCE

NOTES AND QUERIES

Good Deeds

Twenty-five hundred people received a thoroughly good Thanksgiving dinner as the result of the endeavors of the Salvation Army in New York City.

Messrs. T. J. and J. M. Pereles, brothers, of Milwaukee, provide text-books for poor school-children of that city at an annual expense of about \$2,000 a year.

In accordance with his custom, about six hundred of the employees of the New York

Lustre the Greatest
Labor the Least

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POLISH

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Never Wearing

It's Unlike Any Other

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THE ELECTRO SILICON CO., NEW YORK.

Central Railway were the recipients on Thanksgiving of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's hospitality at the Railroad Men's Building in New York City. This building, which was the gift of Mr. Vanderbilt, lacks no appointment of a first-class club.

The New York "Tribune" reports that Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, has presented an interesting relic to the First Church of Plymouth, Mass. It is a considerable portion of the original threshold of the church in Drecht Haven, Holland, in which the Pilgrims held their last service before departing for America. When Mr. Hoar was in Holland last summer he found it, and bought it.

It is announced that the Edward von Bauerfeld Foundation in Vienna has designated an honorarium of five hundred gulden for Johanna Ambrosius, the poetess of East Prussia, in recognition of her talent. It is noted in the German papers that this is not a gift to relieve her poverty, but the honorary distinction given by an institution which awards its recompenses to rich and poor without discrimination.

At the last annual meeting of the Children's Aid Society of New York City it was announced that Mr. William Waldorf Astor had made a gift of \$50,000 to the Society. It was the custom of Mr. Astor's mother to provide the children every year with Christmas good things. The money which Mr. Astor has just given will be used for the erection of a school building. In it there will be ten classrooms and an assembly-room, besides a room for manual training and a cooking-school. The school of the Children's Aid Society already numbers over three hundred pupils, and children are turned away every day. In the new building there will be accommodations for over five hundred children.

As a result of the remarkable activity of Mrs. Belle Cook, an invalid, and one who has not been out of her bed for twenty-five years or out of her room for thirty-five years, more than two hundred families partook of a Thanksgiving dinner in their own homes on Thanksgiving Day. Every year for twenty years on the day preceding Thanksgiving a basket brigade has lined the hall and yard which lead to the tiny rear house in which Mrs. Cook lives. Mrs. Cook is an Englishwoman by birth. Two years after her arrival here her husband died, leaving his wife and three little children to struggle for an existence. Mrs. Cook was a seamstress, but, even in that hard period, never failed to devote some time each

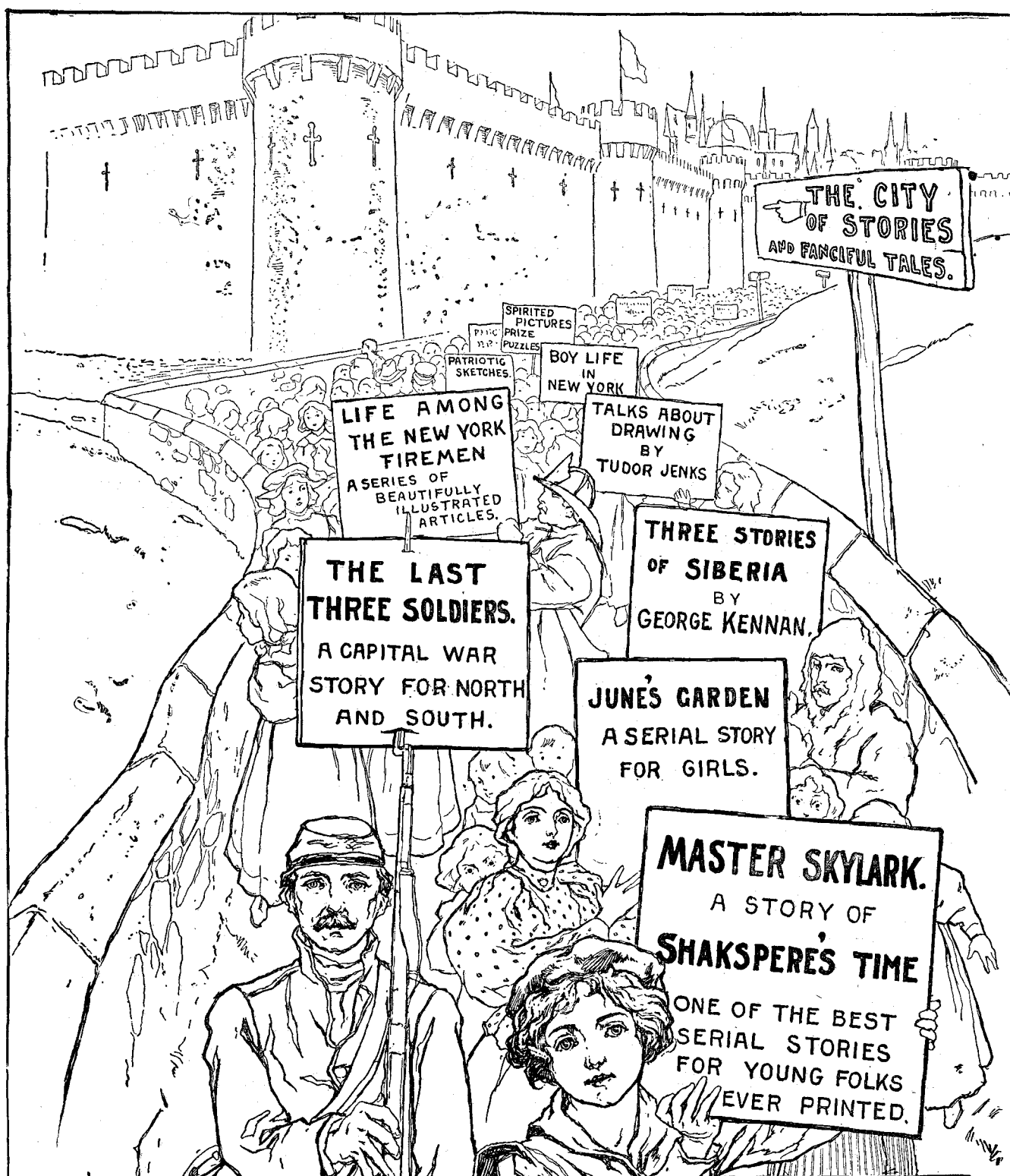
day to work among the poor. She has not only kept up her own interest but has interested others likewise.

Concerning the late Mr. Steinway the New York "Evening Post" says:

Perhaps nowhere was William Steinway's individual influence more potent than in Long Island City. He caused a small city to be built in the upper part of the Astoria end of Long Island City, opposite Bowery Bay, which became known as Steinways. For years he aided the bankrupt city financially, he caused schools and churches to be built, founded public libraries, paid the salaries of school-teachers, operated street railroads at great loss, and invariably did everything in his power to advance the prosperity of the municipality. He purchased, and for some years operated, the horse-car railroads of Long Island City at an annual loss of \$50,000, in order that there might be reasonably good means of communication between the upper and lower parts of the city.

In this city Mr. Steinway founded two annual prizes at the Normal College, one for the most proficient student in German and the other for the student showing the greatest progress in the same language. His gifts in aid of musical education extended all over the world, while his private benefactions were practically unlimited. He was not unmindful of his native town of Seesen, in Germany. He founded six annual prizes there for the best three male and female students, besides paying the annual tuition fees for the children of seventy-five parents. He also presented a fine park to the town, which is known as Steinway Park, and in recognition of the generosity the people of Seesen made him an honorary citizen of that place.

—The first woman senator ever elected in the United States, Mrs. Martha Hughes Cannon, has not only this distinction, but the equally remarkable one of having "run" against her husband in the same district. She won the contest by the satisfactory majority of 4,000 votes. Her husband, Mr. Angus M. Cannon, is an elder in the Mormon Church, standing in the first order of precedence for appointment as one of the twelve apostles. The home of the Cannons is in Salt Lake City. The newly elected senator is called the fourth wife of Mr. Cannon. She and his other three wives live in friendly communion, according to the San Francisco "Examiner," but not one has the least legal claim to the name she bears. When the law against polygamy was enforced, every polygamous husband had the right to choose one woman for his legal wife, but Mr. Cannon refused to make a choice. Mrs. Cannon is a doctor by profession and has an excellent practice. She is a Democrat; her husband is a Republican.



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ST. NICHOLAS

AND WILL CONTINUE THROUGH THE YEAR.

FOR twenty-three years *St. Nicholas*, as conducted by Mary Mapes Dodge, has been the favorite young folks' magazine, and its program for 1897 will be, as always, "bright, healthy, breezy, and not in the least goody-goody." Everything in *St. Nicholas* is illustrated. It is an influence for good in thousands of homes. Is it in yours?

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Send us \$3.00 and we will send you November and December numbers free, entering a year's subscription from January. We will also send a handsome certificate which you can give at Christmas, with November and December numbers,—the numbers from January for a full year will go to the recipient of your gift,—a monthly reminder of the donor. The Christmas number is a Christmas book in itself, for only 25 cents. Address the Publishers

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"A perfect type of the highest order of excellence in Manufacture"

WALTER BAKER & CO'S BREAKFAST COCOA

Pure - Delicious - Nutritious
Costs less than one cent a cup

LA BELLE CHOCOLATIERE

The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette
July, 1896, says:

Walter Baker & Co., of Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A., have given years of study to the skillful preparation of cocoa and chocolate, and have devised machinery and systems peculiar to their methods of treatment, whereby the purity, palatability and highest nutrient characteristics are retained. Their preparations are known the world over, and have received the highest endorsements from the medical practitioner, the nurse and the intelligent housekeeper and caterer.

The Homœopathic Recorder

July, 1896, says:

These badly-prepared cocoas are the ones that people "get tired" of, something that rarely happens if a properly-prepared cocoa, such as Walter Baker & Co.'s, is used. It is at once a delightful food and nourishing drink, and it would be well for humanity if there were more of it consumed and less tea or coffee.

The New York Polyclinic

July 15, 1896, says:

The use of a thoroughly reliable preparation of cocoa should be universally encouraged, and it is the consensus of opinion among medical men as well as laboratory workers that the breakfast cocoa manufactured by Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., not only meets the indications, but accomplishes even more than is claimed for it.

The Maryland Medical Journal

June 20, 1896, says:

The long-standing reliability of Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa enables physicians to prescribe it with thorough confidence in its highly valuable nutritive effects and full assurance of its purity and wholesomeness.



The Dominion Medical Monthly
June, 1896, says:

Pure cocoa acts as a gentle stimulant, and invigorates and corrects the action of the digestive organs, furnishing the body with some of the purest elements of nutrition. The firm of Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., of Dorchester, Mass., put up one of the few really pure cocoas, and physicians are quite safe in specifying their brand.

The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal
July 16, 1896, says:

Walter Baker & Co.'s cocoa has stood the test of more than one hundred years' use among all classes of people, and for purity and honest worth is unequalled.

The Health Magazine

July, 1896, says:

The food value of this article has so long been known to physicians and the public that it has become in a great many homes a staple article of the dietary, not only for invalids, but for persons in health as well.

The Army and Navy Journal

July 11, 1896, says:

The cocoa made by Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass., is shown by chemical analysis to be absolutely pure and of high grade. The exquisite flavor and odor of the pure product are preserved unimpaired, and it can truly be said to constitute a perfect type of the highest order of excellence in manufacture.

The Journal of the Military Service Institution

July, 1896, says:

The full strength and the exquisite natural flavor of the raw material are preserved unimpaired in all of Walter Baker & Co.'s preparations; so that their products may truly be said to form the standard for purity and excellence.

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FREE SAMPLE OF BREAKFAST COCOA.

A copy of Miss Parloa's Choice Receipts, with other matter relating to the food value of Cocoa and Chocolate preparations, and a sample of Breakfast Cocoa, will be sent FREE, on application to Sample Clerk E, Walter Baker & Co.

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